AP5 E83 x fol Reserve

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

A Word to Our Readers from the Food Controller. See page 9.

FEBRUARY
1918,

Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by
Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

FIFTEEN
CENTS

"From Contented Cows"

The answer to the Pure Milk Question

© C. M. P. Co.

Avoid Daily Milk Waste

Use Carnation Milk

IT is wasteless because you use it as required it stays sweet in the can until opened and for several days thereafter eliminating the loss caused by having ordinary milk left over today and the regular supply delivered tomorrow. Carnation richness—the consistency of cream—makes it go farther in cooking—its purity and safety are guaranteed.

For Cooking and Baking

CARNATION Milk cannot be excelled. Its full milk richness adds a delicious flavor to all food. Use it for soups and gravies, for creamed vegetables, ice cream and desserts. Add pure water to reduce its richness as desired. If you have been using skimmed milk in your cooking simply add more water.

For Drinking

GIVE Carnation Milk to the children to drink, after diluting it with pure water as per the directions on each can. Babies, as well as grown-ups, thrive on Carnation. Use it undiluted in your coffee, tea and for making cocoa.

For Whipping

THAT Carnation Milk can be whipped like whipping cream is an added proof of its quality and purity. To whip Carnation Milk place can in water and heat to boiling; thoroughly chill by placing can on ice; when cold pour into bowl surrounded by cracked ice and whip in regular way with ordinary egg-beater.

For Every Milk Use

CARNATION will fill your every milk use to your utmost satisfaction. No other milk supply is needed in your home. You can always keep several cans on your pantry shelves or in your kitchen cabinet.

Order a few cans of Carnation Milk today from your grocer. Get acquainted with its safety, convenience and economy. Try it now.

Free Recipe Book

Write to us for a free illustrated booklet of over 100 Carnation recipes for plain and fancy dishes, candies, etc. Sent to you at your request.

Carnation Milk Products Co.
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

Remember—Your Grocer Has It!

Read Directions and Guaranty on Label

TRADE MARK REG.

Carnation
BRAND

STERILIZED EVAPORATED
MILK
AN UNSWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

Carnation Sterilized Evaporated Milk is Cows' Milk reduced to the consistency of cream by evaporating in vacuum and then thoroughly sterilized.

This milk will keep until opened. After opening it will remain sweet several days if kept in a cool, clean place.

KEEP IN COOL DRY PLACE

DIRECTIONS

By adding one part of water to one part of the contents of this can, a resulting milk product will be obtained which will not be below the legal standard for whole milk.

For drinking, cooking and table use, dilute with water as desired.

For ice cream, use two parts of milk with one part water.

For coffee, use milk without reducing.

For infants, dilute with boiled water according to age and strength of child.

The high quality of Carnation Sterilized Evaporated Milk is due to the flavor and quality of the fresh milk used in its production as well as to our methods of manufacture.

KEEP IN COOL DRY PLACE

GUARANTY

This can is guaranteed by Carnation Milk Products Co., to contain no substance but fresh, pure, sweet milk, evaporated to the consistency of cream, and thoroughly sterilized.

WEIGHT OF CONTENTS 1 POUND

MANUFACTURED BY
CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO.
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

The Ground Floor

Overcoming a Menace to Society

Be Ye Warned in Time and Protect Yourself and Others from "The Pestilence that Stalketh in Darkness"

NATIONAL LIBRARY
CANADA
BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

AT last the people are awake!

More, they are aroused and asking for information as to the reality of the social menace that threatens them.

An infectious disease more loathsome than smallpox, more torturing than tuberculosis, and more widespread than either, has been virtually uncontrolled so far as the protection of the public is concerned in this country.

And this is only one of two or more venereal diseases which stalk everywhere unseen.

The pity of it is that because of false delicacy so many people have been entirely unconscious of these social diseases, and in consequence so many innocent mortals have become victims through no fault of their own!

The greater pity that these are the diseases that pass on to the succeeding generations,—"The sins of the fathers . . . . even to the third and fourth generations!"

BUT at last the people are awake to a knowledge of these social diseases! It has become all right and proper to discuss the topic, in Ontario at least,—as the daily papers announce that the Ontario Legislature will be asked by the Government at the coming session to pass laws that will permit the evil to be attacked more directly and effectively than has been possible up to date.

The Toronto Globe has been giving a good deal of attention to this subject since the publication of the editorials, two of which were republished for our readers in the October EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

The Mail and Empire as well as others of the Toronto papers, have been reporting meetings and writing editorials pertaining to this subject.

Ever since the October EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD reached our readers we have been getting hundreds of letters—from eight to a dozen and more every day—asking us to lift the shroud of ignorance from this vexed, delicate problem and give to our readers the facts.

We have, at the instance of these repeated requests, decided our policy, have laid our plans and we shall carry them out to completion—provided that you want us to. We leave it to you or to the majority of our readers to decide.

IT has been pointed out that this is by no means a problem created by the war. And yet the war and the ensuing daily inspection of soldiers have brought to light more of the shocking statistics than would otherwise have been possible.

Moreover, as Lady Aberdeen pointed out a couple of weeks ago in Philadelphia at the National Congress of Mothers and Parent Teacher Associations, "there is danger to the girl in war time, and we must guard her, for she is bursting with excitement and enthusiastic patriotism. She feels that a man in uniform is to be worshipped."

Furthermore, as brought out in Toronto by W. A. Coote's communication to Rev. Drs. Shearer and T. Albert Moore, and placed before the meeting of the Social Service Council of Canada, "There are a certain number who will not listen to the appeals of their officers, nor to the entreaty of their chaplains to abstain from going to the nearest village or town to 'have a good time.' Women patrols, women police, the Vigilance Association and other organizations are devoted to the work of guarding the soldier stranded in London, but in spite of these efforts, it is reported that the answer of some of the Canadians, when appealed to, was, 'Leave me alone, I know what I am doing.'"

IT has been stated by Dr. C. K. Clarke, Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of Toronto, and Medical Director of the Toronto General Hospital, that if the community were carefully educated to a proper knowledge of the dangers of syphilis, the great majority would be content to lead clean lives. It would, indeed, require a brave person to face the possibility of a fate so horrible, so repulsive, and shocking that the terrors of Dante's Inferno pale before it.

We accept this belief,—also that Gonorrhoea (or G.C. as it is generally called professionally) "is about as great a menace to the health of the nation as syphilis, and if we are interested in the conservation of child life, G.C. must be regarded as a hydra-headed monster to be dealt with remorselessly"—and we have arranged to give you the necessary information about these diseases in the nicest, purest and best possible form we can without giving any offence to good taste through EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—we have taken up the burden of this delicate and perhaps thankless task in order that our readers may be better equipped to safeguard and protect themselves and their loved ones.

Coming Articles on Social Problems of Vital Interest to Parents

1. The Doctor's Advice Regarding Dangers to Adolescent Boys and Girls. By Dr. Chas. J. Hastings, Medical Health Officer for Toronto.

   —In March EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

2. Are You Responsible for These Crimes?—Report of staff writer's investigations on why young people err.

   —In April EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

3. Playing with Fire—pointing out the pitfalls into which many young people fall through ignorance.

   —In May EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

4. How Shall I Tell My Children? The answer beautifully, and wholesomely given by our own Mrs. Jean Blewett.

   —In June EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

5. Some Lessons from the Children's Shelter, and how we can help in this great cause through spreading education which will eventually cut off the supply of dependents for these institutions.

   —In July EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

All will be treated in the nicest, purest and best possible form of which every right thinking person will approve. So dignified will be the manner of treatment, you will be glad we have thus provided the information for you. You will find it profitable to watch for and read every one of these articles in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

A Booklet You Should Have

TO supplement the little that can judiciously be published in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, we have printed a special booklet for distribution to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD readers *only*, giving all the information that any parent or young person needs to know. The subject is treated from the Family Doctor's point of view, the Venereal Specialist who gives us the vital statistics, and from the Mother's view point on how to inform and safeguard her loved ones. This invaluable booklet is entitled "Letting in the Light." You will find it the most vitally interesting exposition of the truth in this grave matter that has ever come to your attention. Every true Canadian who looks to a better future for our people and our country should read it.

The booklet will be sent to any EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD reader for the nominal price of only 25 cents, to cover cost of publication and postage. Better send for your copy now while you are thinking about it.

To Get Your Copy of "Letting in the Light" Without Cost

IF your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is soon expiring, send your renewal at once, so that you will not miss any of the enlightening articles on this subject that will appear in coming numbers. Frankly, we desire this evidence from you assuring us that we have your interest and support in this task to which we have set ourselves.

Fill in the coupon below and mail it to-day. This will extend your subscription for a full year from expiry date of your present subscription and bring you *without cost* a copy of "Letting in the Light."

You will be glad that you have taken advantage of this unique opportunity.

Cut out this coupon.

Enclose and mail it to us with Dominion Express Money Order, Postal Note or P. O. Order for $1.50, or if more convenient you may mail the cash *at our risk*, as the Canadian mails are safe.

Date.....

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
Toronto, Canada.

Gentlemen,

Enclosed please find $1.50. Please enter my new / renewal subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for one year and send me without any extra cost to me a copy of your booklet "Letting in the Light."

Name.....

P. O. Address.....Prov.....

If renewal, please be sure to give name the same exactly as on your present address label.

Her Better Shoes —Neolin Soled

For the modern woman are made better shoes---dainty, but more sensible Cuban or military heels, as her taste may require.

Neolin-soled shoes—more lasting shoes, easy on her feet, dry in slush and snow and rain.

The best of good shoes are improved by Neolin soles.

You will notice the difference when first the salesman laces Neolin-soled shoes on your feet. No stiffness now. But a velvety smoothness and flexibility, so when you step out the pavement feels like a rug.

And as month after month passes, Neolin will have new surprises for you. Lasting wear that will surpass anything you have been able to obtain. Lasting wear combined with comfortable lightness and smartness of style.

When winter brings its slush and snow, Neolin's water-tightness dawns on you. Dry and comfortable you go through disagreeable weather. Wet that would ruin most dainty shoes, leaves Neolin-soled footwear trim and smart.

These are the reasons why millions of women are asking for stylish shoes with lasting, handsome, easy Neolin soles. Why millions of mothers have turned to Neolin as relief from children's heavy shoe bills. These are the reasons why you should ask your shoe merchant for Neolin soles on your next shoes. Why you should send your present shoes to have Neolin soles put on by the shoe repairer.

This is the Neolin price ticket, which you will see on shoes with Neolin soles. Look for them in your dealer's window.

Most merchants have many styles and prices of shoes with Neolin soles. All can get them. To mark the store where you can buy Neolin, we have supplied dealers with the price ticket shown here. Ask for Neolin-soled shoes wherever it appears on shoes in the window.

It is not hard to imitate Neolin's looks. But the secret of Neolin's goodness is known only to Goodyear. For your own protection, see that the sole is stamped with this trademark.

Neōlin
Better than Leather

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

Neōlin Soles

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is $1.50 per year, payable in advance, anywhere in Canada or the British Empire. Single copies, 15 cents. United States subscriptions, $1.75 a year; foreign subscriptions, $2.00 a year.

MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Dominion Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

CAUTION—CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

CANADA'S GREAT HOME MAGAZINE

Chas. C. Nixon, Superintending Editor
Jean Blewett, Companion Editor
Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor
Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor

Entered as second-class matter, at the post office, Toronto, Ont.

Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 23, 1915, at the post office, Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario. Magazine and Book Publishers.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Published the First of Each Month by
Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Publishers also of "Rural Canada" and "Everywoman's Storekeepers"

RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTIONS—Watch for renewal subscription blank which will be placed in your magazine when your subscription expires. By using this blank promptly you will avoid missing any issues. Back copies cannot be supplied.

BE CAREFUL to sign your name and give address plainly written when sending remittances.

Advertising Branch Offices
(For advertising business only. Subscriptions not received.)
Philadelphia, Metropolitan Building
Chicago, People's Gas Building
London, England, 16 Regent St., S.W.
Montreal, Carter Building
Address correspondence direct to Toronto

Vol. VIII., No. 8 **February, 1918**

EDITORIAL

ANDRÉ CITROEN so demonstrated his mechanical inventiveness and organizing imagination, at the outset of the war, that the French Government gave him a free hand in munitions work, and unlimited capital was forthcoming from the Bank of France. The result is, he performs the colossal task of producing one thousand tons of ammunition daily.

Even with his genius, this would have been impossible in times of peace, because labor laws would have seriously interfered. It would also have been impossible in time of war, but for the fighting women of France, who work with white-hot metal and high explosives ten hours a day. In some divisions, experts work eight hours without rest or food.

The majority of the women never leave the factory, or its immediate environment. So perfect is the system, so vast the organization, it represents the only home a great many of the workers know. Six babies a week are born in the factory. The mothers of the very young ones have ten minutes every three hours, in which to nurse them. At night, the babies are given cow's milk. There are as many as three hundred of them in the huge nursery at one time.

These "women behind the men behind the guns" work with grim determination. They do not wear smart uniforms or look for easy jobs. Black, or unbleached linen represents their attire, and their faces are worn and haggard with the apparently endless burden that is theirs to bear.

Here, in Canada, there is a responsibility to be shouldered, both in our munition shops and in the Militia Department, or "War Office." There is not the opportunity for women here to distinguish themselves in munitions production as the women of France have. But in the various branches of our Militia Department there is ample scope. It is not generally known that nearly three thousand women fill positions of more or less importance, in this department. Their work is tedious; their hours are long; and their remuneration is sufficient, but no more. They know no holidays—in the branches most burdened with detail work—and in return for overtime, they have, as recompense, but the satisfaction that they are doing their bit.

Further, they are subject to the petty political manoeuvering that is, to-day, unknown in France. They are, withal, doing nobly, and offer splendid example to the greater army of unemployed—the women of leisure who have been knitting the same sock since August, 1914, and haven't yet learned to turn the heel.

Food of the Stalwart

IT is altogether possible that we shall have to give up wheat as a general food for a short time in the near future and fall back upon oatmeal, in order that a sufficiency may be sent across to the Allies. This does not necessarily mean any lasting hardship; in fact, it will simply be a temporary expedient to enable the fighting forces to get the most wheat possible in the shortest time.

There is wheat galore in Australia, and vast supplies in the Argentine, which have already been purchased by the Allies. A steamer, however, can make roughly two trips with wheat from Canada in the time it could make one from South America; thus it is twice as valuable in the Canadian-European trade as when in the South American, so far as the quantity of grain it can carry goes.

The present scarcity of shipping makes it imperative that every ton be used to the best advantage, and consequently, as Food Controller Hanna points out, Canadian wheat being the nearest, will probably be sent.

This will involve no great hardship. It simply means that we will have to substitute oatmeal for flour until such time as the ships we are now building (probably the wooden ones) are completed and can be sent South or to the Antipodes for the grain which is awaiting shipment there.

Right down the ages, the Scotch have been renowned for their hardihood, and their mainstay has been oatmeal and oatcake. There's many an old lady in the older settlements to-day who remembers the time when she fed her menfolk on this delectable and sustaining food.

So, as the old men of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are recalling the old art of building wooden ships, so the women of Old Canada may also be called upon to do their bit in reviving the uses to which the nutritious oatmeal may be put to sustain as stalwart a race as ever came from settlements such as those of Glengarry, to forge ineffaceable links in the history of the Dominion.

Her Sacrifice—and His!

By VICTORIA CAMERON

TO wait and wonder, never knowing what an hour or a day may hold; to dread each new day for the message it may bring, and bless each evenfall that finds all still secure; to wake at night sheltered in her warm home, and turn, and lie wide-eyed to realize that somewhere in a muddy trench her man has cheerless slumber in the wet and cold, that his is but the slow monotony of days which stretch unending on, bounded by war; to write him constant letters of good cheer, feigning a hope which died in her long since, to weave for him plans of those halycon days after the strife's at end, to tell him of those other friends of theirs who join the legion of the men passed out, nor even voice the fear beneath the words; to stand up bravely underneath the fact, that he who will come back to her some day will not be the strong youth who went away, but maimed, or broken, but a shadowy husk of former days, into whose eyes will often come the look which bars her from a world to her unknown; to know that hers may some day be the lot of other women, for her too a white cross gleaming where the star-shells flare, some few sad relics of his war-like trade, and then the weary waste of empty years; to keep her courage high if fate decrees that all her woman's heritage shall be denied, a man to love and aid, his children clustering round, the home which by her birthright should be hers—all these may be her sacrifice to the great cause.

But through it all there comes a nearer sense of the Divine. And looking on the death of all her hopes, the girlhood dreams and womanhood's demands, her head is proudly raised to bear and smile, since this the knowledge that has come to her—no ruthless hand may ever snatch away the memory of the happy hours she knew, the years when life went blithely, bright with song. And through the time to come, hers is the lot to show that as her man has played his part out there, she too can face the future unafraid, since first and last and always, well she knows, to smile and suffer is the woman's part.

TO stand at the threshold of his life, with youth and ambition surging through his blood, the golden road to success stretching ahead into long vistas of happy, prosperous years; to see in wreaths of upcurling smoke visions of the future that is his to claim—long days out-of-doors, tramping along with level and transit on the open road, or crashing through the underbrush of some still forest, startling the birds to flight—evening with its plunge into the cooling water of some lake, the odor of frying bacon wafted through the pine trees, and then the camp-fire gatherings, pipe in hand; poignant with companionable silences, or long discussion of the nation's weal—and with his couch of pine and blankets, thoughts of home; to look still further to some happy day which finds him with a hearth stone of his own, the woman who will keep his courage high and prove a helpmate on the long, long road, and kiddies who will welcome him at nightfall; to know that all these things, the things which matter most to him, lie waiting for him just around the turn of the road—and then to face a future which will take the best years of his life, and lead him far from home, to hardship and to loneliness, perhaps to death, to see the dreams which are an inmost part of him recede into the "maybe" of a shadowy future—this is the supreme sacrifice which man makes to-day.

But notwithstanding all that he has given up to take his place among the khaki ranks, there is for him a lasting consolation. In camp, or dugout, on the battlefield, perchance in the far Valhalla, thronged with those valiant spirits who "go West", the memory of all that made life dear to him will blend with peaceful knowledge of the fact that in the one big game men play to-day he stands forever peerless as a Man.

Cost of Distributing

"PLEASE take small parcels with you," appeared on the counters of many a retail store during the holiday buying season just passed. "Take *all* parcels with you," was the slogan launched by several patriotic organizations. Some women have co-operated, but not to any appreciable degree. With labor scarce, it is economically unsound for each store to build up and maintain its individual delivery system while six or sixty other concerns cover the same routes each day with their independent deliveries. It is folly, also, to deliver the light and fragile goods in the same wagons as the heavier goods. It wastes time of packers, packing materials, and takes a larger space for packing.

Not only would expense be saved by a co-operative delivery system, but congestion of traffic on important highways would be relieved.

Another important phase of the question—though considerably more vital—is that of milk delivery. There are more reasons why the price of milk cannot be reduced than the increased cost of feed and the export of cheese and butter. It was suggested recently that municipal dairy ownership would solve the high cost of milk problem. But, as in the case of the retail store deliveries, probably the greatest factor in high prices is the cost of distribution.

A method that might well be adopted in cities and towns of an area and population worth considering would be a systematic subdividing of the territory supplied by the various milk distributors into wards to be served, so many by each dairy; the whole to be under municipal supervision. This would make possible a large reduction in the cost of distribution, If the Fairview Dairy Co. (supposing there were an organization of the name) had formerly only John Jones and Tom Brown to cater to in one end of the city, while the rest of the company's customers resided in the district contingent to headquarters, under the new system John Jones and Tom Brown would be served by another company, while the first company would, in exchange, be handed over two of its competitor's patrons.

It might still be that certain households would prefer using milk sold by a company other than the one allotted to their district. But when all dairies would be under stricter superivsion than formerly; when all milk would necessarily be certified, there would remain for the dissenters nothing to do but to deliver their own supply from whatever dairy they preferred.

In the cool of February, the price of milk may not be a formidable consideration. But there are months ahead when action will be necessary, and it will be too late then for immediate relief. In the meantime there is much talk and little decision. It rests to a great extent with the women in municipalities to agitate

Salvage at the Front

SINCE the first year of the war there has been a salvage department attached to the British Army. In addition to great plants in Britain, huge factories in France are given over to the work of reclamation. They employ women almost entirely—and the bulk of them are the wives, widows, sisters, mothers, or even grandmothers of the poilu, who are thus given the opportunity to earn a good livelihood and at the same time, take a very active part in the winning of the conflict.

In one factory in France, some five thousand Frenchwomen are working; and perhaps their's is one of the most unpleasant tasks that could be carried out. They sort the old clothes as they come in, dank, dirty, foetid bundles from the front. Everything is sterilized, and washed. Not a thing is wasted; nothing is lost. Millions of dollars are saved, and our men are cleanly clad. The Briton's thanks should go up to the valiant women who are in great part making this work possible.

The radiance your skin *can* have

Begin now to have a beautiful skin. No matter what other charms you have, they count for little unless you have the greatest of all charms—a clear fresh skin

AN AUTHORITY on the skin has said: "No matter what your difficulty is, you can remedy the trouble, *if* you will give it intelligent care and attention."

Look at your skin with this encouraging fact in mind. Really study the condition of your skin. Examine it closely as a specialist would—look critically at the pores of your nose and chin, the color, the texture of the skin itself.

If you have not been taking proper care of your skin, you will be amazed to see what havoc even one season can work. Perhaps you are allowing your skin to grow gradually dull, coarse and blemished without realizing it.

Just what you can do to improve your skin

You need not be discouraged however. Your skin is continually changing. As the old skin dies Nature provides new to take its place. This new skin can be kept clear, soft and delicate in color if you will do your share.

Begin tonight to cleanse and stimulate your skin with the soap suited to its needs. Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist who devoted his life to the study of the care and treatment of the skin. Among the famous Woodbury treatments you will find the one to give your skin the greater loveliness you long for.

Don't expect a single treatment—nor even a week's treatment—to overcome your trouble. Let your Woodbury treatment become a daily habit. You will be surprised to realize how easy it is to do it regularly.

Two treatments are given on this page. Look for other treatments in "A Skin You Love to Touch," the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For a month or six weeks' treatment you will find a 25c cake is sufficient. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Send for sample cake and book of treatments

A sample cake of Woodbury's—enough for a week of any treatment—with the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch" will be sent you for 5c. For 12c we will send you in addition to the Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today. Address ***The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2602 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.***

Skin blemishes: How to clear them

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then, dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are thoroughly covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a *thick* coat of this. Let it dry and remain a few minutes until your skin feels sensitive. Then wash again in your usual way with Woodbury's. Repeat this cleansing antiseptic treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap every night until the blemishes disappear.

Sallow skins: How to rouse them

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for 30 seconds with a *piece of ice* and dry carefully.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses even the tiny pores of your skin, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibers.

THE KING'S SON OF ERIN

A FAIRY TALE FOR YOUNG AND OLD

By NORAH M. HOLLAND
Illustrated by EMILY HAND

THIS is the second of the series of Celtic fairy tales Miss Holland is writing exclusively for Everywoman's World. The third—"The Wild Red Steed," will appear in our March issue. As a raconteur of fairy lore, Miss Holland is unsurpassed. The little tales are delightful reading for young and old. They provide exhilarating recesses from the materialism of the day. We are assured "The Wild Red Steed" is the author's best production.

—THE EDITORS

(Entered at Ottawa in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

THE King's Son of Erin rode into the forest. He had left the Court of the old King his father in a bitter and angry mood, for his stepmother, Queen Edane, who had always hated him, had at last prevailed with his father, and had wrung from the old man a promise that Prince Aed, his eldest born, should never sit upon the throne of Tigerna nor hold in his hand the golden sceptre with its emerald stars which for years had been the symbol of the power of that Kingly House, but that the boy Connor, son of Queen Edane, should wear the crown in his stead. So the King had bidden Prince Aed to take his sword and his horse and ride forth into the wide world to carve out a kingdom for himself.

But Aed loved the hills of Tigerna and the white, cedar-roofed walls of the Royal Dun, and the long stretches of yellow sand where the wild waves of the Atlantic surged and thundered in foam. And he loved the old King, his father, with his hoary hair; and Lugh, the Chief Bard, who sang to him songs of old—forgotten wars and heroes whose names were dust; and he loved the rough men-at-arms who feasted and shouted in the great hall of the dun; and Bran, his father's hound, that leapt and fawned upon him when in the evening, aweary with the chase, he came back to its portals; and even the little lad Connor, who was to sit upon the throne that should be his. And he grieved to leave them; and to leave his hawks, with their jesses and tinkling bells, that sat upon his hand and looked at him with round yellow eyes; and to leave the little room, high up under the shining roofs of cedar, where he was born and his mother, Queen Aoife, had died. Only he loved not Edane, his stepmother, with her slender white fingers and long green eyes that gleamed with such hatred of him from under her golden lashes. Nor did he love Keallta, the Druid, who stood ever by her side and whispered in her ear as she sat among her maidens, with a twisted smile curling his thin lips.

But the King's command must be obeyed, so sorrowfully he took down his bright sword, Claidheam, from the wall upon which it hung and girded it about his waist. And as he tied the peace strings, the good blade tugged hard against them, murmuring as the waves do before the coming of the storm. By that token Aed knew that he was faring forth into no easy life, but that before him lay battle, toil and weariness—and, it might be, death. But his heart was sore with the pain of exile and he cared for none of these things.

So, slowly and sorrowfully, he went down through the great hall, where the men-at-arms sat drinking and feasting, roaring out his father's name and his own over their horns of brown mead, while the bards sang to them of the brave deeds done by the old King in the heyday of his youth, when the blood still ran hot within his veins, and of how the land would grow greater still under the rule of Prince Aed, his valiant young heir. But Aed knew that never would he take his seat upon his father's throne and give laws to the land he loved, but that instead the boy Connor would rule there, with Queen Edane at his side and the thin lips of Keallta the Druid whispering evil counsels in his ear, and the heart of the Prince was heavy within him. He went past the heavy oaken portals and down the broad stone steps that lay before them and across the turf to where grey Capaill stood waiting in his stall. With his own hands he took down the bridle and saddle that hung upon the wall and placed them upon Capaill's back; and the great horse pricked his ears and whinnied softly at the sound of his master's voice. Then Aed led him forth and mounted and rode away through the gates of the Dun, out into the pleasant country that lay beyond. But Bran, the hound, who had been lying in the sunshine beneath the walls, leapt up and followed them, and for all Aed's efforts, would not return.

The Prince drew rein for a moment and, turning, looked his last upon the white Dun, with its roofs of cedar, above which the peat smoke was curling blue and the pigeons wheeled and glinted in the sunshine, and upon the wide yellow sands where the sapphire waves rolled in, ridged and roaring in the wind. Then he rode forth into the world that lay before his feet, there to meet what fate fortune might send him.

Ere many months were gone he had passed the borders of his own country and since then had been riding across a waste and barren soil, seamed with fissure and cranny and baked by the hot rays of the sun. The air was heavy with heat. Grey Capaill's sides were dark with dust and sweat and Bran's red tongue was hanging and he panted as he ran. The green shade of the woodland aisles looked very cool and pleasant.

It was dark in the forest. Although there was yet more than an hour before sunset, so thickly grew the branches of the tall trees upon either side of the path that only here and there might a ray of slanting light struggle through, to dapple the ways with chequered patterns of sun and shadow. The ground was brown and slippery with the fallen needles of the pines, and the breeze which had died away, woke again and rustled softly through the boughs, filling the air with wafts of clean fragrance. Aed drew rein and, dismounting, walked slowly on, leading Capaill, while Bran padded at his side, all three rejoicing in the cool, green gloom, after the glare and heat of the arid plain they had crossed.

But as they went deeper and deeper into the wood a strange weight seemed to descend upon the Prince's spirit. Closer and closer grew the trees around them and darker and darker the shadows closed about their path. The wind also had risen and now wailed through the branches above their heads in wild, eerie tones, while the branches themselves no longer arched protectingly over them but writhed and twisted themselves into strange and fantastic shapes, stretching out gnarled fingers to clutch at them. Aed could hear low chucklings and mutterings in the woods around and once he caught a glimpse of a horrible, distorted face peering at him from behind the trunk of a great ash. True, when he drew his sword and leapt forward to strike, it had disappeared, but he heard the crashing of the underbrush as it fled and saw where the vines were all trampled and beaten down by its passage. Once, also, Bran sprang snarling into the darkness, only to return and press closer to his master's side, with bristling hackles and little growls, half of fear, half of defiance; and Capaill, too, snorted and started as he went.

IT was with relief that Aed at last found himself standing upon the edge of a small clearing through which ran a little stream, bubbling and chattering over silver gravel. On its bank was a tiny cottage. Door and window were closed and no smoke was curling above it, but at least he might find here a shelter from the storm which was fast rising. Already some heavy drops of rain had fallen and, as he crossed the glade, a loud peal of thunder crashed out and the sky was filled with one blue glare of lightning. He knocked once and again at the door oi the cottage; then, as no answer came, he tried the latch. The door swung open and he entered, Bran and Capaill close upon his heels.

For a moment he thought that the cottage was empty. Then suddenly, out of the darkness, there came to him the sound of singing, very low and sweet, yet reaching his ear through all the roaring of the storm outside. Something stirred in Aed's heart as he heard that song, for it told of the green woods of Tigerna and the hills he loved so well; and of the shout of the wind as it swept across the broad Atlantic; and of the crash of the long green rollers upon the shingle and the yellow sand. He did not know the voice that sang, but it seemed to him that he could have listened forever, so soft was the strain and sweet.

Presently the song ceased, a light footstep crossed the floor, a door opened and in the flash of the lightning across the sky, Aed saw standing in the doorway a little nut-brown maid. Brown were the bare feet of her and her little sunburnt hands. Brown, nut brown, were the short clusters of curls that fell upon her shoulders. Her gown was brown, the color of a russet apple, and her great eyes were as brown as the pools of brown bog water that lay among the hills of Tigerna.

She looked across at him with a shy smile and when she spoke her voice sounded like the murmur of a little stream among the rushes.

"A hundred thousand welcomes before you, O Aed, Prince of Tigerna," she said. "Let you be coming into the fire now, for the night is wild and you are wet and weary."

"Now who are you," asked Aed, "whose face I have never seen, yet who do be knowing the name that is upon me?"

"Sigle is the name that is on me," she answered him. "And why should the mighty Prince of Tigerna be remembering me? But it is often that I have seen you riding through the gates of the Royal Dun by the side of the King your father. But let you not be thinking of that now, but be coming to the fire and I will be bringing you food and drink, for it is great hunger that will be upon you and you so far from home."

As she spoke she took him by the hand and led him into the inner room. Here she set a place for him and kneeling blew upon the smouldering peats upon the hearth until they sparkled and burst into flame. Then she brought to him brown bread and honey in the comb, and sweet new milk she gave him to drink. But the Prince looked at her with sorrowful eyes and would not eat, for his heart was sore within him.

"It is not hunger and thirst that are upon me, O little Sigle," he said, "but trouble and heavy sorrow, for Edane the Queen and the Druid Keallta have prevailed with my father against me and never shall I sit upon my father's throne, but must wander in strange lands and seek a stranger kingdom, with the exile's longing forever with me and the little waves of Tigerna stumbling ever through my heart."

Sigle made no answer in words, but she drew him down to his seat and broke the brown bread and held it to his lips and she poured out the foaming milk for him and after a time he ate and drank and was comforted. Then she led Capaill to a corner of the outer room and shook down hay before him and she filled a great wooden bowl with milk and set it for Bran to drink. And Aed watched her moving to and fro, singing softly to herself as she went, and forgot his sorrow as he gazed, so pleasant was she to look upon and so sweet and clear her voice as it sang those ancient tunes.

After he had eaten his fill, she put away the food and drink and sat down to her spinning wheel, while the Prince warmed himself before the fire. Outside the storm still raged and he could hear the wind crying through the tree-tops and the thunder crashing and rumbling above them. Other sounds he could hear also—whispering of voices and stealthy footsteps that prowled round the walls of the cottage, and once an evil face peered at them through the window with malignant eyes. Aed sprang to his feet and grasped the hilt of his great sword, but Sigle spun on, unheeding.

"They cannot enter here," she said quietly, "for it is the protection of Aengus, Master of Dreams, that is upon this cottage and upon the clearing and against him the Morpeisth Dhu has no power. Yet it is well for you that you passed the forest ways ere night drew down, for even Aengus has no power over him and his creatures in the dark of the woods."

Aed bowed low at the name of Aengus, for of all the High Gods of Eire, the best beloved is he who rules in

(*Continued on page 43*)

Glossary of Gaelic Pronunciations

Aed—Ay.	Aengus—Angus.
Lugh—Loo.	Morpeisth Dhu—Morpaisth Dhoo.
Aoife—Eva.	Tir na n-oge—Teer na nōg.
Keallta—Kaltha	Dun—Dhoon.
Claidheam—Kli-iv.	Go leor—galore.
Capaill—Copul.	
Sigle—Sheela.	

"It's not hunger or thirst that are upon me, O Little Sigle," he said, "but trouble and heavy sorrow."

"It was an inferno that defied description"

His Unknown Mother

The Story of a Victoria Cross

By HAROLD C. LOWREY

Illustrated by Lorne K. Smith

HAROLD C. LOWREY is a young Canadian author of limited renown but of undeniable capability. His charm lies in the fact that he has something to say and knows how to say it. "His Unknown Mother," Mr. Lowrey declares, is one part fiction and three parts fact.

The hero is human. His grit is marvelous, and his heart.—But we'll let Mr. Lowrey tell it.

—THE EDITORS.

THE front room of Black Pete's Saloon was crowded with men from the crack "91st." They were discussing, in subdued tones, their impending departure, for they were starting eastward in the morning.

Around the red-hot stove in the corner was gathered a boisterous group of machine gunners. In their midst was big Bill Donovan, in a hilarious condition, the result of too frequent trips to the bar in the long, low room adjoining.

"Oh, I say, boys," he was asking of those around him, "did you get wise to 'Turrible Terry' to-day? He's in the dumps. Don't want to go over, he don't. Wants to stick here along with his mates, in this here dive. He's yellow, but Lordy! how he handles his gun. If it weren't fur that, I'd say he was skairt to go!"

Just then, the big front door opened and a burly, bull-necked, khaki-clad figure stepped into the room. It was "Terrible Terry" O'Malley, the best machine gunner in the 91st, but the biggest bully in camp. As he strode through the crowded room, a hush came over all who were gathered there. They scuttled out of his way, leaving a clear passage straight towards the bar-room. All except Bill Donovan! He was drunk, and didn't fear the consequences.

As Terry came up, he leered at him and asked, "'Smatter, Terry? y'aint skairt to go, is—?"

The last word was jammed down his throat by the weight of a gigantic fist. With a gurgle, Donovan crumpled into a heap against the stove. There was a roar of protest from the crowd and Terry, wheeling suddenly, smashed right and left with his fists, khaki-clad figures falling at every blow. It was over in less than a minute, and Terry coolly wiped his hands on the nearest tunic and walked into the bar.

The bar-keep winked at him, as he set up a big mug. "So you're goin' to leave your old pals in the morning, be you?" he remarked.

Terry grunted.

"It'll be lonesome without you, Terry, old boy," the man went on. "We'll sure miss you."

Leaning over the grimy bar, Terry whispered, "Pete, we're goin' to beat it in the morning, and I'm goin' along with my ol' 'Blue Death.' When you hear about 'gold braids' kickin' in, you'll know ol' Blue was there. Well, so long; guess I'll beat it over to the station and watch them 89th devils gettin' loved."

It was dusk, and as the murk deepened in the cavernous traverses of the dimly lit old station, the tragedy of the moment struck home with an irresistible keeness. The motly crowd, which surged along both sides of the troop train, was under its spell. A thousand voices grew husky, hand grips became tighter, and eyes were dimmed with tears that would not be hidden.

On a little gallery overlooking this touching farewell scene stood a frail little lady—somebody's mother—neat, grey-haired, and apparently weighed down with a great sorrow. Little rivulets streaked her quivering cheeks as she watched the pitiful family groups, so eloquent of sacrifice. So vivid was her picture of the desolation that war would bring, that she unconsciously gave utterance aloud to her horror of it all. "Oh God!" she cried, "Can anything be sadder than that?"

Terry O'Malley had wandered out upon the little gallery and now, startled from his fascinated gaze at the crowds below by that heart-wrung exclamation, he looked down at the little lady by his side, and contemptuously remarked: "Better be savin' your weeps fur them that's needin' them. You're only wastin' yer brine, weepin' fer those lucky dogs down there."

Awakened from her reveries, the frail, old lady turned to the burly figure which towered over her and made a rapid appraisal, noting the blue eyes that looked down at her and the faint touch of brogue that still lingered upon O'Malley's tongue. As she gazed at him fearlessly, Terry's hand slowly reached for his khaki cap and it came off with a sweep, as he bowed low—awkwardly yet respectfully. He saw the tears well up in those fearless grey eyes, saw the quivering lips and the struggle to bring out the smile that smothered both tears and wrinkles as she replied,

"My heart goes out to those boys down there. I shudder with dread for the homes that trainload will sadden. But you said I should'nt pity them; why not?"

TERRY was uncomfortable. He was afraid of his comrades seeing him talking to a "swell," yet he was strangely attracted to this frail old woman, and a new emotion came over him as he slowly answered:

"Pityin' them boobs is like pityin' dead men. They don't need it. You awter save yer pity for the guys what ain't got no folks. Them's the boys what's needin' yer sympathy and needin' it bad."

The little lady came closer and laid her dainty gloved hand on his sleeve as he continued:

"It's bad enough down there, with the other guy gettin' all the lovin' but it's plumb hell on the train. Ken you blame them for drownin' it when they gets the chanst? How ken a man fight, when he's got no one to love him after, uh?"

As he finished the little lady drew herself erect and then, inspired by a quick, intuitive flash, she asked suddenly: "When do you go?"

So quickly was the question asked that it seemed to Terry like a blow in the face. Instinctively he knew that this woman had divined his secret, had discovered his "homesickness." The thought that she knew how he dreaded the ordeal of standing by while his comrades bade good-bye to their mothers, wives and sweethearts, sorely tempted him to tell her all about it, but—"What's the use?" he thought. He turned abruptly and would have left her without answering, but she caught him by the arm.

"My only boy was at St. Julien, Sir," she said, with a trembling voice, "and he's not coming back. Our last good-bye was said just over there. It is hard to keep brave, but when men like you take his place, I want to do my bit. I want to cheer every man who goes over. I want to "mother" another soldier boy—to cheer for him, and to write to him while he's over there."

She paused, then looking into the blue eyes above her, continued:

"You are lonely; you have no one to say good-bye when you go, have you? Won't you let me do it? You're going soon, for you are in the 91st., and they leave in the morning. You will, won't you?"

Never in all his days had Terry known a mother's love. Deserted early in life by his destitute parents, he had had to struggle through the years, as best he might, alone. Now to have this frail, dainty, little lady want to mother him, to kiss him—it was too much—more than any man could resist. His big body trembled under the flood of emotions unleashed by the request.

At last he blurted out:

"You want to be a mother to Terrible Terry O'Malley, the biggest devil in the camp? God knows, I'd like to have a mother see me off in the morning—7.30 a.m. 'tis—but indeed you're too good for the likes of me. I'm glad you ast me though; it'll help a heap."

He turned to pass her, but the little lady clutched his khaki sleeve and in a voice pulsating with emotion, scornfully arraigned the man quivering before her.

"I thought you were a man—a real man—big enough to forget what's past, forget everything but what's ahead; big enough to let me say good-bye to you, for the sake of my only boy, to let me be a mother to you in the hope that you'll avenge my murdered son. If there's any manhood in you, Terry O'Malley—if that's your name—show it right now. Put your hand there, and say you'll be my son."

For a moment Terry looked into those flashing grey eyes, and the challenge they held burned right into his soul. There it found a new man. The old Terry O'Malley fought for an instant against that new manhood and then surrendered at once and forever. Grasping the small outstretched hand and dropping to his knees he vowed:

"I'll be the best son any mother ever had."

"Your wastin' your weeps on them lucky dogs down there"

IT was still dark when the 91st broke ranks at the station platform the next morning. Terry eagerly searched every face in the crowd which lined the train, but nowhere was the form he looked for to be seen. His heart grew leaden with a sickening dread; all the old passions were aroused. He made a dash for the saloon on the other side of the throng, but as he broke through, a gentle voice called to him,

"Where are you going, Terry, my boy?"

He stopped dead. All the pent up love that is inborn in every man burst forth in a blinding flood, and with a cry, "Mother, you've come," Terry threw his big arms around the little figure and crushed her to him.

Hours after, as the train thundered eastward, Terry sat gazing out of a window. He did not see the beauties of the speeding scenery; he was thinking of those wonderful moments with his unknown "mother." In his hand was a letter; he had read it a score of times. It was a magnificent letter, one that throbbed with mother love and inspiration to do the better things. It was signed "Mother," that was all, but down in the corner was an address—just a post-office box number. Terry was pondering over the mystery of that number.

In a beautiful home on a famous street in a famous city the frail little lady sat, gazing into the fire that flickered in the open grate of a cosy upper room. She, too, was thinking of those previous moments that marked the parting of two lives so strangely interwoven by Fate. She was wondering if it would not have been better to have revealed her name, but, "no," she thought, "he'll be true to "mother' because mothers are always good."

As the days grew into months, many letters came, but more were sent. What a wealth of comfort and good cheer was contained in those epistles! Then there was silence for awhile.

At last, one day, a letter larger and thicker than usual arrived, addressed in a strange handwriting. With quaking heart the little lady found her favourite chair and sitting down, nervously broke the official seal.

There was a metallic sound, as something hard and glittering tumbled into her lap. Curiously she picked it up, turned it over and read the inscription. It was the much-prized Victoria Cross. Swiftly smoothing out the many paged letter, she read this story about her boy:

"To our Unknown Mother:

"The 91st have crowned you the Empire's greatest and noblest Mother, and the Colonel has commanded me—just an ordinary newspaper correspondent—to tell you how Sergeant Terry O'Malley covered himself and his regiment with glory, and saved the Empire, by blocking the hole in our lines on that memorable day.

"Terry and I had become great friends—he has often talked about you, so reverently that I feel as though I were writing to an angel—so it was not strange that I was with him when the big smash came.

"It was somewhere at Ypres. Our trenches had been battered to bits by a terrific hurricane of shells. Terry and his Company, with their machine gun, were in the first line trenches, right in the thickest of it. Shells tore and gouged the earth all round us as we crouched low, awaiting the inevitable attack. The air was filled with the thunder of bursting shells. A big 'Jack Johnson' struck our parapet, and bursting, tossed Terry high in the air. We thought it was all over with him, but he came down, dazed but unhurt. The machine gun lay under him, while his comrades were torn and silent.

"Terry stuck to his post and waited for—God knows what! A despatch rider leaped in beside him and shouted a hoarse command:

"'Retire at once. Save the guns.'

"Reluctantly Terry obeyed and together they started back with the gun. They had gone only a little way when a shell found them. It burst almost under their feet, and Terry was alone—and wounded. He never faltered. With a superhuman effort, he dragged himself and his gun into a shell-hole. It was filled with men—most of them of the 91st. Terry saw his captain, his comrades, his pal—wounded and dying, all of them. The captain ordered him to the rear.

"Did he leave us? No.

"Instead, he crawled to the lip of the crater, and slowly and carefully mounted his gun—testing every part.

"How we in the hole watched every movement!

The shells still whistled overhead—it was an inferno that defies description.

"Suddenly the guns 'ceased fire' and all grew quiet. It was so still that one could feel it—it was ominous, terrifying. Then, on our right, the crackling roar of the machine guns told that the Germans were on the move. To our right and to our left, our boys were trying to hold the line. In front of us lay the 91st, twisted and torn. It was a gap in the line—fearfully big, stupendous in its menace. The boys in khaki, true Canadians, were

(*Continued on page 28*)

Organized Food Conservation

What MacDonald Institute is Doing Through its Graduates—Domestic Science Experts Scattered Over the Length and Breadth of the Dominion.

Specially compiled for Everywoman's World from a questionnaire prepared by and returned to the Office of the Food Controller.

By ISHBEL M. ROSS

"IT is doubtful if any class of woman in Canada to-day has greater opportunities for useful work in food conservation than the domestic science graduate. The various institutes and colleges that are sending her forth to promulgate their training and their ideas throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion are doing work of national importance—work that was never more vital than now when food problems loom larger on the horizon every day.

Synonymous with all that is best and most progressive in domestic science Macdonald Institute is one of those institutions of which Canada is justly proud. It has won the commendation of experts of international renown. Its graduates have scattered to all quarters and are holding positions of weight and importance. One of them, indeed—Mrs. Jean Muldrew—is the adviser of the Food Controller in matters of domestic economy and the author of the war menus being followed in thousands of Canadian homes.

In every province these women are to be found, working quietly and assiduously. In their hands are mighty powers. Their work lies at the very root of the future welfare of the Dominion for it affects the home life of every man, woman and child, and its results are too far-reaching to be estimated.

Mrs. Jean Muldrew of Food Control Office

It was through the generosity of the late Sir William Macdonald that Macdonald Institute was built at Guelph. The original plan was that it should be given over to training students in household science, manual training and nature study. The first dean was the late Dr. W. H. Muldrew. Miss M. U. Watson was appointed Director of Household Science, and she still retains that position.

The Institute was first occupied in 1903. Later, the manual training section was removed to a new building, and the nature study was absorbed in the work of the Agricultural College, so that the whole building is now devoted to household science.

With a capacity for two hundred students, the Institute has a continuous stream of girls drawn from all walks of life. Many have taken a course without intending to make professional use of their training Most of the fully-fledged graduates, however, are making it their life work and are rendering noble service as domestic science teachers in the schools and colleges or as dieticians in hospitals, asylums and other public institutions. There are others engaged in making their own homes, and their work is no less important.

Since the outbreak of the war, the work of the graduates has become doubly important. They have unique qualifications for aiding in food conservation. Years before a world-wide shortage of food was thought of, many of them had the principles of thrift and care, food values and proportions impressed upon them so that now they are peculiarly fitted to bear the banner of "Save and Substitute." Where the untutored housewife steps gingerly along in the dark, eager to help but lacking in exact and scientific knowledge, the domestic science expert knows exactly how to save and substitute foods without impairing the physical strength of her charges. Thus she possesses a valuable experience and one which is greatly needed at present in the education of other Canadian women in ways and means of saving food and at the same time keeping up a high standard of physical efficiency.

Helping the Controller

THE graduates of Macdonald Institute, in common with those of other colleges have brought their training into practical application without waiting for a word of command. They are backing the Food Controller in the most useful and energetic manner—by words and deeds. According to their own declarations they are willing to go much further in preaching and teaching the gospel of thrift and conservation.

The divers methods they have adopted and their whole-hearted enthusiasm are indicated in their replies to a questionnaire sent out by Miss Watson, working in co-operation with the Food Controller. Some two hundred erstwhile students have been approached in this way and their replies, coming from public institutions or the home fireside, as the case might be, in all parts of the Dominion, are rich in suggestion and constitute an admirable record of work already accomplished.

Many of the household science teachers express their willingness to give talks, lectures and demonstrations, or to write special newspaper articles diffusing their knowledge in a practical way. Those who do not feel that they are adapted for this direct form of approach to the general public, have various ingenious suggestions for economy in the home or in public institutions.

The case of Miss Mary L. Kelso, supervisor of household science for Brandon Public School, Collegiate and Normal School, is an outstanding instance of what has already been accomplished. She had her cookery programme re-arranged, sacrificing continuity to bring on, without any delay, lessons relating to substitutions, etc. She had twelve war recipes given to each school teacher in the city who, in turn, had her pupils make gift booklets of war time recipes for their mothers and friends at Christmas. Last fall she gave canning demonstrations which were largely attended. She also had normal students make different varieties of war breads which she took with her to out-of-town meetings. At those meetings she gave talks on the gravity of the food situation, followed by practical suggestions in relation to the use of cereals other than wheat in bread-making. Then she distributed samples of the bread.

Arrangements were effected with the art teacher in the different schools to have cartoons made in the drawing classes, showing the necessity for food conservation and suggesting ways in which children and adults might help. Essay contests are being carried on in grades seven and eight, and the best essays are published in the local paper. Grades five and six are writing letters to imaginary people telling how food is being conserved in their homes.

Miss Kelso has addressed a number of political meetings and was appointed secretary when a local food conservation committee was organized at the conclusion of a mass meeting on November 23rd. At the Home Economics Meetings in Brandon during November and December, she gave short talks on food problems and twice addressed joint meetings of the Men's and Women's Grain Growers' Association.

At the Normal School, which has about sixty students from all over the Province, Miss Kelso has given a number of food conservation lessons, asking her pupils to write to their homes, thus spreading the information they received in class.

Working usefully in an entirely different sphere is the dietician of the Ontario Military Convalescent Hospital, Cobourg, who writes as follows: "In connection with work in a military convalescent hospital, I have found that our returned men need first and foremost, good nourishing food, but while giving them everything possible, we have always tried to keep in mind the Food Controller's sgugestions as far as possible. Two meatless days have been a usual rule, and a careful daily inspection of all 'left-overs' and garbage has eliminated waste almost entirely, while a careful use of foods in season has been a rule that proved helpful in giving variety and cheapness to our menus."

Ways and Means

ANOTHER graduate who has had experience as dietician on an industrial farm and also in a large general hospital in Ontario, writes of the ways and means she used to make the plain prison fare on the farm nourishing, palatable and satisfying.

"The meat supply was small, and we used it to the best advantage and flavored it as much as possible," she writes. "On our menus were meat pies, with plenty of vegetables and baking powder biscuit paste; dumplings with stews; savory dishes with rice or potatoes or cornmeal as the foundation, and "meat-loaf," made of ground meat with the liquid thickened with cornmeal and well-seasoned.

"With soup we learned that the same bones could be used over and over again, giving fat and meat extractions for flavoring. Left-over cereals from breakfast, bread crumbs, toast and small quantities of left-over vegetables all helped to make a nourishing tasty soup from things which ordinarilly would be discarded.

"All fat was carefully saved. Clear fat free from vegetable flavors we used for making surprisingly good plain cake, without eggs. Fats from soups we used in made-up supper dishes.

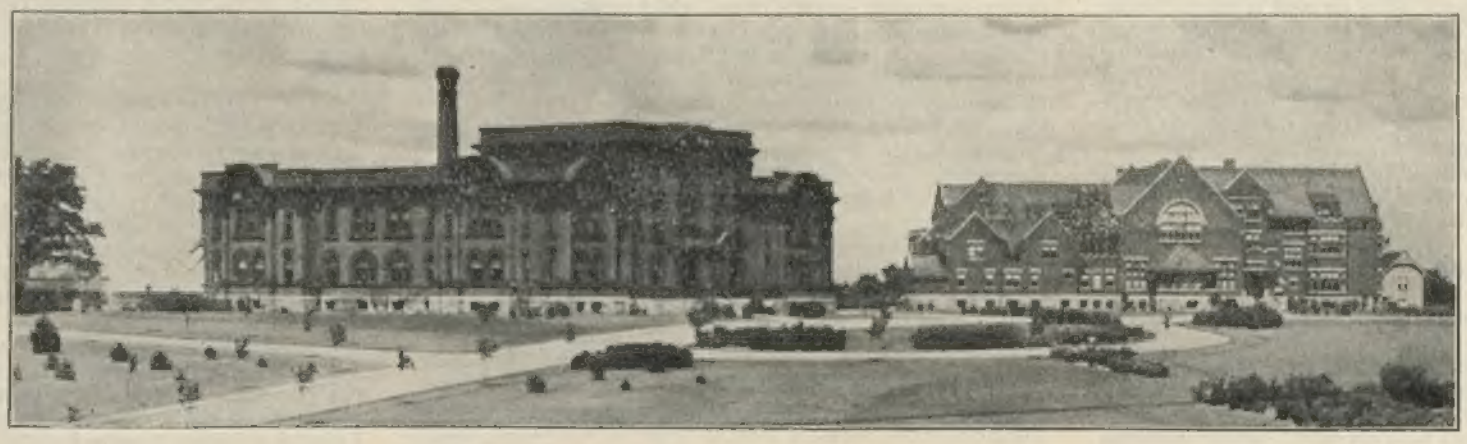
"Wheat flour was conserved by the use of more corn-meal, whole wheat flour, bran and oat flour.

"At the Hospital, again, we found that we saved three or four pounds of butter a day by serving standardized servings of butter to the individual rather than the old family style of service of putting the butter on the table in slices.

"In the nurses' dining-room we saved two pounds of granulated sugar each morning by having a bowl of brown sugar, and making it popular for use on the cereal."

Miss N. C. Goldie,

(*Continued on page36*)



Macdonald Institute, Guelph (on the left) graduates of which are taking some of the following measures to aid the Food Controller and save food for the armies of the Allies

1. Observing the regulations for Tuesdays and Fridays.
2. Saving white flour by the use of war breads.
3. Using plenty of cereals.
4. Experimenting in beef and bacon substitutes.
5. Growing and canning their own fruit and vegetables.
6. Using brown sugar almost entirely or if not, cutting down on white.
7. Using all left-overs.
8. Inspecting garbage and eliminating waste of food.
9. Impressing on children the need for conservation. Encouraging them to save and produce.
10. Delivering lectures and talks on food problems at every opportunity.
11. Giving demonstrations or writing newspaper articles on food.

Call To Arms!

An Appeal to the Readers of Everywoman's World—To Canada's Army of Women.

By W. J. HANNA

Food Controller for Canada.

W J. Hanna

EVERY woman in Canada is required for war service. Some have given sons. Some have given their dearest ones. Some have given their services in war work of various kinds, direct and indirect. It is the duty of all those who remain at home to aid our men overseas by food service. Food will win the war. Food must be conserved at home and shipped to the front. Our domestic consumption of flour, wheat, beef and bacon must be reduced by 25 per cent. By bacon I mean the whole product of the hog, "bacon" being the trade term for the dressed sides of the whole pig.

There must be concerted effort on the part of the Canadian people to release storable foods for export. If this is not done by us there will be terrible suffering in Europe, and the armies in the field will be greatly handicapped in their struggle for victory.

The time has come to preach again the good old-fashioned doctrine of the clean plate; to cast aside foolish notions that carefulness in serving food is "stinginess"; to find substitutes for white flour and white bread; to eat less meat and more fish and to reduce waste to the merest minimum. The situation is critical. The food service of women is as necessary as the military service of the men to save that situation.

Women of Canada! Your work is of vital importance and the kitchen dress has become a uniform in which you may serve the Empire and humanity even as your son in the King's uniform. Their service cannot become effective without your help. Organise your household for victory!

W. J. Hanna

Food Controller.

WILL PARTY POLITICS SURVIVE?

And Have Women Reached the Promised Land Only to Find the Milk Sour and the Honey Flavorless?

By PETER McARTHUR

HAVING cast my first vote in the last Federal Election, I should now be in a position to discuss politics with an air of authority—but I am not sure about it. It is just possible that I have had to view the franchise from so many angles that the result is confusing, rather than illuminating. As my wife and our oldest son cast their first votes in the same election—she preceded me by some minutes—the matter has been fully discussed in our family. It is perhaps for this reason that the Editor thinks I should be able to give some helpful hints on the exercise of the franchise to the readers of this magazine. Being anxious to oblige, I shall do my best, but you must not be surprised if I show a woeful lack of "settled opinions." The events of the past three years have upset so many established customs and cherished beliefs that it is hard to determine what the future has in store for even so much trusted and much-vaunted an institution as voting. I have a grim suspicion that women are getting votes at a time when thinking men are discovering that votes do not amount to much in guiding the destinies of humanity.

Before proceeding, I should perhaps explain the confession that I have just cast my first vote. This does not mean that I have just come of age, or that I have not been interested in politics. I came of age more years ago than I care to think about, but as I retained my Canadian citizenship while living outside of Canada, I never had a vote. It is true that I should have had a vote in the election of 1911, but as I was discussing politics from an independent point of view at that time, neither party had enough confidence in me to see that my name was on the voters list. I know I should have attended to it myself, but I was so loyal to Canadian institutions that I thought my name would appear on the lists as a matter of course. I know better now.

In order to show how the vote is regarded by men who have studied the matter deeply, both in theory and practice, I shall venture to tell a couple of anecdotes.

When Professor Ashley, now of Manchester University, was a lecturer in University College, Toronto, he expounded the powers and practices of the Witanagemot to his classes. In summing up, he said:

"Both the nobles and the common people attended the meetings of the Witanagemot. The nobles passed the laws and the common people were permitted to cheer."

Then after an impressive pause he remarked with a smile.

"It is much the same to-day."

I never forgot Professor Ashley's remark, and the opportunities I have had to observe elections in England, the United States and Canada have convinced me that he expressed a fundamental truth. When the strong men of the country want a law passed or a policy adopted, they manage to have their will expressed in terms of government—and the common people are permitted to cheer.

The second anecdote has to do with the opinions of a practical politician—one of the most practical who ever subverted the will of the better element. In the course of my newspaper work I happened to be thrown into intimate association with a political boss—one of those men of whom it has been said:

"He is like a mole. You never see him, but you can tell where he is working by the ground that is thrown up."

While travelling with the "boss" I met the practical man and owing to the company I was in, he quite naturally assumed that I was one of his own kind. He talked to me, in an expansive hour, as one briber would talk to another, and it was one of the most illuminating experiences of my life. In summing up his experiences as a political worker he said:

"A really good campaign always reminds me of a rabbit hunt I once saw out west. A gang of Indians had chased a rabbit into a brush-heap. They formed a circle round the heap and all began to yell at the top of their lungs. In a minute or so the rabbit popped out and began to jump up and down and didn't know where to go. Then one of the Indians knocked him on the head and threw him over his shoulder. It is just the same in an election. If you have enough money you can get a lot of speakers hollering on the platform and get the papers all roaring, and before long the voters will all be jumping up and down and you can do what you like with them."

Lady Politicians—You Need Money!

FOR the purposes of this article, the remarks of the practical politician are the most important. You will notice that he mentioned money as a most essential force in winning an election. If the women wish to have honest elections, and I certainly believe they do, they should give their first and best attention to the question of campaign funds. The legitimate expenses of a political party during an election are very heavy. There are halls to be hired, travelling expenses of speakers to be defrayed, pamphlets to be printed and extensive advertisements in the newspapers to be paid for. Even if we pay no attention to the money that may be used for corrupt purposes there is still a large sum whose source is not accounted for. Where does this mysterious money come from? Very few voters ever contribute a cent from their own pockets to help win an election. Most of them expect to be paid liberally for their time if they take an active part in the work. It is quite certain that the money used in the general work of an election is not contributed by the voters. The women who voted in the last election know whether they contributed any money to the campaign fund of the party which they supported. Some of them may have done so, as they are new to the workings of political machinery, but I have yet to meet a male voter, who is only a private citizen, who ever contributed a cent to the funds of his party.

It is equally absurd to imagine that the money is supplied by the candidates. A few years ago a member of parliament stated on the floor of the house that it takes five thousand dollars to elect a man to parliament—without counting the help he gets, from the central organization, which provides the campaign literature, advertising and the important speakers. You have only to go over the lists of candidates to see how absurd it would be to expect them to pay the expenses of even their own part of the campaign without contributing to the funds needed for the party organization.

Such exposures as have occurred in Canada and other countries, indicate that the funds are usually provided by contractors doing work for the government who expect liberal favors in return. They have also been shown to be contributed by business interests that expect legislation favorable to their enterprises. But wherever the campaign funds come from, you may safely assume that the source represents men and corporations that expect special privileges if the party they support is elected to power. Legislation that is against the best interests of the people is usually passed to pay for campaign contributions. If the women want to have honest elections and honest government they can go a long way towards securing them by refusing to give their support to any party that does not publish a full account of its campaign funds. They should insist on knowing where every cent of it comes from, and how every cent of it is spent. Until this is done, we shall continue to have corrupt elections and corrupt governments.

The part played by business men and corporations in winning elections has been the cause of much muck-raking. But now a political philosopher has risen who sees in this change a revolution that will work for the ultimate good of humanity. Charles Ferguson in his book, "The Great News," (Mitchell Kennerley), argues that business is now the only important form of politics. Business has taken every kind of industry out of our homes—canning, meat-curing, cloth-making, etc., and at the same time has tended to rob the Government of its authority. It has given employment to the organizing and executive brains that would naturally be expected to assume the business of government. The crisis precipitated by the war already shows that organized business must take over the affairs of government or the government must take over organized business. Several governments have already assumed control of the railroads, shipping, mining and various lines of manufacture. It is generally believed that they will not give up this control after the war. If that is true, we will find ourselves forced to study public questions along business rather than political lines. We may easily find that we have as large a financial stake in the government as we have in our private business. If such a state should be arrived at it would make for efficiency in government for we would see to it that the men in charge of our public business would be such men as those to whom we would entrust our private business. The days of the orator and handshaker would be past. The political influence of a citizen would depend on business capacity rather than on the franchise and we might find that the vote did not amount to as much to us as our capacity to attend properly to some detail of public business. A government organized as a big business could not possibly be run by majority votes. The power would have to go to those who could command it by their abilities as it is now commanded in the business world.

If this revolution takes place, and many think it inevitable, votes, in the ordinary sense, will not amount to much for either men or women. Such votes as we have we shall cast as the votes of shareholders are now cast in business organizations, and party politics will disappear.

Government on Business Lines

HAVING this in mind, it may not be unprofitable to consider the possibility of a world organized along business lines. This war is certainly an amazing revelation of the business capacity of the human race. All our resources are being marshalled into the fight, from the basic industries of farming, fishing, mining, lumbering, etc., to the organizations for transportation and distribution. Fighting men play only a secondary part in our war economy. Each of the giant combatants has formed a War Trust that makes the Standard Oil look like a nursery game by comparison. About the most illuminating illustration of modern military methods that I have heard was given by an ingenious friend who compared it to an imaginary war between the two great Departmental Stores of Toronto. This war certainly calls for supplies as varied as those shown in the catalogues with which we are familiar and the general managers of the war business show the same organizing genius as is shown by the general managers of the stores. They draw their supplies from all parts of the earth and from every industry, and their chief care is to make the supply equal the demand. If each store were furnished with fighting men and artillery, the parallel would be complete. In its methods this is entirely a business war. In spite of mistakes and distressing evidences of private greed, business is now serving us so well that we should see to it that it continues to serve us in peace as it has served us in war. Politics is defined as "The theory and practice of obtaining the ends of civil society as perfectly as possible." The end of civil society is chiefly to see to it that we all have a sufficient and constant supply of food and clothing and adequate shelter.

If we glance back into history, we find that the state frequently looked after those very things. The success of the kings and conquerors of the earth depended on their ability to feed, clothe and shelter their followers, so it is evident that these things are all matters of active politics though we didn't realize it. We have been devoting our best energies to securing and ensuring a plentiful supply of these necessaries of life without realizing that in doing so we were really politicians.

Because business has been organized to handle these things, organized business is the only vital political force to-day. It has ruled the world as military conquerors, and the church ruled at various times in the past. Inasmuch as we have been business men and business women we have been true politicians and this voting that we have been so noisy about has not been politics at all, but a foolish make-believe. No matter which party was elected, the business of the world has gone on just the same, and no matter what laws have been passed, it has not been guided or constrained by law. And now that we are at war we find that modern war is the most highly specialized form of business ever known.

The war will be won by the business skill we evince in providing food, munitions and men. It seems to me that there is no-question about it. Business is the only kind of political activity that matters to-day, and women are being enfranchised through the extent in which they are building homes and taking part in business rather than by getting the right to vote—which unthinking men begrudge to them.

Our Series of Covers by Elsie Deane

THE excellence of the cover on the January issue of Everywoman's World and the irresistible character of this month's are sufficient introduction to Miss Deane. The announcement that these two covers represent but the first of a series this artist will paint for us will afford our readers pleasure.

Miss Elsie Deane

Miss Deane is best known in the United States and in England where she was born, having come to Canada only recently. Readers of Harper's Bazaar and other leading American journals will have appreciated her covers and illustrations over the signature "E. D." She studied in New York, London and Paris under several of the masters, after which she opened her own studio in New York where she applied her talent for the past four years.

Miss Deane will produce covers exclusively for Everywoman's World during the next several months. The series will be broken only by the April cover, which is the work of Ralph Armstrong, the renowned American artist.

The New Income Tax

THE new Federal Income Tax is causing mild excitement these days. The most surprising point is that very few know much about it. The tax is classified under two divisions, "normal" and "super-tax." As the "normal" tax will affect the majority, a few words by way of explanation may be timely.

The first report, or return, under the Act is to be made on or before the Twenty-eighth day of February, Nineteen hundred and eighteen (28th February, 1918), to the Minister of Finance and will cover the income derived for the year ending Thirty-first December, Nineteen hundred and seventeen (31st December, 1917), except where otherwise arranged with the Minister of Finance.

The normal tax, amounting to four per cent. (4%), will be assessed, levied and paid upon the income during the preceding year of all unmarried persons, widows or widowers, without dependent children, upon all income exceeding fifteen hundred dollars ($1,500); and in the case of all other persons will be assessed, levied and paid, upon all income exceeding three thousand dollars ($3,000);

For every default the person obliged to pay the tax and the person required to make the report or return shall be liable on summary conviction to a penalty of one hundred dollars ($100) for each day in default.

The Minister of Finance notifies you of the amount payable as tax.

War Time in an English Village

The Disappearance of Old Customs, Demolishing of Old Traditions and the Establishing of a New Order of Things Quaintly Chronicled by a Writer who is, Herself, One of the Villagers

By FRANCES SERGEANT

YOU want to know—you fellow-patriots in Canada—what war actually has meant to the folks in the smaller villages in England. You are curious as to how it has affected us?

The tale may be long in the telling, but it requires a retrospect to begin with.

Our village lies in a fold of the hills in the West Midlands; it sleeps there through seed time and harvest, as it has slept for six centuries and more. It is purely an agricultural village, and on all sides to the horizon stretch fields and narrow belts of trees. The trees are the boundaries of various large estates. The village and the land round it is practically all owned by Mr. Butler, our squire, he has only been in the place for twenty years, so the villagers regard him as an upstart.

We are five miles from a station, and that is considered a great distance in our part of England. In the old days we had a bus which met two trains a day, but since the war that has ceased to run. All the material effects of the war have been to isolate us more and more from the outer world; but in spite of that, for the first time in its history, does the village realize that it is a part of England, and a participant in the laws made in distant Westminster. In the old days it seemed to the villagers that the squire ruled them all according to his own ideas, with the parson and doctor as prime-ministers. The squire is a magistrate, and was therefore considered in some way responsible for old-age pensions, and compulsory school attendance, and other outward signs of the law of the land.

The five miles that separate us from the railway made all the difference when war was declared. Other people in more favored parts heard rumors, had some chance to mentally prepare for the thunderbolt that was to come. It was not so with our villagers; for them it was Peace one day, and War the next.

When they heard of War, not by a picturesque flaring beacon on the hill, but through a few hysterical headlines in the local press, they watched their old time rulers for a cue. The squire looked even grimmer and greyer than usual, the parson looked harassed, and the doctor cross. The villagers said, wisely:

"Eh! the gentry will suffer in this."

For a few days that was the only observation that occurred to them; and then it became surprisingly and abundantly evident that the "gentry" were not going to be the only victims to the new order of things.

The Territorials were called up, and the villagers looked blankly at each other; it meant that sixteen men were suddenly removed from our midst into the unknown; and bad as it was, even the dullest witted could guess it was a herald of worse to come. There was a certain amount of display in the departure of the Territorials, a brass band and Union Jacks flying from nearly every house. There was a crowd, a most imposing crowd, consisting of four-fifths of the population, assembled to wish them "God-speed." Villagers are very shy of emotions, and so for the most part they just stood silent and shuffled their feet. Indeed it wanted a master of ceremonies to explain whether the occasion was one of rejoicing or lamentation; the brass band and bunting gave it a festive air, yet there was an undercurrent of deeper feeling. One woman stood at the churchyard gate and wept bitterly; she had no one to lose in the War, for she was a widow, and her only son had been killed long ago in an Indian frontier rising; but some of the mothers whose sons were among the little, half-drilled, khaki-clad squad, eyed her askance.

So we waved our flags, and sang "Auld Lang Syne," and returned to our one o'clock dinners with troubled minds. The departure of the Territorials is worthy of note in the annals of our village, as it is the first, and the last, we have seen of what is called the "Pageant of War."

During that first, strange, strained, August week we learned that our isolated position was not going to prevent our sharing in the supplying of our country's needs. The Army commandeered horses, and that was a nasty jolt for the farmers. The butcher's cart was found one day on a lonely road miles from everywhere; the butcher still sitting in it, staring, dazed with astonishment, at the empty shafts which rested on the muddy road. The Army had commandeered his horse in a hurry. The fact that a fair price was paid promptly for the horses was only a small consolation; the men of our village want more than a fair price when they sell a horse, and they want to spend a whole happy day in driving a bargain, and not to have the matter settled off hand in three minutes.

Charles Butler was the first of our village to respond to the call to arms; and it seemed as if he, the squire's son, was going to be our only voluntary contribution to the New Armies. But deep ingrained in the country heart is a love of the home county, so when posters sprang up on every wall and gate, the message "Your King and Country Need You" did not fall on deaf ears. They responded nobly, those slouching, earth-stained plough boys of ours. Many of them had never left their native village before, none of them had ever faced anything worse than the wind and rain of the open English winter. They all had comfortable homes to leave, in spite of the low standard of wages in agricultural districts; laborer's cottages are generally very comfortable.

Old Idea of Enlisting

THEY have won their laurels, our first recruits; the Yeomanry Regiment they joined has indeed done yeoman service.

As was perhaps natural, the men of our village took much more kindly to the new order of things than the women did. It was not so much the thought of danger that the women minded, as the old idea that it was a disgrace to enlist. In rural England there was a very strong feeling that the man who joined the Army and put himself beyond the reach of the civil laws, had a very good reason to fear those laws. But when news came of the gallant stand of the Belgian Army, those old ideas were swept aside. Into our peaceful village came a wave of martial ardor; we were filled with a burning desire to hear that the British Army was in action; to show the foreigners over the water, friend and foe alike, that there was no gallantry in the field equal to the gallantry of the British soldier.

A few quaint scenes in a typical English village, where war has robbed the community of its sons, but has left the beauty of its surrounding unimpaired.

The Navy was never regarded as a hiding place for a guilty conscience; and several of our more enterprising boys were blue-jackets or petty-officers. So it was not surprising that the first of the villagers to give his life for his country was a sailor. He was the son of the old lady who keeps the post office; she is very old and very feeble, and there was a certain amount of ghoulish curiosity to see how she would bear her bereavement. She bore it very calmly.

"God would not be cruel enough to kill my boy," she said, "He will come back soon."

That was the theory adopted by many of the women who lost any one they cared for very much. "It couldn't be true—the War Office couldn't know—he would be home soon."

Already prices were beginning to rise and wages were still the same. At that period, in our village, the average man who enlisted made no financial sacrifice. The laborers were earning sixteen to twenty shillings a week; it was not so small a sum as it sounded—with it went a cottage and garden, and a sort of payment in kind. A laborer could buy farm produce from the farm where he worked at half price; they were "privileges." A soldier's wife with several children had more money than when her husband had been a laborer. She had not his food and clothes to buy, and she still had, in most cases, her cottage and privileges. Our village came triumphant out of the financial side of enlistment, for beside the poorer labourers, there was no one with a fixed wage to lose. The other people were farmers, or had trades; and in most cases the business could be run by the rest of the family while the man was away at the War.

At first the War brought us nothing, it took away our men and horses, and our prosperity; it took away the gentlepeople who had houses in the district for shooting or hunting, even our squire abandoned us for a time. But afterwards it gave us something tangible.

Belgian Refugees

FIRST came the Belgian refugees; their coming made more of a stir than the actual declaration of War—incidentally they did more for recruiting than any color-sergeant could have done. They were such forlorn looking creatures, with pinched grey faces, and in their eyes the hunted look of over-driven beasts. The committee responsible for them had managed wisely and sent town folk to the town and country folk to the country. Our Belgians were peasants from an agricultural district, and quite beyond our sympathy and kindness. They could speak nothing but Flemish, and that was an accomplishment that no one in our county seemed to possess. The high tide of compassion for the refugees did not last long with the villagers; it was partly jealousy. They saw the Belgians, who were foreigners, and therefore inferior beings, housed and fed and clothed free, and admired and feted, while they had to work hard all their days. A lurking suspicion that the Belgians were really Germans did nothing to increase their popularity. It was a suspicion that was strengthened by the fact that two Germans were actually caught masquerading as refugees in our district. They were staying at the house of a clergyman in the guise of two Belgian ladies driven from their beloved country by a ruthless foe. They were first discovered by an inquisitive maid servant peering through the key hole, and seeing one of the "ladies" shaving himself.

By that time the first recruits had finished their training and were coming home on leave before going to the front. They had, most of them, changed and immensely improved both in physique and character. The young farm hand has a great many excellent points. He must have, for a few weeks military training cannot make a man unless the material was there at the beginning, but his good points are not obvious. As a rule he carries himself with a slouch and a stoop, and a mouth that hangs weakly open. He wears ragged corduroy, and except for a carefully tended bunch of curls on his forehead, he shows no pride in his personal appearance. The men who came back carried themselves well and self reliantly; they also looked as if they had found the secret of what makes life worth living, but it was a secret they could not tell us who had stayed behind.

All along that has been the chief barrier between us and the new order of things; the villagers who have lived all their lives in that one place have not sufficient knowledge to imagine the War, and the men who come back, both by race and by training, are quite incapable of telling anything of what they have seen. The soldiers of our village have come home, and have written home from France, and Mesopotamia, and Greece, and India; yet the village has learnt very little more about those places than it knew before the War. All we have really heard about has been mud, and flies.

Because the soldiers were uncommunicative, it did not mean that we were without gruesome stories for the morbid minded to fatten on. There was an Australian soldier in the village for a little while who had a fund of such stories. Other stories had local talent as their origin.

Gruesome Stories

THE butcher's wife appeared with a chalk white countenance at the cottage of the stone mason's one day: "There's a horrible thing I must tell you," she said, "I know it must be true, for it happened to a girl what's a friend of a friend of my nieces. Her young man was took prisoner by the Germans, and he wrote home, joking like, and asked what he should bring home from Germany when the War was over. What must the silly girl needs do, but write back, 'Bring me back the Kaiser's eyes.' Well, weeks later she got a parcel with her young man's eyes in it, and a letter—supposed to be from the young man, but really from a German officer—saying that he was sorry he couldn't send the Kaiser's eyes, but

(*Continued on page 47*)

DOES YOUR SIGNATURE LOOK LIKE YOU?

By ARTHUR BLACK FARMER, B.A.
Character Specialist, Head of Vocational Clinic of the Memorial Institute, Toronto

(*Entered at Ottawa in accordance with the Copyright Act.*)
Photos courtesy of the International Press

HOW often you have remarked, as you have looked at a letter from someone you have known, that the writing looked just like the writer — or, what is quite as significant, that the writing was not what you would have expected from such a person!

In either case, you have admitted to yourself that, notwithstanding all the exceptions and contradictions, there is some relationship to be expected between a person's handwriting and either the writer's character or appearance.

It is true that any person's handwriting varies from time to time. Some people show more variation in their writing than others, according to their temperament. The handwriting is almost as flexible as the human voice, and just as the tone of the voice changes with change of thought and feeling so will the movement of the pen change even from one moment to another, reflecting the mental attitude of the writer. Yet when we find certain qualities of voice or certain characteristics of handwriting persisting, we are fairly safe in concluding that these qualities or characteristics are the expression of some well established qualities of character, and have some corresponding indication in the appearance.

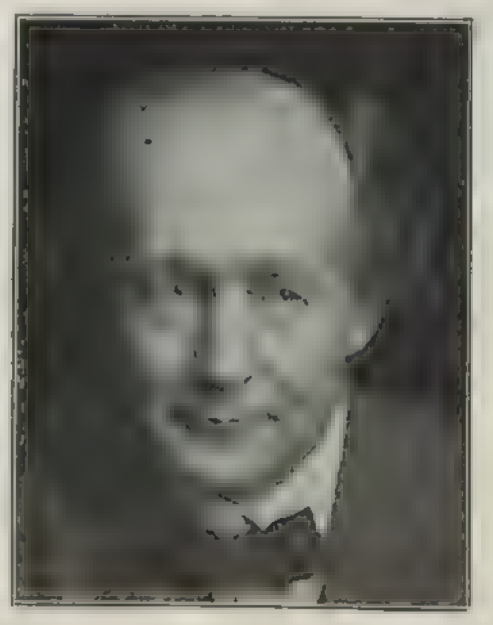
John F. Orde

It is one of my favorite doctrines that every element of character not only definitely influences a person's actions, but is definitely related to something in the build of body, head, or features, and has its definite expression in the face, in voice, in gesture, and in handwriting.

This being true, it should be possible, in the majority of cases to deduce either appearance or character from handwriting. Sometimes the handwriting will tell a different story from the appearance, it is true. The schoolboy will write after the fashion of his copy book or his teacher, and it is only after he has been away from school for some years that he develops a style of his own, really expressive of his own character.

Writing Varies With Health

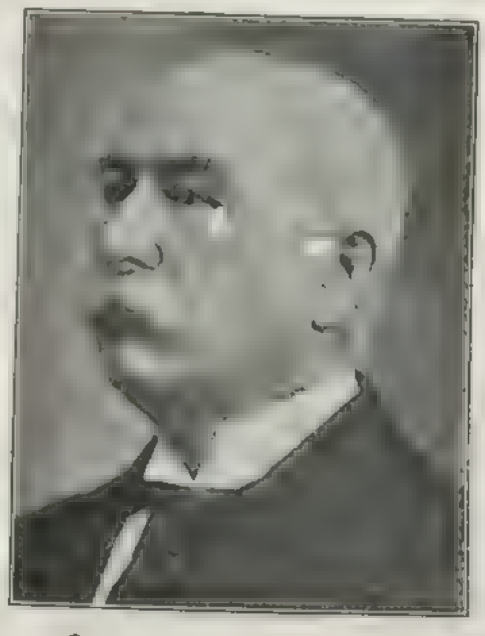
AGAIN we often speak of people not being themselves, by which we mean that they are not feeling or acting as they do under normal conditions of health or surroundings. At such times their handwriting will differ from the normal. The normally optimistic person, whose custom it is to write persistently up hill, will become gloomy and pessimistic when physically run down and the handwriting will show a tendency to run down hill. This condition has been so frequently observed in the writing of people suffering, perhaps, from long continued overstrain and on the verge of collapse, that superstitious graphologists have called the downward trend fatalistic, an indication of impending misfortune. If you have samples of your own writing before, during, and after your last severe illness, just look them up and observe the way the upward or downward tendency of your writing reflected your physical condition.



John Cottam

Even signatures are subject to change. Yet the average business man signs his name so often that he finally adopts a standard form, a form that suits his hand and satisfies his eye. In most cases it is a fairly accurate expression of his real character. In the case of the man who has realized his natural faults and is seeking to overcome them, the signature will indicate not so much his original character as the character he is seeking to develop. I know men born pessimists, earnestly seeking to cultivate optimism, who invariably sign their names with an uphill slope; men naturally extremely sensitive and shy whose signatures express great confidence and boldness, and men naturally lacking in physical energy who school themselves to put the pressure of slave drivers on their pens. In such cases the head shape changes so slowly that the form of head and features will not for a long time correspond with the signature.

From the study of a few portraits and signatures, you can gain enough skill in describing the appearance of writers from their writing to afford a good deal of entertainment for your friends, and an excellent means of increasing your own ability to read human nature. To become an expert, of course, requires a very thorough knowledge of all phases of the subject of character analysis—but provided you do not pose as an infallible expert (and remember that even an expert cannot possibly be correct in his descriptions of appearance from handwriting much more than eight points out of ten) you are not likely to do any harm. When you find that handwriting and appearance do not correspond, see if you can find out why.



T. W. Crothers

Frederic Nicholls

Let's Have Your Signature?

DO you know yourself? Or do you think your friends can judge you by your handwriting? Prof. Farmer says folks' signatures not only demonstrate their characteristics, but *look* like them! Do you believe it?

Let him prove the point.

He will describe the appearance and characteristics of the writers of the FIRST 50 signatures sent in, between February 1st and February 10th.

Address correspondence to Prof. Arthur B. Farmer, c/o. Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

The Specimens Illustrated

FIRST compare the signatures of Sir Henry Pellatt and the Hon. T. W. Crothers.

The appearance of the two men is just as different as the appearance of their autographs.

Mr. Crothers' signature is awkward, cramped. He is a man of heavy-boned build. Notice the rectangular face, the large massive nose, the high cheek bones. Such a man will have big heavy hands, with large knuckles, far better suited to wield an axe out in the open than to push a pen at a desk. Such hands cannot learn to write graceful, flowing curves.

J. H. Sherrard

Sir Henry is a man of different build. His face is round, his body round, his bones relatively small, his hands softer, more pliable, less weighted down with bone and well suited to the making of graceful flourishes.

Wide headed men are normally energetic—that is if their heads are wide at the ears. Energy in writing means heavy pressure. Compare the pressure used by the wide headed Sir Henry Pellatt, with the light lines commonly used by John Cottam, of Birdland.

Development of the side areas of the brain demonstrate a tendency of the writer to favor right and left movements of the pen on the line, above it or below it, according to whether the head is widest at the ears, above the ears, or below.

According to the phrenologists, width of head high up above the ears means enthusiasm, love of grandeur, magnificence. In the signatures and in the heads of both Sir Henry Pellatt and John Cottam this characteristic is very marked. At the ears, the region of vitality and energy, Mr. Cottam's head is lacking, and his writing is on the line, his small letters show no marked movement, while Sir Henry expresses his abundant energy in heavier pressure and in a sweeping loop in forming the M. Sir Henry also illustrates the development of his head below the ears, in his massive neck, and his tremendous vitality by his sweeping movement below the line.

Where Likeness is Marked

HEIGHT of head above the ears is usually reflected in the height of the tall letters in the handwriting. The long low head of Hon. T. W. Crothers is reflected in the modest capitals and the 'h' barely taller than the 'o.' The relatively high heads of Lieut.-Col. Frederick Nicholls and John Cottam are reflected in letters 'h' with the loop four or five times the height of the small letters.

Henry M. Pellatt

It is a very curious fact that when the head is highest at the back top part, there is a tendency to make the initial capitals taller than tall letters in the middle of the name, as is seen in the signature of John F. Orde, K.C., J. H. Sherrard, and John Cottam. When the head is highest farther forward, as is seen in the portrait of Lieut.-Col. Frederick Nicholls, there is a tendency to make a tall letter in the middle of the name taller than the initial cap-ital, as is seen in his signature in the very tall 'h.'

Love of admiration and honor naturally gives a tendency to flourish in the signature. It is marked in the signature of Sir Henry Pellatt. The signatures of

(*Continued on page 46*)

E. Pauline Johnson

E. Pauline Johnson

An Appreciation and a Memory

By FRANK YEIGH

(*Illustrations courtesy of Musson Book Co.*)

CANADA is rich in her woman writers.

Canada's roll of singers is one of which she has a right to be proud, for they answer the charge that the country is still too new to bring latent genius to fruition; that its material note silences the spiritual. Our Canadiana holds many a volume of verse and story from a woman's brain and pen, and among the books on the library shelf will be a few bearing the name of E. Pauline Johnson.

Well do I remember Pauline Johnson's first appearance as a reciter of her own work. Knowing of her promising talent as a writer, an opportunity came to test her elocutionary powers at a Canadian Authors' Evening away back in 1892, arranged by the Young Men's Liberal Club. The gathering was a notable one and the programme unique, though some authors failed as readers to do justice to their compositions. In strict truth, the evening was dragging a little, and interest lessening when "the Indian poet-princess" was introduced.

She glided rather than walked to the platform, her dark eyes flashing nervously and her sinewy form, the essence of gracefulness, representing the acme of physical rhythm and motion. Then she gave the first rendition of her "Cry from an Indian Wife," to "My Forest Brave, my Red-Skin Love," as he unsheathes his knife at her behest and goes forth to battle in the North-West Rebellion:

"O, coward self, I hesitate no more;
Go forth and win the glories of the war.
Go forth, nor bend to greed of white men's hands."

Thrilling was the effect, dramatic the appeal of this dark-hued girl who seemed to personify her race. It was the Indian who spoke, the Indian woman as, with intense passion, she voiced the cry of her kind.

A tense stillness followed, but only for a moment. Then there broke unrestrained expressions of approval in tumultuous applause. Rarely does an audience so rapidly change its mood, and rarely does a reciter so capture her hearers. Tekahionwake leaped into fame that night twenty-five years ago, as a poet reciter, in declaiming a few verses. It proved to be the first of hundreds of public appearances in Canada, the British Isles and the United States, but it is probably true that she never excelled that premiere night.

So striking was her initial success, the surprise of which she never ceased to refer to, that another public appearance was arranged when she essayed to give nearly the entire programme—a truly hazardous undertaking.

Would she conquer a second audience as she had the first? Would the novelty soon wear off?

The triumph of the first night was repeated before a crowded audience representing the cream of Toronto's literary, social and artistic life. Again all were expectant and curious. Few knew how narrowly she escaped disaster and defeat for in giving her initial number, and after the first verse, memory suddenly failed, through nervous tension; the poem had been turned into blank verse!

There was a painful pause—only too well do I recall it—when, with admirable self control, she quietly said:

"I've completely forgotten the rest of the poem. With your permission I'll substitute another."

Once again she scored, unintentionally so. It was no "trick of the trade." Thunders of applause greeted her deft handling of a delicate situation, but the horror of it, and the narrow escape from an ignominious failure, long remained a painful memory with her.

It was on this occasion that she showed her versatility by following the rendition of her dramatic Indian numbers with their antithesis in "The Song My Paddle Sings," the rhythm of which, given in her expressive and wonderfully sweet voice, in its lower register, made it easy to imagine one was in a real canoe, skimming the waters of a dark-hued northern stream.

"The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

"And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings."

SHE was not a professional elocutionist, in the mechanical meaning of the term, meaning metre and measure by a vocal yardstick, but an unconventional exponent of her writings. She was at her best in her distinctively Indian numbers,

Tekahionwake's last resting place, Vancouver

when the fire of her race and sex communicated itself to the most blase of audiences. No one could withstand a thrill when she rendered "As Redmen Die," the picture of a Mohawk captive in "the hated Huron's vicious clutch," when the prisoner is offered the choice of "walking over a bed of fire with uncovered feet upon the coals" or

"Wilt thou with the women rest thee here?
His eyes flash like an eagle's, and his hands
Clench at the insult. Like a God he stands.
'Prepare the fire,' he scornfully demands."

So the ordeal by fire is dramatically described until

"Slower and slower yet his footstep swings,
Wilder and wilder still his death song rings,
Fiercer and fiercer through the forest bounds
His voice that leaps to Happier Hunting Grounds.
One savage yell—
Then loyal to his race
He bends to death—but never to disgrace."

Following the two introductory appearances, so strangely unpremeditated, Miss Johnson entered upon her career as a platform artist during which she delighted thousands of hearers, as has been said, in hundreds of cities and towns. She held her popularity through a long period, until ill-health led to her retirement.

I may be permitted to speak of her personality. In a word, it was charming, winsome, attractive. How her rich dark eyes would brighten and glisten in conversation; how she threw her whole intense nature into story, discussion or description; what a delightful raconteur she was, so witty and bright! Brilliant she was in certain moods, in a circle of congenial friends or around the table. Vibrating with life, she talked and lived and felt intensely, especially for her race.

While she did not parade her Indian ancestry in any self-advertising way, she never failed to defend them or to dilate on their virtues, and as an exponent of their thought and life, in her person and through literary expression, she rendered a great service not only to her own Mohawk people, but to the Six Nations and all other tribes of redmen.

She had a right to be proud of her descent, which was in direct line of one of the five chiefs whose tribes composed the historical confederation, known as the Brotherhood of the Five Nations, founded by Hiawatha about the time Jacques Cartier discovered Canada, which means four centuries ago. The Brotherhood later bore the name of Iroquois, applied by the early French missionaries and explorers.

Pauline Johnson's grandfather attained special distinction for his deeds of valor while fighting with his British allies in the stormy days of trouble between France and England, and in the Colonial revolution, but when the war paint was removed and the war drum ceased to send out its martial challenge, the chief was known as "the Mohawk Warbler," on account of his natural eloquence, which, it is said he used with impassioned and dramatic power.

Some of his mantle was destined to fall on his clever grand-daughter, through her Mohawk father, Chief Johnson, while her distinctive literary qualifications may be traced in part to her mother, Emily S. Howells, a lady of pure English descent, a member of the talented family of which W. D. Howells is the best known. Doubly endowed, therefore, was Tekahionwake, the daughter of Onivanonsyshon, the grand-daughter of the Mohawk Warbler.

It was for this fealty to the British crown that they were granted the rich lands bordering the Grand River, near the City of Brantford, where G. H. M. Johnson, the Head Chief of the Six Nations, established his home of "Chiefswood," and where his daughter Pauline was born.

It was a natural result that the little daughter of the parental home near Brantford, should early evidence literary genius and express herself in poetic terms, even in her 'teens. It has been said she was a poetess when in her mother's arms; but, as a child, she was an eager reader of the best standard literature, Longfellow making a special appeal. Some of her earlier verse appeared in The Week, because its then editor, Goldwin Smith, was quick to discern its quality, and through this medium she received a valuable introduction to the leading periodicals.

"Chiefswood," near Brantford, Ont, where Pauline Johnson was born

THE poetess had an interesting association of ideas in the title of "Flint and Feathers," which she chose for one of her volumes of verse. "Flint suggests the Redman's weapons of war," she wrote. "It is the arrow tip, the heart quality of mine own people; let it therefore apply to those poems that touch upon Indian life and love. The lyrical verse is as a

'Skyward floating feather
Sailing on summer air,'

and yet that feather may be the eagle plume that crests the head of a warrior chief; so both flint and feather bear the hallmark of my Mohawk blood."

Came a time, then, when ill-health assailed her. A fatal malady, against which she fought valiantly but in vain, seized her frame. The sentence of death was an inexorable one. Rarely has the spirit of mortal been so nobly and heroically expressed as in her poem, "Fight On," written after she was told of the hopelessness of her case:

"And He Said: 'Fight On.'"
(Tennyson).

"Time, and its ally, Dark Disarmament,
Have compassed me about,
Have massed their armies, and on battle bent
My forces put to rout.
But though I fight alone, and fall, and die,
Talk terms of peace? Not I.

"They war upon my fortress, and their guns
Are shattering its walls.
My army plays the coward's part and runs
Pierced by a thousand balls.
They call for my surrender, I reply,
'Give quarter now? Not I.'

"They've shot my flag to ribbons, but in rents
It floats above the height.
Their ensign shall not crown my battlements
While I can stand and fight.
I fling defiance at them as I cry,
'Capitulate? Not I.'"

She capitulated not in spirit, but fought to the last, until, on a March day of 1913, this tawny Princess of the Blood Royal—Tekahionwake—sailed away.

When she was laid away, a granite boulder was rolled over the small opening, the ground was strewn with fir branches, so dear to the poetess in life, while a canoe filled with daffodils bordered the stone and at the sides a wreath of oak leaves and an Indian brooch of double hearts, the tribal badge of the Mohawks, made a suitable nature tribute to the silenced singer.

Let us make a pilgrimage to her last resting place. It is not easy to find, this ocean-washed boulder hidden in the forest of Stanley Park, Vancouver, and bearing only one word, "Pauline." Though only a stone's throw from the highway with its ebb and flow of traffic, this little grave-in-the-wood is a most restful spot, not so much a God's acre as a God's rood of earth. The grand trees guard and the leaves shelter and the ferns fringe the arcadian retreat, just as she would have liked, for indeed it was her wish to be laid away in a forest glade and hard by the waves that lap the Siwash Rock.

And there let us leave her, or all that is mortal, in the pinch of ashes in an urn—a very small pinch of ashes in a very small urn.

May I conclude with the fine tribute paid to her sister singer by Isobel Eccleston Mackay:

"Lone voyager! Thy Ship of Dreams
Spreads its free sail and slips away
Into the distant visioning
That lies behind the end of day.

The restless tide's impatient wave
In from the far Pacific rolls,
And sunset marks a mystic way
To the far-shining Port of Souls.

We, watching on the darkening shore,
Wave you farewell and strain our eyes
Till that bright speck which is your sail
Is lost in the enfolding skies.

Brave Heart, Sweet Singer! Speed you well
To those dim islands of the blest,
Far, far, and ever farther, till
The end of distance brings you rest."

The War Garden

And How to Plant it to Effect Best Results

By E. C. RANDOLPH

APPROACHING are the days of the seed catalogues! By the patriotic housewife they are hailed with joyous acclaim—that is, both the days and the catalogues—for they are harbingers of greater production. They call up visions of gardens of all kinds and descriptions—city, back-yard gardens and suburban plots, community enterprises and individual efforts.

Immediately one sits down to plan; planning, by the way, is even more important than planting. Many of the garden failures last year—and there were, oh, so many!—were the result of too much *planting* and no *planning*.

The garden which is carefully planned will give a greater yield, a more even distribution of products, and provides more generally for winter requirements without any increase in expense or work, than the garden planted without any definite plan.

A multitude of last year's "war gardens" demonstrated just how fatal hap-hazard planting *can* be. Rows upon rows of lettuce, radishes, beans and swiss chard went to waste without even being picked. Careful planning would have prevented, to a very large extent, this loss.

In the well planned garden, the first aim is to arrange the planting of the different things so that there will not be more available at one time than can be used. And the second is to keep all the ground busy all of the time. so that two or even three crops can be grown on a large part of it.

But how is the raw recruit, or the beginner with little experience, going to determine what things, and how much of each thing, should go into the garden?

The first step in planning your garden,—after you have secured the catalogues of one or more of the leading seed houses,—is to determine how much space you want to devote to your garden.

The beginner as a rule has very little idea of the amount of stuff that can be grown on a small space, such as say twenty by forty feet, by close planting and careful planning

On the other hand, you may have available all the ground you want to use, but even so, the less ground you have to cultivate the easier the work will be.

NO matter how much ground you may have, it is a great mistake to think that you can begin planting at one end and keep on, in a hap-hazard way, until you have planted everything you want. The advantage of close planting is not only that you get more on a given area, but the plants shade the soil and help to keep it moist, which in the majority of cases is a very important point.

Having determined the size of your intended garden plot, indicate its outlines and dimensions on a piece of paper.

The plan may be drawn according to scale, if desired, but generally that is not essential.

Usually it is best to plan to have the rows run parallel with the shortest dimension of the garden. This makes it more convenient both in planning and handling the growing crops. Rows fifty feet long are ample for the average garden. If much longer than that there will be more of some kinds of things than will be wanted in one planting, or else the rows will contain too much of one kind of vegetable; both of these conditions being undesirable. The row is the natural planting unit, and your plantings of the different kinds of things will naturally be "figured" in terms of rows.

Having the garden space which will be available for use represented, the next thing is to determine just what you will want to plant. If you are a beginner, the chances are that you will feel inclined to go to one extreme or the other—EITHER PLANNING TO PLANT EVERYTHING IN THE CATALOGUE FROM ASPARAGUS TO TURNIPS; or,—as many beginners do in the belief that they cannot succeed with any but the very simplest of things,—CONFINE YOUR EFFORTS TO RADISHES, PEAS, BEANS, AND CORN.

Both of these courses are wrong, if you wish to get all you can from your garden. Radishes, as usually planted, are almost always a wasteful crop—in perhaps the majority of cases, as fifty to eighty per cent of them will not be used. Peas and corn, unless one has plenty of space available, are not nearly so profitable as a great many others. If one attempts to include the whole list, on the other hand, there are many which yield little for the space they occupy, or contain little food value such as cucumbers, brussels sprouts, cauliflower, and okra.

There are others which are somewhat difficult to grow, such as muskmelons, egg-plants, onions and potatoes.

And then the purpose of your garden must be considered. It is one thing to expect to grow the things which will give a wide range of variety; or dishes which you may like, such as green peas or tender spinach; or the things which in yield or in food value will really repay you the most in money. Among the most profitable of vegetables to plant are the following: beans, dwarf and pole; beets, cabbage, carrots, lettuce, onions, parsnips, swiss chard, bush squash, tomatoes and turnips.

The danger of over-planting any particular thing should always be carefully guarded against, especially in the first planting. Beans, beets, early cabbage, cauliflower, corn, peas, radishes, spinach and turnips, all "go by" and get too old to use, or grow tough and undesirable, in a very short period after they reach maturity. Therefore, one should be careful to make plantings in such quantity that they can be readily taken care of in the two or three weeks that they are in the best condition. Or else be prepared to can or dry the surplus. Many of these same vegetables can, however, be kept for winter in a cellar, or in a frame or pit outside. The last plantings, therefore, made in June or early July—of such things as beets, turnips, carrots, cabbage, ruta bagas and celery, and corn or spinach for canning or drying, should be as large as space permits.

ALL of these things do not require a whole season in which to mature, and therefore two or more plantings of them can be made. But pole beans, onions, parsnips, salsify, potatoes, swiss chard squashes and tomatoes, usually occupy the ground for the entire season or for so much of it that there is only time to grow some very quick maturing thing, such as lettuce, radishes, or spinach, before or after them.

To proceed with the actual planning of your garden: after you have put down the things you would like to have in it, it will be necessary to make use of the information contained in the accompanying table, unless you have had enough gardening experience to be familiar with the amount of space required by the different vegetables; the length of time it takes them to mature; and so forth.

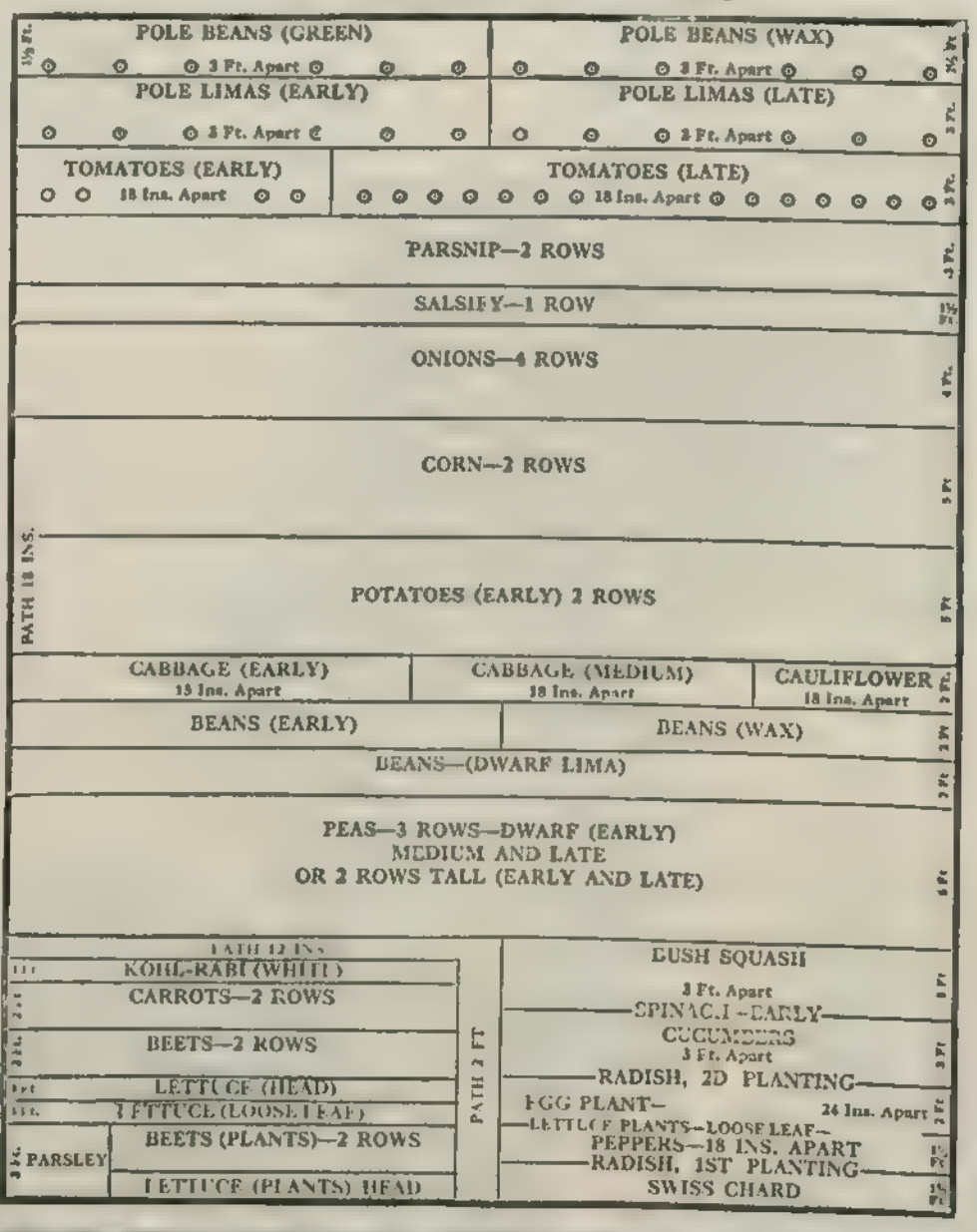
The planting plans presented will give you an idea of about the proportion of space which should be given to the various vegetables. Some have been allotted much more space than others, but that does not imply in the least that the latter are being slighted; the former may require more room to grow, or more feet of row to produce a "mess" for picking. The plans shown here have both proven successful in operation, but that does not imply that you should follow them to the letter. They are shown merely as examples of the way to really plan a garden. It is much better for you to make your own plan, for then you will not get things you don't like, and can have enough of the things you do like. With the aid of the data in the accompanying table, it will be easy to "figure out" any changes you may think of making in either of the plans herewith.

For instance:—the number of rows of peas or beans or carrots, multiplied by the space required for each (or distance between rows), will show whether you will have "room" for all the things you want. If their combined spaces are greater than the length of your garden, evidently some will have to be omitted or cut down. By placing the things which mature in early summer together, it will be easier to follow these with "succession" of follow-up plantings of those things which can be planted until quite late in summer, as indicated in the table.

Vegetables	Date First Planting	Last Planting	No. Plantings to Main Supply	Days to Mature	No. of Plants or Amount for 50 rows
Beans, Bush	May 10	Aug. 15	3	45-80	1 pint
Beans, Bush, Limas	May 10	July 1	1	70-90	1 pint
Beans, Pole	May 10	July 1	1	65-90	1 pint
Beets	April 15	July 15	3	60-90	1 ounce
Brussels Sprouts	April 1	June 10	2	100-180	35 plants
Cabbage, Early*	April 1	June 10	1	70-90	35 plants
Cabbage, Late*	May 15	June 10	1	120-180	25-35 plants
Carrots	April 15	July 15	1	60-80	½ ounce
Cauliflower, Early*	April 15	July 1	1	50-80	35 plants
Cauliflower, Late*	May 15	July 1	1	100-140	25 plants
Celery (Plants)	May 15	July 1	2	70-100	100 plants
Corn	May 20	July 1	3	60-90	½ pint
Cucumbers	May 20	July 1	2	60-75	¼ ounce
Egg Plant*	April 15	June 15	1	50- 0	25 plants
Endive	June 1	Aug. 1	1	75-100	½ ounce
Lettuce	April 15	Aug. 15	4	60-90	½ ounce
Leeks	April 15	June 1	1	120-150	½ ounce
Melons, Musk	May 25	June 15	1	90-120	¼ ounce
Melons, Water	May 25	June 15	1	100-125	¼ ounce
Onions	April 15	June 10	1	120-175	½ ounce
Parsley	April 15	July 15	1	80-100	½ ounce
Parsnips	April 15	June 15	1	100-150	¼ ounce
Peas (Smooth)	April 5	Aug. 1	1	50-65	1 pint
Peas (Wrinkled)	April 5	Aug. 1	3	60-75	1 pint
Peppers (Plants)	June 5	June 15	1	40-60	25 plants
Potatoes	April 15	July 1	1	60-90	½ peck
Radishes (Early)	April 15	Aug. 15	6	25-50	½ ounce
Salsify	April 15	July 15	1	125-150	¾ ounce
Squash (Summer)	May 15	July 1	1	60-75	½ ounce
Squash (Winter)	May 15	June 15	1	90-120	½ ounce
Swiss Chard	April 15	July 15	1	50-60	¾ ounce
Tomato (Plants)	May 15	July 15	1	40-60	15-20 plants
Turnips (Early)	April 15	Aug. 1	3	60-75	½ ounce

*The time of maturity is reckoned from seed; deduct 30 to 60 days for transplanted plants.

VEGETABLE GARDEN—40 x 50 FEET



(Photos Courtesy of Today's Housewife)

Bill of Fare Bullets

Our Kitchens are Actual Bases of Supplies for the Allied Armies

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

To Tommy:

Here's a little bullet
Of bread that's made from wheat,
The grease prescribed is in it
With bacon rich and meat.
A grain of sugar weighs it
(To save them all was fun)
With wishes two—good luck to you,
Confusion to the Hun.

THAT is the part we have to play, in our home kitchens—the making (by saving) of food bullets for our boys and our Allies.

Wheat—bacon—beef—are some of us getting just a little callous to the "same old story" that is heard on every side? Well we needn't—instead, we may well let it take on a newer, deeper meaning.

England is getting closer and closer to the border line just on the side of which lurks the grimmest enemy of all—Hunger.

"Powers of organization are going to beat the Germans if the country will back me up," Lord Rhondda, Britain's Food Controller, is quoted as saying. "But there will be a testing time and the test will be applied to the stomach of the Englishman, applied sharply."

Our winter vegetables furnish inexpensively much of the "bulk" which is necessary to satisfy hunger and have much health stored for us in their minerals and salts.

While Britain is standing up—as stand up she will—under even this strain, what are we, in our prosperous, well-fed Canada, going to be doing? Are we going to sit back and say "We've got the food—we've got the money to pay for it—we'll eat it ourselves"—while England "feels the pinch," even as Belgium and Serbia and France are feeling it now?

Of course not. And so we repeat the old trio "Wheat—beef—bacon" and save them more than ever.

Sugar, too, is for a time at least, on the Honor Roll for overseas service—for even with the new crop at hand, we must exercise great care in its administration, because of the abnormal amount of it consumed by the armies, the fewer sources of supply, and the difficulties of transportation.

The Practical Patriot

FATS are valuable and scarce to-day for besides their familiar uses, they are required in the manufacture of munitions. They are vastly important in the human diet, so their conservation is a necessity and their careful administration a duty.

Cutting down our use of bacon and ham has decreased our household supply of their drippings—the sweetest and best flavored dripping of all. But those very fats are vastly more necessary overseas than they are here—bacon is one part of the army ration that is greatly needed because of the great nutriment in small bulk, the absence of waste, the fact that it keeps well and forms a large proportion of the fat in the soldier's diet. Trench life is liable to be a bit restricted in the matter of butter, cream, fried foods, and the many other fat-contributors that a peaceful home-and-mother meal was wont to provide.

We are therefore inclined to limit still further the amount of bacon (and other pork) used in our homes for we can obtain quite sufficient fat without calling on it at all. The fat from fried sausages and the fat we remove from a fowl are two of the best flavored cooking fats we can have. All meats should be carefully trimmed, and the fats rendered, keeping each kind in a separate container. You will quickly learn which you prefer to use as shortening in your cooking. Mutton fat, for instance, is best restricted to the cooking of lamb or mutton—in the stuffing of a roast or for basting. Beef fat or suet, being more neutral in flavor, can be used as a shortening for biscuits, pastry, and for roasting or frying. We should, however, use fried foods as little as possible where other methods of cooking will answer—for here again, we do not need the extra fat—our diets, in nearly all cases give us a sufficient percentage of food fats without this direct use of a scarce commodity. Broiled steaks or chops, for instance, require no fat and are far more delicious and digestible than fried meat.

Save and Serve

TO try out fats: Trim carefully from beef, pork or chicken; cut in small pieces and place in a saucepan with a little water. Allow them to boil together until the water has evaporated. Let the fat continue to simmer very slowly in a closely covered pan, until all the oil has been extracted. The insoluble tissues will float on top.

Remove pan from the fire and when the contents are cool, strain through a cloth placed over a wire sieve.

When foods are "deep-fried," care should be taken to save the fat that is used (for very little of it is really consumed in the process).

If the fat has browned (it will do so even in the slow process of cooling), a few slices of raw potato should be dropped into the hot fat when the last of the food has been fried, and the pan removed from the fire. The potato will cook and will clarify the cooling fat at the same time. When the fat stops bubbling, take out the pieces of potato and strain the fat carefully. If it is clarified every time, the same fat can be used repeatedly for frying rissoles, fritters, cutlets, doughnuts, etcetera.

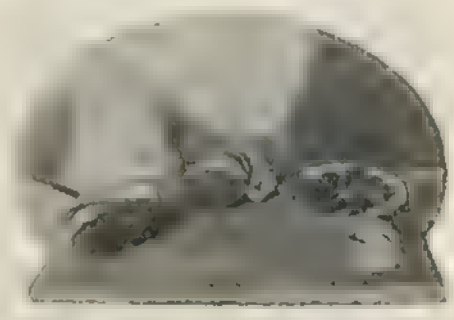
Clever conservation presides over this tempting meal. A good cream soup, savory bean roast and delicate lemon sponge, charm individually and satisfy collectively.

Oleomargarine has already proved a boon to many people who had given up butter, even for table use, long before it reached its present price. It will take the place of butter in all cooking where the butter-flavor is imperative—and the better brands can be served on your table.

There is a varying amount of fat in the meats we eat, and in the foods that replace meats at least two days a week—fish, beans, peas, nuts, cheese, eggs—and it is an important part of whole milk (the "butter fat" of milk—most of which rises to the top as cream). Condensed and evaporated milks also show rich fat contents.

Chocolate is another food that is particularly rich in fats. When it is included in the preparation of a dish, it should be recognized as a particularly condensed and nutritive food. Even the sweetened chocolate that is termed "eating chocolate" is a very genuine food (the world-wide emergency ration) and should be so regarded. Its liberal use in the manufacture of confectionery has given it rather the status of a pleasant superfluity to many people—an altogether wrong idea. Cocoa, too, though the fats have been very largely removed from it, is very high in food value, especially when made wholly or partially with milk. It is only by a proper recognition of the body-building properties of everything we eat, that we can regulate our consumption to "enough and only enough."

Heavy or elaborate desserts have suffered a distinct lapse of popularity, since food-service became every true woman's first consideration. Simple, healthful fruits, cooked or uncooked—alluring sweetmeats made from various combinations of dates, figs, prunes and nuts, have caused us to wonder why they were overlooked before the saving of sugar became a factor. Rice, tapioca, corn-starch—puddings that use every tiny bit of stale bread—these offer themselves where they are needed and sweets that call for wheat flour will not even be missed.



After a "satisfying" dinner, try serving the delicious flesh of a sweet orange, cut sharply from the white fibre. Little or no sugar, no wheat flour, no fuel are used for this best of desserts.

Syrups—from the maple, and from the corn (who shall say how much of the glory of this war will have to be laid to the noble services of corn?), honey and molasses, will all take their turn at relieving the sugar situation and will also make palatable the bread or muffins or pancakes that habit long spread with butter. Costing from ten to twenty cents a pound, they are obviously an economical "spread" and although quite removed from the "fats" family, are splendid foods and premier producers of energy.

Serve and Serve

"MY heart says 'Save meat' and I must say my purse makes a duet of it," said an ardent woman-patriot, as she made her way from stall to stall at the Saturday market. "I've learned a lot about making meat 'spin out,' during the last few months. My family has made the acquaintance of the meat-flavored dish and we are on much more familiar terms with stews and 'made-ups'—and like them right well!"

A few of the purchases this Housewives League member makes from week to week have a double recommendation. They are not the solid cuts that lend themselves readily to overseas shipment—and they are comparatively inexpensive.

Beef, calves or lambs hearts—

Preparation: Cut out the pipes; make a stuffing of bread crumbs (stale bread may be softened by squeezing it out of cold water), pepper, salt, a little chopped onion and parsley, a couple of tablespoonfuls of dripping. Fill the cavity, tie a greased paper around the heart, and bake, basting frequently.

Mutton for Italian pie.—

Two pounds of shoulder or neck of year-old lamb.

Cut in pieces and simmer gently until tender. Add an equal quantity of boiled rice. Cover with a thick sauce made with some of the stock, a cup of milk, flour and seasoning. Add any cooked vegetables that you may have on hand, such as peas, beans, or carrots, cut up small. Put all in a baking dish, lay rounds cut from stale bread and lightly spread with butter or oleomargarine on top and brown nicely.

This "pie" is a most acceptable way to use up left-overs of chicken, veal or fish, and may be varied or augmented by the use of sliced hard-boiled eggs, a little canned tomato, some chopped celery or a grating of cheese.

Lamb Kidneys:—

Cut half a dozen kidneys in half and soak in cold water for half an hour. Cover them with boiling water and parboil until tender, draining several times and covering with fresh boiling water. Drain, dip in flour and brown lightly in a little oleomargarine. Melt one tablespoon oleomargarine in a pan, adding one tablespoonful of flour. When brown, add to the pulp of half a can of tomatoes. Cook together until creamy, season well and pour over the kidneys, having all piping hot.

Fowl:—

For Maryland Baked Chicken:

A nice plump "year-old chicken" as it is usually styled (in these days, pullets should not be killed until they have had one laying season, male birds may be eaten first). Disjoint, and cut the fowl carefully and boil until it is getting tender. Remove from the soup, season with salt and pepper, dip in flour, beaten egg and seasoned bread crumbs and lay the pieces in a well-greased baking dish. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour, basting at intervals with melted oleomargarine. Serve with a thick cream sauce made from some of the chicken soup.

Breakfast, Hannawise—luncheon, otherwise!

From "The Saturday Evening Post"

Easier in America

MANY complaints have been lodged with our Canadian Food Controller by women in every part of Canada, about the high price of the various substitutes for wheat which he has for months been urging them to use.

Efforts have been made to give us whole wheat, and the many substitutes offered in cornmeal, oatmeal, buckwheat and so on, at lower prices.

But irrespective of cost it is our duty to use them, use them to the fullest possible extent. For we must liberate even more wheat than we have been doing, if we are to make more bearable the hard days of hunger for our people and our friends across the sea. We can use the substitutes to much better advantage than they can, for several reasons. Corn has long been greatly used on this continent, and most of the others are far from strangers. We have comparatively normal kitchen conditions—plenty of supplies, plenty of advice, plenty of scope for experiment. It is one of our chief forms of service! Not so in Europe—or even in England. Women there are closer to the heart of the world's happenings; they are called on for many, many other services than those of the cook, the conserver, the originator. It is unfair to ask them to experiment with new flours and meals—that part is surely ours, that the familiar food stuffs may be theirs. Wheat they know; it is an old friend, tried and worthy. Bread over there, means wheat bread. Let ours be the brown muffins, the corn-pone, and Johnny cake, the oatmeal cookies and barley scones.

And, indeed, are we entitled to sympathy on fare like that? Surely not.

Mrs. Hannington, Chief Superintendent of the V.O.N

The Victorian Order of Nurses

National Service of the Broadest Kind and a Ray of Side Light on the Superintendent

By MADGE MACBETH

THERE was great excitement on the Alberta homestead that morning. The children stood in awed, silent groups within sight of the barn, and wondered if they could see Death as he laid his hand upon the cattle. They could hear the pitiful moaning of the stock and they knew that Trouble hung over their farm. In the night, the prize heifer had died and in the early dawn, Father had driven to the nearest telegraph office to ask for the services of the Provincial Veterinary Surgeon that the epidemic among the stock might be stamped out. There was some comfort in the promise that he would be sent at once, by special train, but whether or not he would arrive in time to save another animal, none could know.

A horn sounded in the distance, "He's coming! He's coming!" cried the children shrilly, and Father, heavy-eyed and anxious, appeared in the barn doorway for a moment, then stumbled out toward the road.

Twelve miles farther on, in another homestead, another group of children huddled, whimpering, frightened, hungry. The eldest, a boy of seven, had been awakened in the night by the sound of his mother crying, and when he wanted to go to her, Father had sent him back to bed, with the injunction to be a "very good little boy, and to keep the other children out of the way." He had tried to dress them and had taken them down by the well, but it was nearly noon, now, and there had been no breakfast, so the little ones were whimpering, only not loud enough to drown the sound of Mother's cries, when she implored Father not to leave her.

But presently her voice was still. The boy took his little sisters by the hand and edged timidly nearer the house. They had almost reached it when Father, staggering as though drunk, came out into the sunshine toward them. "They are dead," he muttered, and burst into a storm of weeping.

The veterinary paid by the Province and sent without charge to the rescue of farmers whose cattle are in need of treatment, arrived in time to prevent further spread of the disease on the first farm. But the Government does not provide a physician or nurse who may be sent on urgent cases where the lives of two human beings are at stake.

It remained for the Victorian Order of Nurses to appreciate the fact that women and children have as much right to relief from sickness and death as have animals, and that the saving of them is quite as important to the country.

"Can you realize," said Mrs Hannington, the Chief Superintendent, earnestly, "that more babies die from preventable causes during the first year of their life, than soldiers in the trenches at the front, in the same period of time?

"We talk about the wastage of food-stuffs, and yet we calmly waste the very foundation of the country, that which we ought to build, secure and strong. We have every other sort of conservation but the vital sort—the conservation of the child-bearing woman and the infant she gives to the Dominion of Canada."

The Victorian Order of Nurses was founded as a Diamond Jubilee Memorial to our late Queen Victoria, in 1897. The germ of the idea came from the President of the Local Council of Women in Vancouver.

It was the women of the West, who recognizing the need of homesteaders and those remote from cities, first broached the scheme of providing nurses throughout the newer parts of Canada, to Lady Aberdeen. She became in sympathy with the project instantly, and set her splendid energies toward this goal, with the result that a Royal Charter was granted, and an immense amount of organization work accomplished during the first year.

The objects of the Order as set forth are—"to supply trained nurses to the sick who are otherwise unable to obtain efficient care, either in town or country districts; to bring local associations of the same kind into affiliation with the Order and give them pecuniary or other assistance when required; to maintain as a first necessity, a high standard of efficiency; and to assist in providing small cottage hospitals or homes."

At first the work naturally gravitated toward sections where there was the least resistance, and for three years the activities of the Order were directed toward organizing local associations for supplying district or visiting nurses in the more or less congested parts of Canada. Of course this did not come anywhere near touching the object of the Vancouver body of women and it was not until 1900, when Lady Minto was instrumental in collecting a sum of money to be used for establishing cottage hospitals, that the work expanded to a point nearer that originally hoped for.

Country Nursing

ANOTHER milestone was passed when the Lady Grey Country District Nursing Scheme was established. An idea of the amazing growth of the organization can be had from the statement that in 1898, 16 nurses were maintained by the Order. These attended throughout that year 673 patients. By the time Lady Grey's scheme went into effect in 1909, 151 nurses were paying 100,626 visits annually, and caring for 14,560 patients. Hospitals and nursing homes by this time were in operation from Coast to Coast—from the Klondike, through the foothills, the Cariboo Country, into Cobalt and right away into the bleak fields of the Labrador.

The activities of the Order had become manifold; in cities, nurses were available for district work—visiting the sick in their homes. The Cottage Hospital Fund established small hospitals throughout the country, entirely maintained by the Order or affiliated with it so that they could receive assistance, either by having its skilled nurses or money. The last cottage hospital established, and that only recently, is at Athabasca Landing. The Lady Grey Country District Nursing Scheme sought to reach those who were beyond the hope of benefit from the cottage hospitals—patients in districts so remote that getting them to a hospital was impossible. For this work the Order buys or rents a house, often a one-room shack, many miles from the cinder heap which represents a "station" and keeps two nurses there. These make visits throughout a radius of anything from ten to fifty or sixty miles. Sometimes more.

By the year 1912 the number of nurses had almost doubled, and there were constant entreaties from the West for more assistance. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught gave the Order its next big step forward by encouraging the raising of the fund which bears her name and amounted to $223,250.20 The report for 1916 shows that 294 nurses were in the field, that they paid 312,018 visits and had 50,365 patients to attend.

So much for a brief history of the Victorian Order of Nurses. In detail, the work is too gigantic to be chronicled here, but a little story of appreciation may be of interest. To the Vancouver quarters there came an earnest entreaty for help, from a homestead thirty miles from the nearest railroad. Indeed, it was practically cut off from the outer world early in November, when the C.P.R. boats stopped running. There seemed to be no way to get a nurse "in" during the last of November, when she was required. Even an Indian and canoe were impossible. Desperately, the Superintendent who happened to be in the West, turned to the C.P.R. and asked for a suggestion. The result was that instead of a suggestion, the officials took the burden off Mrs. Hannington's hands. They equipped a boat—a big boat—and sent the nurse in themselves, without expense to the Order!

What communities think of a nurse cannot be set down in cold language, for she is not only the Power who stands between them and the grim spectre of Pain and Death, but a Bureau of Exhaustive Information, a sort of friendly Municipal Council and Solver of Problems. She is also a link, sometimes the only link, between the large foreign population and the ideals of Canadianism; she is the only wedge by which we can reach the immigrant.

In the former connection it might be said that many of the prairie hospitals automatically combine Day Nursery and Child Welfare work. One of the uses to which these hospitals is put, will instantly recommend itself to every mother in the Dominion. Harvest time is, of course, the most cruelly trying throughout the year, where the farmer's wife is concerned. It means unremitting toil—almost twenty-four hours at a stretch during many days. To the hospitals, now, the youngest or most delicate children are brought and cared for during harvesting, when the harassed mothers have no time for them. As for Child Welfare, why it just grows. There is hardly a country mother who, when on a shopping expedition to town, does not find time to go to the Hospital to show "her own particular nurse" the baby. Accepted then, as the legitimate meeting place for mothers, well—the work just starts itself and goes on.

In the latter connection, the Victorian Order of Nurses has a bigger work than many of us realize.

It is a fact that one can motor from Saskatoon in an area so large as to compass twenty-one schools and hear English spoken in not one of them!

And yet, here in the East we are upset over our bilingual question!

Now the U. S. Steel Company is no closer corporation than these colonies of foreigners. They bring to Canada their language, their customs, their religions and their prejudices. They act as though they felt it a sort of blasphemy to merge into the life of the country; and we flatter ourselves when we blandly assert that our schools take care of them. The Nurse who cares for their sick and dying, or better still, who gives life and strength to the weak and ailing, is usually the *only* person holding the key to their tightly-locked hearts, and oh, the missionary work that could be done toward Canadianizing these aloof peoples if there were sufficient workers in the field!

The New Superintendent

MRS. HANNINGTON, the Chief Superintendent is a graduate of the Waltham Training School, and was for several years Superintendent of the Newton Hospital. She found a still broader scope for her activities after her marriage when she followed her husband to a little camp situated in a remote part of B.C. Here, she was in constant demand as a nurse for more than ten years. There was no one else, with the exception of one other lady, also stationed there. She spent almost as many nights out of her bed as in it and smiles as she says reminiscently, "It was not a question of whether you wanted to go, or whether you knew how to do what was required among the workmen and their wives. You just got up and went and did it!"

Isabel Aberdeen

Intensely active always, in all sorts of social service work, possessing a magnetic personality and the quiet forcefulness of a born organizer, Mrs. Hannington slipped easily, last July, into the post vacated by Miss Mary Ard Mackenzie, to whom she gives the highest praise for her indefatigable efforts on behalf of the Order.

Mrs. Hannington's duties are varied but interesting. She must make a tour of inspection through the country at least once a year, she must test the efficiency of candidates and recommend them for admission, if suitable; she must make, in fact, all appointments. The matter of reports for the Board of Governors also falls to her lot, as does the care of a big correspondence. She does many things not listed in the By-laws, but these she likes to forget and seems amazed when people speak to her of thanks and personal appreciation. A situation always trying, but rendered especially acute since the outbreak of the war, now faces the organization—it is the scarcity of nurses. "Our required high standard of efficiency, has always militated against us, in a sense," said an officer, "for our nurses find lucrative posts only too easily across the border, where they are accepted without further examination or probation. The V. O. N. is sufficient. But the situation has been serious for us while so many nurses heard the call from France and England."

There is not the slightest doubt of the high motive and the self-sacrificing trend of thought which prompted these nurses to apply for overseas service, but it is regretable that many of them could not hear the voice of another form of National Service which cries quite as pitifully.

National Service may be also highly expressed by nursing in the prairie Provinces and inspiring the foreign population with Canadian ideals. We have approved of conscription of men for National Service. Can the women not conscript themselves for the same cause?

DO not fail to secure next month's Spring Fashion Number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. It will contain other bright features you cannot well do without.

The Magpie's Nest

By ISABEL PATTERSON

Illustrated by MARY EBBEK

"SHE was at home, taking down her hair—it was a fancy of hers that she could think better with her hair in a braid—and speculating on the vanity of life. New York, she thought, was worse than a merry-go-round, in which no one could stop a moment without losing his mount and falling out of the procession. And the procession apparently went in a circle. In a month she had not made even one acquaintance, except Evelyn Curtis, and Evelyn Curtis had gone home to Kansas City or Indianapolis or wherever it was, to stay probably the rest of the winter.

In short, Hope was lonely, and there was no companionship in sight unless she talked to Mrs. Hassard, her new landlady; and Hope had always said she could bore herself much better than anyone else could. Fortunately she had some work to do—but she was rather troubled about her work, too, and unsure whether she was living up to her editor's hopes, if he had ever cherished any. Her drawings were neither silly enough nor good enough, she felt in the depths of her candid soul.

It would be nice to have someone to talk to. Evidently Mrs. Hassard had; Hope heard the bell ring, and then voices in the passage, approaching her door.

"I'm sure she's in," Mrs. Hassard was saying, "and it will be nice for her to have company; but wait and I'll see if she's going out again." The door, which was not latched, swung open: "Oh, Mrs. Angell, there's a gentleman to see you."

"Why, I—I haven't—" any place to see him, she was about to say, and then observed the gentleman himself, having got his wish, looking at her appealingly over Mrs. Hassard's shoulder. "You're not going out, are you?" that lady enquired.

"How do you do, Mr. Carter—no, I'm not going out—" Then it was too late to make any further protest; Mrs. Hassard shooed him into the room and departed, smiling and a trifle fluttered.

"How do you do?" said Hope, again, and offered him a handful of hairpins. "Will you sit down? I—really, I didn't know I could have anyone here; but I suppose in New York you can do anything. I have seen landladies who would curl up and die at the idea—" then it occurred to her that she might be making him feel an intruder, and she added, with a spontaneous laugh, "but I am excessively glad to see you, and how on earth did you find me?"

"I tracked you by your footprints," he told her, and looked around the room with an odd, quick glance. He was looking for signs of a husband! "Mrs. Angell, have you had dinner?"

"I had tea," she said, sitting down and jabbing the hairpins into her hastily coiled tresses at random. With amazement Carter noticed that she did not look in the mirror. "So it is all right; you are not de trop. Usually I dine late, at that white marble palace of Mr. Childs' across the street. We can talk awhile; I am bursting with conversation. I have a month of it bottled up in me. Put on your life preserver."

"Put on your hat, instead," he returned, her chatter having restored him to his native well-bred audacity, "and we will go out and find some place, perhaps not so palatial, but quieter than Mr. Childs'. I came to take you to dinner."

"It is not possible," she gasped, in mock astonishment. "People do everything else in New York—they give you cocktails and good advice and theatre tickets—but they do not eat. I—I—wait one moment; I'm afraid you'll get away." She seized her hat and put it on with burlesque haste. Then she smiled at him rather coaxingly, and took it off again. "Mayn't we talk a little while first?" she asked. "Are you very hungry?"

What could he answer to that? It was half past nine when they finally went to dinner, and much too late to go to a theatre afterward, as he had planned.

"Would you believe it," she said, leaning across the small table to make her voice heard above the din of the orchestra, "this is the first time I've been in one of these far-famed gilded caravanseries? If this is a sample, I believe they've over-rated. I can't think here, can you?"

"People don't come here to think," he assured her. "But haven't you really seen anything of New York?"

"Not if this is New York," she said. He felt quite unreasonably glad. "I've seen the Metropolitan Museum," she added in extenuation. "And—and—the Elevated! I have a lovely view of it from my window. And—there was something else I saw," she added pensively, "but I forget what. Probably Central Park."

"Haven't you any friends here?"

"Not a friend," she said calmly, spearing a small oyster with a tiny silver fork and looking at it dubiously.

"And your husband isn't here either?" He felt rude and presumptuous, but he wanted to know.

"I have no husband," she said deliberately. And ate the oyster.

Three years before she had closed her mind and her lips upon that subject and she saw no reason for rescinding her resolution now. She hated women who paraded their woes, anyway.

"Mrs. Angell," said Carter slowly, "will you let me be your friend?"

"By all means," she said amiably, with a smiling lift of her brows. "Why not?" Could one say less to a young man whose dinner one was even at the moment consuming?

"No, but truly," he persisted, "I do want to be your friend. Won't you think of me as one?"

But he was in earnest! She looked at him with undisguised astonishment, and yet recollected that it was thus almost all her friendships had begun, suddenly. Only no one else had ever been so insistent about the definition of his status. Unless Edgerton, who had wanted to help her, at once. Her heart felt warm at the recollection, and at this young man's candid haste. But she said thoughtfully:

"Would you believe it," she said, "this is the first time I've been in one of these far-famed gilded Caravanseries."

"One doesn't have many friends, you know. I should think six a liberal allowance for life. And you don't know anything about me—" It did not occur to her that she knew less of him. "But if you wish to try, I am sure it would be very nice—for me." She smiled at him, thinking him rather naive, but liking him none the less for it.

SHE wondered how old Carter might be. Twenty-nine she guessed. He was thirty-two. But the sheen of his thick yellow hair—close cropped as it was—and the clearness of his wide-open blue eyes and brown skin, still a shade darker than his hair, and the cleft in his chin that was hardly more than a dimple, took from his years deceptively. A little touch of cynicism crept into her thoughts. Did he really believe himself?

Then she thought of what she had said to Mary, about no longer casting nets for love, and wondered if she had spoken more truly than she knew. It might be possible—all sorts of things were possible, to which her life stood witness. And it was less trouble to believe than not, since it could not matter to her if he lied. What object could he have? She shrugged her shoulders. Amusement, perhaps—but she needed amusement too.

Thought runs quickly; all that had come and gone while he was saying, still seriously, "Thank you."

"Don't," she said, shaking her head, "you will find I give nothing for nothing. I am warning you, I will get the best of the bargain."

"And I should like to show you New York," he went on.

"You prove my contention," she smiled. "I should like that very much. But not any more to-night; I have some work to do." So she went straight home, and insisted on walking, though the pavements were still glistening with rain. Carter could see that her thin slippers were soaked, and when she coughed slightly, he remonstrated almost angrily.

"Oh, pshaw," she said, "I've been wet for the last two years—and I promise I'll change as soon as I get in. Will that do you?"

He had to agree to it. But when she was in her own room she sat for several minutes thinking about him conscientiously. She had purposely not told him of meeting him before; it still seemed amusing to have that in reserve. A sudden chill roused her out of her abstraction; she got hastily into a dressing gown and drew her chair to the light and fell to work. And her dreams were not of him, nor of any young man.

Yet it did not seem to surprise her particularly when he came again the next night. It was rather comfortable to see him sitting there in that atrocious mahogany rocker, with the light focussing on his blond head and his eager gaze seeking hers so frankly. She was a social creature, if not strictly gregarious; and then, too, he so obviously exerted himself to interest her—not a common habit of young men as she knew them—and he looked so thoroughly alive, and he looked happy! She owned to being tired herself, a lassitude was creeping into her veins, and his vitality stimulated her.

Or, if he did not come in the evening, it might be because he had already found some place she must see that afternoon. As a cicerone she found him indefatigable, and whatever was unusual in New York he knew. Old bits of it, forgotten corners, and such historic landmarks as still retain more than a name; and then those exotic sections where the Old World or the Orient has been transplanted bodily. She liked Fraunces Tavern better than Rector's, and the sight of Betty Jumel's andirons standing before Betty's cold hearth was almost as good, after a tiring morning, as the sight of her own fender. And a cup of tea at Yen Mok's, drunk out of thin cups without handles, with neither sugar nor milk, had all the East in it, and her own lazy days in Seattle, watching the blue Pacific. She could never have enjoyed the city so well without his eyes to see it through.

But when he still talked of friendship, her first rather cheerful cynicism faded to genuine perplexity and then turned and rent her as a hypocrite. He was in earnest. After he had told her as much about himself as she invited, and included an account of Grace Sturtevant in the recital, he dispersed her doubts with one simple remark.

"I want you to meet Grace," he said. "She's the nearest to a sister I've got; and she can't help but like you. She's clever, too; you two ought to get on famously. It must be lonesome for you here without any women friends—"

"That is very kind of you," she murmured. "More than kind. Of course I should be pleased to meet your cousin. You really are good to put yourself out."

"I'm not putting myself out," he said, almost impatiently. "I like you more than any woman I've met in years. I said I'd try to be your friend, if you'd let me—" Impulsively he leaned over and took her hand.

She looked at him and smiled. In the circumstances that might have meant almost anything. It might have meant an invitation— But he dropped her hand as if it burned him, and a dark red tide flowed up to the very edge of his bright hair.

"Friends?" she said gently.

"I—I beg your pardon. I meant what I said—and I wasn't thinking."

"N'importe," she said, the smile deepening into a laugh. "Your risk, you know."

"Yes," he said doggedly, "I do know, just what you mean. And you're wrong. I am your friend. And—I never loved any woman in my life, and I never expect to. It looks like rot to me—all that sort of thing—and marrying—"

"How sensible you are," she said enigmatically, veiling the mischievous spark in her eyes. "I don't see how you knew—without trying it. We won't quarrel about it, anyway. Really, really," she laughed again, full-throated, "I assure you nothing could induce me to marry you. I am much more 'set' against it than you. I have the best of reasons." She went off into a burst of merriment that lasted minutes and made her wipe her eyes before she could fairly see him again.

"Oh, go on," he said, putting his hands in his pockets, still rather ruddier than need be, but smiling perforce. "I let myself in for it, all right. Rub it in. But you know perfectly well what I meant—I just didn't want you to imagine I meant to bother you—be an ass, that way. Just because I like you—and I—"

"Have a few bad habits," she said. "No, really, it is quite all right. I promise, I will never even hint at marrying you—" And then they both shouted with laughter.

It was only after he had gone she began to feel like a hypocrite. "He does believe himself," she thought, with unspeakable amazement. "And I really am not even his friend. If he never came again, I wouldn't miss him for more than twenty-four hours—well, a week, if no one else came."

"I wasn't thinking—" he had said, with a great deal more truth than he dreamed.

And then, at this point in her reflections, Hope pulled off her shoes and threw them across the room with violence, as a slight expression of disgust at herself. Was it possible that she was again flattering herself with that old puerile nonsense about her own importance, and the importance of a moment's fancy of a man for the chance woman? What appeared to her as her own monumental conceit toppled and fell on her and she lay meekly prostrate under the ruins.

And, when he did not come the next day though he

(*Continued on page 16*)

The Magpie's Nest

(*Continued from page 15*)

had been every day for a week, she made no attempt to extricate herself from that humble position.

But as the rain had stopped, making way for a stretch of glorious Indian summer, and her cough continued, she decided she would go out of town for a day, or over the week end, and look at the sea again, her old medicine of the soul. Mrs. Hassard told her of some hotel with an unpronounceable name in some unget-at-able corner of Staten Island, which she was assured would be at once cheap and quiet now, since the summer was over. She went in search of it.

CHAPTER XXII.

LYING full length on the sun-browned, soft grass, among dead soft yellow leaves and flowers contentedly gone to seed, steeped in sun and a happy sense of general uselessness, Hope surveyed the horizon and completed her delight by assuring herself that there was not a soul in sight.

Before her stretched the sea, with lazy six inch swells creaming up on a beach of spotless, delicate sand. The Atlantic beaches filled Hope with joy; she had not quite imagined them, after the harsher West Coast fringes. There was a touch of exquisiteness about that white, fine path between sea and shore, as if God had made it with care and pleasure. At her back was but the edge of the down and the sky, and she insisted to her drowsily active imagination that the world ended there. Perhaps some one to help her insist would have been agreeable, but that could be dispensed with. Romance dies hard, she reflected, and smiled, and would have slept, perhaps. But the grass, which had not even been whispering to a breeze, swished and crackled softly; and Hope sat up and looked over her shoulder, ready for annoyed flight.

Instead, she sat still, and said: "Is it you?"

Norris Carter tried to look surprised. He was not a good actor, but he had an uncritical audience. "Mrs. Angell!" he cried.

"Exactly," she nodded. "Did I follow you here?"

There are disadvantages about being a fair man. But Hope did not notice his color.

"You couldn't have," he said. "I just happened here; I was over in the next town (he named it) on business. When did you arrive?"

"When the sun was over there. There is no time here; at least, my watch stopped as soon as I got here."

"Do you mind if I sit down?" He suited the action to the word.

"Not at all. I think I must have wished you up out of nowhere—there was a jinn in a bottle, wasn't there? Perhaps you saw him. We are fated to meet, aren't we?"

"I know I asked you several times before," he said, comfortably rolling a cigarette and unspeakably relieved to find she took his presence so casually, "but haven't we met somewhere, ages ago?"

"Where should you say?"

"I will not quote Henley," he said firmly. "But he may have been right, at that. Because I can't remember where, and I know I have."

"You couldn't possibly remember," she assured him gravely. "I was too young—no, that's not a joke. We did meet."

"Where?" he demanded, almost excitedly.

"You wore a brown Norfolk suit," she went on calmly, "and a green tie with a scarab pin. I didn't know it was a scarab then, and thought it was rather horrid of you to wear a bug on your tie. Had you just been to Egypt? You had been growing a mustache, and you'd just shaved it off; your upper lip showed it. I had my hair in curls, and it probably needed combing. I had no shoes. So you wouldn't speak to me, because you were a great big man, and I was a mere, a very mere child. Now do you remember?"

"I *was* in Egypt—twelve years ago, I guess—I came back by the Pacific route—"

"I think you were on a hunting trip," she added, watching him with a smile. "And you stayed at my father's house, with two other men. One of them was then the sixth vice-president of the C.P.R."

"We stopped—there was a girl there," he said slowly. "But she was grown up; it wasn't you."

"My oldest sister, my only sister," said Hope laughing. "We look a bit alike, but we aren't. She is a respectable married woman, and I am a gipsy. Don't you remember me at all?" She looked mockingly mournful. "A little, scared, homely girl in a corner—"

"There was a little girl," he said. "It was you!" This as if some rare phenomenon had been presented to him.

(*Continued on page 41*)

Questions Mothers Must Answer

And the Things They Like to Hear About

By JEAN BLEWETT

"I WISH," writes a mother from "out west," "in your column you would tell me a few things Canada is specially noted for. Most of my neighbors are settlers who have come across the line. They are good, kind people, but aggravating, always talking about what a wonderful country America is, and how Canucks are slower than molasses in January. I know it's silly to mind, but I do, and so do my four sons who hear the same talk at school. And you should hear the questions I have to answer! My youngest said to me the other day, 'Have they sure got the biggest and best of everything? Isn't Canada ahead anywhere at all?' I told him to ask the teacher. He did, but she didn't seem to know much more about it than the rest of us. We own some notable things, I'm sure, if I could only think them up. Tell me one or two and help me out."

One or two! A dozen if you like. And if anyone protests that we should have preached meekness instead of helping you to "answer back," we beg to remark that we are a human being first and a preacher afterward. Here you are:

The largest grain-growing field in the world is that same "out west" of yours. The largest grain elevator in the world is at Port Arthur, Ontario.

The largest grain carrying system in the world is Montreal Harbour.

The largest nickel mines in the world are in Canada.

The largest single canal lock in the world is at Sault Ste. Marie.

The largest lift lock in the world is at Peterborough, Ontario.

Ontario's hydro-electric power line is the most powerful in the world.

The highest tides in the world are in the Bay of Fundy.

There are many, many more things we could tell, but these will do for a beginning. It will not hurt your boys to learn all they can of what Canada is, and does, and what she stands for; and how she has, among other things, produced her share of the bravest boys in the world. Theirs the healthy pride of the native born.

NATIVE BORN

"There's a thing we love to think of when the summer days are long
When the summer winds are blowing and the summer sun is strong,
When the orchards and the meadows fling their sweetness on the air,
And the grain-fields flaunt their riches, and the glow is everywhere.
Something sings it all the day—
Canada, my Canada!
And the pride thrills through and through us—
'Tis our birthplace, Canada.

"There's a thing we love to think of when the frost and ice and snow
Hold high carnival together, and the biting north winds blow.
There's a thing we love to think of through the bitter winter hours
For it stirs a warmth within us. 'Tis this fair young land of ours.
Ours with all her breadth and beauty, ours with all her strength and might,
Ours with all her mighty waters and her forests, deep as night.
Other lands may far outshine her, boast more joys than she can claim,
But this young land is our own land, and we love her very name.
Native born are we, are we,
Canada, fair Canada!
And the pride thrills through and through us—
'Tis our birthplace—Canada!"

By JEAN BLEWETT.

The Heartless Husband

WE have all seen him. Usually there is one of him to each neighborhood but he is not nearly so prevalent—nor such a personage—as he used to be. Heartlessness is only another name for selfishness, and oftener than not he is a by-product of a wife's foolishness.

Sometimes he has the grace to die young, and let his timid, soft-hearted partner wear becoming clothes—weeds are becoming to her style of beauty—weep over his memory and be happy in her own way for the first time since she stood before the minister and said: "I will."

But oftener he wears the wife out, body and soul, and when she is sound asleep under the granite shaft—the really handsome granite shaft—he takes another, who, to the intense satisfaction of all who know him, proceeds to display an accurate knowledge as to procedure, by finding a way right through, over, or all the way around his prejudices re spending his money, or making him "toe the mark."

Poor chap! Samson, after Delilah's chattering made him lose his locks, was not a more pitiable figure than "the boss" shorn neatly and expeditiously of the authority he fondly considered his own for life—or good conduct. It is hard, but we aren't going to pity him. He gets what he works for—as do we all. When we remember that though the mills of the gods grind slowly the grinding is of an exceeding fineness, we wonder how any one of us dares to be mean to another.

Housekeeper's Heart

IT is a woman's malady, and an aggravated case is practically incurable. While the germ is sometimes inherited, it is oftener contracted by an undue devotion to the spot she lives in, its interior mechanism, and decoration. To follow any calling too closely is to run the risk of developing diseases peculiar to it. For instance, chauffeurs get the motor stare, editors get writer's cramp, promoters the magnifying vision, etc., and women of strong domestic instincts get housekeeper's heart. A mild case is no misfortune; to the contrary, rather; but a severe one means trouble—the trouble being to the family as a rule. The first symptom is fussing, so is the last.

It is something a woman rarely outgrows or gets away from. "Women are queer," complains one man, "you never know how to take them. A man thinks he has everything arranged to make life easier and brighter for the wife of his bosom, and finds he has only succeeded in giving her a new worry. If you'll excuse the personal touch, I'll explain by telling a bit of my experience. Ours being a large place, with help hard to secure, and my wife worn out trying to get along, I took matters in hand, closed the house, and removed her to a cozy suite in a private hotel where she would be free as air to enjoy life and get a good rest. Was she glad to put the domestic atmosphere behind her? Not a bit of it; the change was one of locality only. Right away she began to housekeep the hotel, to concern herself with curtains, rugs, decorations, to instruct the chambermaid how to use the vacuum cleaner to the best advantage, and other matters. She meant well, but the girl was not grateful. 'Girls never are,' sighed my wife. 'Why bother your head about what doesn't concern you?' I wanted to know, and she returned that it certainly did concern her to have things done right.

"In the dining room it was worse and more of it. She had always taken pride in the way her table was arranged, and food served. This was her specialty, and like most specialists, she felt certain sure that her way was the only one. The lectures and demonstrations she gave the waitresses! The things she told them—and the things they told one another, standing in little groups and speaking sullenly or excitedly according to disposition! She also gave a lot of attention to the chef. From her remarks I judged his reform was out of the question, but he might be 'shown things.' She planned to give him recipes. It was as she said. His cooking couldn't touch hers, but it didn't make his pies or puddings any more appetizing to eat them to an accompaniment of an analytic nature. You would naturally suppose she would be glad to forget how to keep house, but not a bit of it. As long as she lived in a house—even a hotel—she was a housekeeper. When not managing the hotel, she was discoursing on the old theme, the impossibility of getting work done well, the carelessness and inefficiency of servants continued to be the burden of her song.

"I remember one night at the theatre, we were seeing a famous actor in a new play, and between two thrilling acts she turned to me a face wrinkled with care, and remarked that the hotel chef was using butter at fifty cents a pound to fry fish in, which showed that he knew nothing at all about conservation.

"About all the good the sojourn in the apartment did was to make her doubly zealous on our return home. 'Now,' she exclaimed, 'I can have things done right, or know the reason why.' It was mostly the latter. We talk of law, gospel, medicine, etc., being the learned professions but show me a model housekeeper who doesn't know it all and you'll show me a wonder."

A housekeeper is a sort of ministering angel. Of course, even a ministering angel can overdo in the matter of diligence, but we must remember that for long enough it was the only legitimate profession a woman could call her own. She has coaxed, stormed, stolen her way into many others during the last generation or two, but this one of keeping a man's hearth is her very own, evolved, carried on, enlarged, consummated by herself. If she takes it too seriously at times, be patient with her; she has every excuse. When she grows fussy and tiresome, and she often does, blame it on the old heart trouble spoken of at the beginning of this article.

It is not that she is too good a housekeeper, but too much a housekeeper. It is a distinction with a difference—a big difference.

In Ascalon

A CANADIAN soldier writing home to his mother, of the entry into Jerusalem by the British troops, says: "The first thought that came to me was that this part of the world was old and worn out long before Our Lady of the Snows was formed. We camped in Ascalon 'the place of broken walls and Karnak temples.' 'Gee! it's old,' I said to our chaplain, a bookish fellow, who opened up and told us legends galore. Semiramis, who isn't counted one of the seven wonders, but precious near to it—was born here and afterward fashioned the hanging gardens of Babylon on purpose to outshine this spot. Some landscape gardener, that queen! Half the Kings of Egypt had a hand at subduing Ascalon in their time. Sennacherib the Assyrian too, Joshua, Alexander the Great, the Ptolemies of Macedonia, and others of that ilk. I was glad when he got down to the Crusades; after all those ancient celebrities, Richard the Lion-hearted seemed almost next of kin to us Britishers. I got all taken up with the idea that the ghost of this hero of my youth, who had the habit of putting his golden crown in hock, so to speak, and hieing him away on a mighty charger to wrest the Saviour's tomb from the infidel Turk, was likely riding about in chain armor, tossing plume, broadsword and all, patrolling this sea-shiny place he fiercely warred over with Saladin centuries ago, and thanking Heaven for Britain's victory.

"A Semitic youth beside me gazed with eyes of peculiar radiance towards Palestine's capital. 'May my right hand forget its cunning if I forget thee, Jerusalem!' he was saying. Strange chaps, if you ask me, setting such store by this Methuselah of a land. I wouldn't give a country road I know, a road that goes winding past the 'old mill' and by hill and dale comes at last to the Humber, and to Lake Ontario washing a beach new and clean, a road of whistling winds and fluttering leaves, a young, clean, home-road, for the whole of this land of tombs. I may feel differently to-morrow—am home-sick to-night. But 'whisper it not in the streets of Ascalon.'—BOB."

What Did You Give to the Trinket Box?

A Successful Method of Raising Funds to Provide Comforts for Canadian Soldiers

By JEAN BLEWETT

NEXT in importance to the aim and object of an undertaking—especially of a patriotic undertaking—is the personnel of its backers.

Thus the Trinket Box Fund was bound to be a success. To begin with, its object, "Comforts for Canada's Soldiers" was a popular one.

There are pleas and pleas. Some stir but have no holding power, others evoke only indifference at first, but slowly and surely gain our interest, and yet others take our sympathies by storm—and keep them. "Comforts for Canada's Soldiers" belongs to the last named class. It grips the heart, and, better still, keeps its grip.

Then, as to those who had the work in hand. Its one patroness, Lady Hendrie, brought to it a most refreshing zeal and helpfulness. Mrs. H. S. Strathy, whose idea the Trinket Box was, proved herself a practical manager of a sentimental undertaking. Fresh from her work in England, where she had taken an active interest in "The Thimble Fund" carried on by the League of Empire, and which had netted the goodly sum of £26,000, she knew just how to proceed. With her were associated that indefatigable laborer, Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet, Mrs. S. H. Thompson, Miss Ina Matthews, and others—among them Miss Jean George, who, having collapsed under a heavy strain of V.A.D. work in England, was home recuperating, "getting strong enough to go back again," as she expressed it.

That Trinket Box at 71 King Street West lured a wealth of keepsakes from other trinket boxes. Among them were things you laughed at, things you didn't laugh at—to the contrary, rather. There were quaint and precious articles. A bracelet of silver, black with age, carried a strand of hair too bright for the years to dim It was braided, oh so carefully, but the end had slipped free of the knot of thread, and formed itself into a curl.

"Only a curl from a proud
little head,
A dear head lying so low
Only a smile from the lips
of the dead,
A call from the long ago

There was the gold thimble with which Col. K—, the grandfather of one of our own brave Princess Pats, betrothed his Quaker bride a long time ago—she refusing to indulge in the vanity of even a wedding ring. With this thimble went the Colonel's spurs and snuff-box, both of sterling silver; the "moss-rose" set of dishes, or rather what was left of it, presented to one of our city belles on the occasion of her marriage half a century ago; an opal necklace of quaint design with a tiny silver horseshoe set in the centre to ward off any ill-luck the stones might carry; jingling metal bangles, bracelets of gold, wide and unbeautiful, veritable wrist-armor; of pearls, of jade, of silver, coral; a cameo collar of early Victorian fashion, an unwieldly scarf-pin to keep it company; queer little plates, pitchers like grandmother "creamed" her tea from, cruet stands like she had on her table for "seasoning purposes," big brooches and earrings which would reach clean to the wearer's shoulders.

There were amber beads, prisoning sunshine, silver beads, jet beads. There was a small ivory shrine holding an infinitesimal statue of St. Anne, back combs, ornaments, seals, chains, coins, lucky pieces, pledges, rings with stories of their own, bouquet holders still breathing of lily o' the valley, and "Here comes the bride."

Mrs. H. S. Strathy,
who originated the Trinket Box idea, proved herself a practical manager

"Going, Going, Gone!"

WHEN the auctioneer began to call, "What am I bid? —Going—going—gone!" you felt as though it were sentiment, ay and sacrifice, he was proffering the public at so much per ounce. And when the girl on your left remarked to the blonde lady that she did think these rummage sales too funny for words, and would she look at that chignon with the snake ornament, and the buckles, and the blonde lady replied with a giggle that it was years since she had played any grab-bag game, it being against her principles, but she meant to have a try at the next tray of "stuff" auctioned off, you wanted to rise in your wrath and put them out.

"Keep it seven times seven and give it to the King," was literally carried out by Mrs. Graham Campbell, when she presented, for the good of our lads in khaki, for King George and Merrie England, the identical cameo brooch bestowed by Dean Swift as a love token on Hester Johnson, the "Stella" who exercised so great an influence on his life, and whose death at forty-one, to quote from his outburst of passionate grief, "sapped his strength and darkened his world." As the auctioneer proceeded with the sale of this piece of jewellery you called to mind the picture of Swift just after taking his Oxford degree, before the years had brought him fame and grief, when writing to his friend Congreve, he said "Three full years have I spent in the quiet of Sir William Temple's home, learning politics, reading enormously, and falling in love with Stella, star of my life."

Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet,
who worked indefatigably to make the enterprise a success

"Going! going!" called the auctioneer, going with its keepsake message, its intrinsic value, its historical and literary associations! What is it Swift's biographer says of the immortal "Journal to Stella," the most fascinating diary, the most faithful love chronicle the world has ever seen.

"Going! Third and last time—gone!" And with it has gone something infinitely sad, poignantly sweet.

"Remembrance, the fragrant breath of Love's own dewy rose."

Among the "Trinkets" were a silver needle case and thimble given to a bride of fifty years ago, an ivory scissors box inlaid with gold, quaint spoons from far away places, a serpent bracelet with two gleaming rubies for eyes, filigree jewellery, old fans, pins, combs. A young girl donated her mother's wedding ring, saying she wished to prove her patriotism by giving her most precious possession.

The Trinket Box Ring—a sapphire set in diamonds—realized a goodly sum for the Fund. Mrs. Eustace Bird was the lucky ticket holder, and the drawing was done by Sir John Willison.

Three Day Campaign

THE box was open only three days, but from the "trinkets" that flowed into it over $2,000.00 were realized for this special object.

The Red Cross sale for the Star and Garter Hospital, London, England, a while previously was on this order, though, of course, carried out on a much grander scale. Judging from accounts of it, an astonishing medley of things were sold. One old lady sent ever so many packages of wallflower seeds, and the fact leaking out that the original seed was given her ages ago as a prize at the first Isle of Wight Flower Show by no less a personage than Queen Victoria, the old lady's donation netted so big a sum it left her dazed with triumph Queen Alexandra presented a portrait of King Edward in a richly jewelled frame, Queen Mary a stud of Shetland ponies, some old lace and jewelry belonging to her royal grandmother-in-law, a group of St. Bernards, a house at Sydenham and a few other trinkets. The Princess Mary, looking over the treasures belonging to the booth she had charge of, is said to have exclaimed discontentedly: "Did they never wear anything out in the early Victorian era we hear so much about!" A natural feeling on the girl's part, no doubt—but wouldn't Victoria of Blessed Memory have read her a lecture.

Sir John Willison, Mr. Percy Mannering, Mr. W. K. George were the trustees of the Trinket Box Fund, and Sir John Aird its treasurer.

A Canadian nurse, writing from —— Convalescent Home, France, to a friend in this City, had the following pretty compliment to "send over the water."

"Anyone who thinks Johnny Canuck careless or unappreciative in the matter of thought and effort on his behalf, should have seen how boyishly tickled the lads here were when Private Patterson spread the tidings of the Toronto Trinket Box effort (which he wasted no time in doing as soon as his letter telling all about it had been read) and heard the comments.

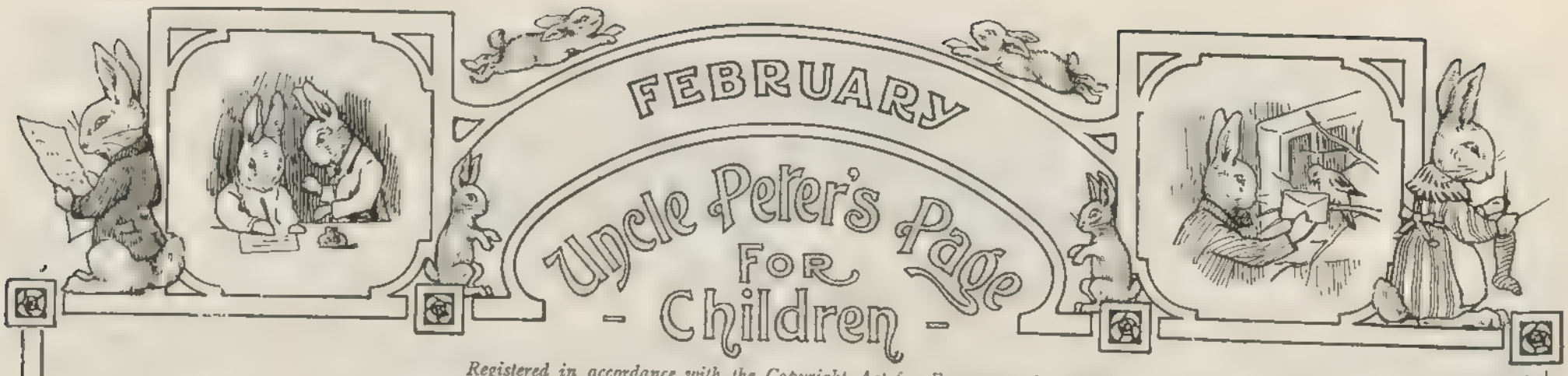
"'Canadian women are the best in the world,' boasted Private Patterson, who felt privileged to lead in speech,—'Comforts for Canadian Soldiers—that's us, boys. We're right in line for comforts—and blamed if I don't believe our women folk are born comforters.' 'Sure thing!' broke in first one chap, then another, until the word rang all along the line. Here a New Brunswicker raised a bandaged arm and waved for silence. 'Let's toast 'em,' he chirruped weakly, 'here is to the sweet faces and brave souls of 'em! Here's to the wonder called woman—our own Canadian woman!' Whereupon," wrote the nurse, "from my poor patched up heroes rose a cheer, queer, husky, weak in volume, yet so charged with emotion there was no escaping it—before you realized what was happening it had caught you by the throat, choked you, made you cry into your kerchief in spite of yourself."

Wounded Soldiers Sew

SEWING is no longer a despised art for men. The needle is now classed among small arms in this war, and the wounded soldiers in the convalescent hospitals are still able to do their bit.

A contented mind is half the battle of convalescence and to have an easy mind the wounded men must kill time with some occupation. Sewing and embroidery, even crochet and tatting have been brought into service by the vocational training instructors of the Military Hospitals Commission who also direct the occupational work in the hospitals.

The men in the Canadian Hospitals are not yet engaged in sewing as are convalescents in many of the continental hospitals where the wounded are engaged in making clothes for the war-stricken peasants of Syria and Palestine, but have many art novelties which have been sold to support relief funds for such purposes.



Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act for Everywoman's World

How the Bunnies Sent Their Valentines

One night the Bunnies sat around
Not knowing what to do,
They'd tired of all their indoor games,
And all felt rather blue.

Now when a family that size
Begins to fret and worry
You may be sure that trouble times
Are coming in a hurry.

John Bunny had a bright idea
(You've heard of them before),
He went and got the calendar
That hung beside the door.

The little Bunnies gathered round
All ready for a joke;
John Bunny told them to be quiet,
And thus to them he spoke:

"The days this month are twenty-eight
As may be plainly seen,
Now what is half of twenty-eight?"
The Bunnies said "Fourteen."

"The fourteenth day is marked in red—
Now what by THAT is meant?"
"It is the day," the Bunnies said
"When Valentines are sent."

Then up spoke little Fluffy—
"Please, Daddy, let us send
A Valentine, each one of us,
To our most special friend."

"I'm glad," said good John Bunny,
"Such bright ideas to find,
It is, in fact, the very thing
Which I have had in mind."

"So we will all get busy,
Before it is too late,
And each will write a valentine
To show we're up to date."

"Be off and get your pencils,
Some paints and brushes, too,
And we will se what we can show
To show what we can do."

(Now see them all preparing
Their valentines to write,
Each working hard to do it well
It is a pretty sight!)

(I hope you Bunnies, when in school
All work as hard as they,
For if you do there is no doubt
You'll be quite smart, some day.)

John Bunny seized his pencil
And took his painting box,
Said he "I'll make a valentine
To send to Mr. Fox."

"Fluffy can write to Bobbie Owl,
Pinky to Blackie Crow,
And every one of you can write
To someone else you know."

Fluffy to Bobby Owl

Oh, Bobby Wise with saucer eyes,
Both shining out so bright,
All through the day you never play;
You only see at night!

Billy to Dick Squirrel

Poor Nutty Dick with bushy tail
Quite a fine figure cut,
But all that he could think about
Was how to eat a nut!

Pinky to Blackie Crow

Now who sits there as black as ink,
Please tell me, do you know?
Yes, we all know him well, I think
Be-caws he's Blackie Crow!

Topsy to Tiny Mouse

Oh I can see you, Tiny-Mouse
Although you are so small;
But keep well out of pussy's way
Or you won't be there at all!

Bobtail to Johnnie Beaver

Johnnie Beaver built a house—
This he did with ease,
Sharpened up his little teeth
And then cut down the trees!

Silky to Toby Skunk

What is blowing down the wind?
Will you tell me, pray?
Toby Skunk has passed, so we
Will walk the other way!

Flossie to Fatty Frog

Keep your mouth shut,
Fatty Frog,
Or else I sadly fear
You'll tumble in yourself,
and then
You'd surely disappear.

John Bunny to Mr. Fox

Once there was a wicked Fox
Thought that he was clever
Tried to catch John Bunny—
Do you thing he can?
No, NEVER!

UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

My Dear Bunnies,

I hope you will like the Bunny Rhyme which I have written for you this month. I have been wondering whether any of you think of making valentines for your friends. I am quite sure that they would like them very much, especially if you do all the work on them yourselves. Here is a chance for you to see what you can do. So that it will be quite interesting for you to try we will have a—

—Valentine Competition—

and you can all write a valentine for Uncle Peter, and make a little picture with it too, if you feel able to. Of course as you will be sending them to Uncle Peter, they will be Bunny Valentines, and if you can write a little verse, so much the better. I can see that they will be very late but I won't mind that a bit, as long as you see that they reach me by the fourteenth of March instead of February. And for the best ten valentines I get I will give ten prizes, and each of them will have something to do with drawing or painting. I wonder which of you will be the lucky ten. Of course I will take the age of each Bunny into consideration, so be sure to mark your work with your name and age and address. Each valentine must be the Bunny's own work. Bunnies who have not joined the Bunny Club may become members by sending in the application fee of five cents, and a pretty badge will be sent to each new member. Come along, there's plenty of room for all.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle.
Uncle Peter.

Winners in the Bunny Club Competition for November are announced on page 38.

Now Mrs. Bunny came along,
And looked around the door,
Said she, "I've never known you all
To be so quiet before."

"Before I go," said Mrs. B.,
"These words I've GOT to speak,
I wish St. Valentine had had
A day in every week."

John Bunny cried "Now let us read
Our valentines aloud."
The Bunnies laughed and jumped with glee;
They were a merry crowd.

And every Bunny in his turn
Read out his valentine,
They thought the one to Fatty Frog
Was really very fine.

They liked the one to Toby Skunk
Though it might make him mad,
But Toby Skunk they did not like
His manners are so bad!

And Johnnie Beaver's valentine
They all liked very well
That he, with nothing but his teeth
The forest trees could fell.

You should have seen the drawings
That the little Bunnies drew.
Of course they weren't as nice as those
Which on this page you view!

They could not draw them *very* well
They had not got the habit,
You can't expect much drawing from
A little woodsy rabbit!

But still, they did the best they could,
And WE may learn from this,
That if we do the best we can
We shall not do amiss.

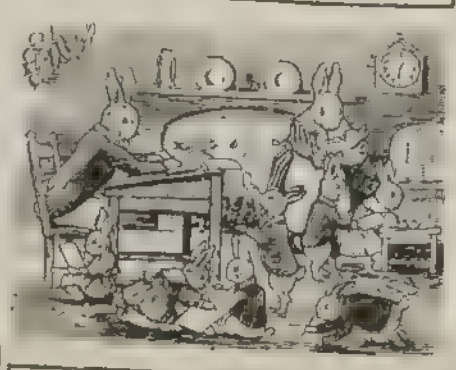
John Bunny called the little birds,
And ranged them into line,
He told them where to go, and gave
Each one a valentine.

To Beaver, Squirrel, Owl and Frog,
To Crow and Skunk and Mouse;
To each was sent a valentine
Directed to his house.

I wish that we had been around
And known what each one thought
When the little Bunnies' valentines
To their front doors were brought.

I'm sure some very funny things
We should have seen and heard,
(But then of course YOU couldn't go—
YOU'RE not a little bird!)

But let us take our pencils and
Our paints and brushes too,
And let US make some valentines
To show what WE can do!



Laugh Time Tales

"Life Without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

Misunderstanding

"I BEG your pardon, waiter," said the tourist in the railway restaurant. "Did you say I had twenty minutes to wait, or that it was twenty minutes to eight?"

"I said nayther," answered the attendant. "I said ye had twenty minutes to ate, and that's all ye had. Yer train's gone now."

Thorny

ANGRY Scot—"Look here, Mr. O'Brien, I have the verra greatest respect for your country, but ye mauna forget this. Ye can sit on a rose, and ye can sit on a shamrock, but, O man, ye canna sit on a thistle."

Good Provider

"MANDY," said a former mistress to her servant, "is your husband a good provider?"

"Yes, ma'am, dat he is," she replied. "Dat about all he do. He say he go' git me some furniture for de house, perviden he git de money, and he go' git de money, perviden he git a job, and he go' git de job, perviden he like it. Yes'm, he sure is good at perviden."

He arose and shot the foremost one, and the others stopped to devour it. But they soon caught up with him, and he shot another, which was in turn devoured. This was repeated until the last famished wolf was almost upon him with gleaming jaws, when —

"Say, partner," broke in one of the listeners, "according to your reckoning that last famished wolf must have had the other eleven inside of him."

"Well, come to think it over," said the story-teller, "maybe he wasn't so famished after all."

Not His Waist

OFFICER (examining drafted men): How old are you?

Victim (trying to escape duty): Forty-three, sir.

Officer: I said your age, my boy, not your waist measurement.

The Eternal Fire

ALTHOUGH a splendid servant, she didn't understand gas-fires, and so he went with her to the kitchen to explain the mysteries of the range. In order that she might see how it was operated, he lit each of the many burners.

He was still engaged in lucid explanations when a message called him from the kitchen. "I think you'll find it work quite smoothly now, Martha," he said, and left her.

For five or six days he didn't see her again; then he met her at the head of the kitchen stairs, and "Well, Martha," he remarked, "how's the range doing?"

"'Deed, sir," she replied, "if that ain't the best stove I ever did see. Why, the fire you kindled for me four days ago is still a burning, and it ain't even lowered once!"

Encouraging

A COLLEGE graduate was walking down the street one evening with a friend of Irish descent, and, pausing to look up at the starry sky, remarked with enthusiasm:

"How bright Orion is to-night!"

"So that is O'Ryan, is it?" replied Pat. "Well, thank the Lord, there's one Irishman in heaven, anyhow!"

Some Speed

IT was a dull day in the trenches, and a bunch of Tommies had gathered and were discussing events. After a while the talk turned on a big Boche who had been captured the night before.

"He was scared stiff," said one Tommy.

"Did he run?" asked another.

"Run?" replied the first. "Why, if that Boche had had jest one feather in his hand he'd 'a' flew."

Easier Way

"SEE here, Annie, don't you ever sweep under this bed?"

"I always do, mum. It's so much easier than using a dustpan."

Slip of Memory

A MAN was telling about an exciting experience in Russia. His sleigh was pursued over the frozen wastes by a pack of at least a dozen famished wolves.

A Military Problem

"WHAT are you knitting, my pretty maid?"

She purled, then dropped a stitch.

"A sock or a sweater, sir," she said.

"And darned if I know which."

Overladen

TOMMY: "'Ow far is it to the camp, mate?"

Native: "About foive moiles as the crow flies."

Tommy: "Well, 'ow far is it supposing the crow 'as to walk and carry a blooming rifle and kit-bag?"

A Peculiar Bird

AT the annual dinner of the Farmers' Club the committee had a table set apart for their use at one end of the room. The carver, before whom was a large turkey, asked the waiter to enquire of each guest what portion he would like before he started carving.

Each one professed a desire to have a leg, and on this being told to the carver he was somewhat confused; but, rising, he exclaimed:—

"Gentlemen, I should like to oblige you all, but this is a turkey I'm carving, not a blessed spider."

The New Language

Tommy (to inquisitive French children): "Nah, then, alley toot sweet, an' the tooter the sweeter!"

Satisfaction

Ivory Soap floats. This alone makes it more desirable than ordinary soaps. But, in addition, it is extraordinarily good soap. Ivory Soap excels in every quality soap should have to satisfy you.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

How They Practise Thrift

Prominent Women Disclose Their Little Personal Economies

By MADGE MACBETH

Mrs. W. A. McDougald

FROM the East we have a comprehensive receipt for thrift from one of the representative women of Quebec, and one who is known from coast to coast by reason of her activities in the interests of the Daughters of the Empire. Mrs. W. A. McDougald, Hon. Organizing Secretary of the I.O.D.E. for the Province of Quebec, and author of "Songs of Our Maple Saplings," writes—"My particular mode of practicing war time economy might be briefly summed up in two words, greater production! To explain a little more fully, I do everything possible to save the labor and time of other people. This summer I had a most successful garden, from which sufficient fruit and vegetables were gathered for our needs during the winter. I canned them all myself."—ANNIE MCDOUGALD.

Mrs. McDougald goes even farther; she is a poultry raiser and believes in the efficiency of home made soap! A lecturer, an active worker in all branches of social service, and an organizer, she takes pride in the fact that she never attended a meeting until her children were grown. Her particular work of recent months has been the establishment of an entente cordiale between the English and French women of the Province of Quebec, who previously did most of their charitable and relief work in separate societies To-day, hundreds in Montreal and thousands in the smaller towns throughout the country, work side by side under the auspices of the I.O.D.E. in new chapters formed by this energetic organizer and consequently they are turning out more work and better work for the English and French soldiers who are fighting side by side under the Union Jack.

A MOST practical letter from Miss Eva T. Flood, President of the Housewives' League of Quebec, states "We are all pledged to practice thrift in the following ways—to serve but two things for afternoon tea, regardless of the number of people entertained; to put sugar in the cups or pass it in bowls, instead of wasting it on the saucers of those who do not take it; to use no iced cakes; to serve sandwiches and toast with the crust on; to cut bread at the table; to have potatoes cooked in their skins, and to keep close watch on the garbage tins. We demonstrate to classes and prove the value and palatableness of economic receipts—for example, when making a cake one egg and a scant teaspoonful of vinegar will give the same result as two eggs." The League is a large and flourishing organization, and there is no question as to the actual conservation in food stuffs as a result of its pledges."

Miss Eva Flood

The Cost of High Living

THE sentiment expressed by Lady Borden on this page should find its way into the heart of every one, man and woman, in Canada. It is only the wilfully blind or the stubborn who dares deny that we have been gloriously wasteful, and the proof of this statement lies in the fact that so many of us resent the present restrictions. The late J J. Hill said that the greatest evil of the times (this was long before the war) 'was the cost of high living,' not the high cost of living! He did not refer particularly to the food question, either, but to clothes, amusements, travel, homes and the grim struggle to equal if not surpass one's neighbor. How many of us have the courage to eliminate afternoon tea and to give the money thus saved to a patriotic object? There are too many people who are willing to economize, making the war an excuse, in order that they may save money and trouble, but neither their money nor their time finds its way into worthy channels. I met a little woman not long ago, travelling in an ordinary coach instead of the Pullman or the Drawing Room to which she was accustomed. "I always do, now," she said, blushing. "I am quite comfortable, I get to my destination in exactly the same time, and I have from $2.00 up to turn over to The Soldiers' Comforts Fund without the slightest effort on my part." It seems reasonable to assert that if each one of us, daily, would practice some well-thought-out economy and turn the money, however little, over to the country, there would be less need for the enforcing of restrictions, and the war would be sooner won.

Faithfully yours,

MADGE MACBETH.

Mrs. W. J. Hanna

FROM no less an authority than Mrs. Hanna herself, have we been able to get some extremely interesting expressions on the subject of saving. Mrs. Hanna tells us that she has always been a careful housekeeper, and had no occasion, owing to food restrictions, suddenly to overhaul her bread box, so to speak, and concoct puddings in which to use up crusts of stale bread. There were no crusts! Nor sour cream, nor odds and ends which look accusingly at one from the refrigerator, and finally end in the garbage tin. She says: "As I have always been interested in new dishes and combinations, my family have had no difficulty in accepting the changes in diet brought about by war conditions, and I am enjoying experimenting with fish dishes and new kinds of bread. I am trying to persuade obliging grocers to allow me to take home my own parcels, unadorned by paper and string!"

—M. HANNA.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Every thinking person can realize what a saving would be accomplished if the unnecessary delivery of parcels were done away with. In many cities in the United States where this has been found so great an item of expenditure, customers are requested to carry parcels under a certain weight and under a certain cost. Canadians please copy!

Lady Borden

LADY BORDEN sends a message of deep feeling on the subject of THRIFT to the women of Canada. She says: "We women should not have needed this world-wide struggle to bring home to us a duty which we owe to ourselves and to our country—the duty of avoiding waste. I pray that the lesson thus learned will never be forgotten; and I am confident that those of my household, conscious as they are of the need, will bear the lesson in mind.

—LAURA BORDEN.

MRS. HODGINS, wife of Major-General W. E. Hodgins, and widely known as one of the most successful presidents of the Ottawa Woman's Canadian Club, was boarding prior to going overseas with her husband, when she gave us the following answer to our question. She says, "I would strive, and I would ask all women living in boarding houses or hotels, to strive toward carrying out the regulations of the Food Controller in the strictest manner. By so doing, we can help to win the war."—ELEANOR HODGINS.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mrs. Hodgins has touched upon a big thing. As hundreds, yes, thousands of Canadians who board, well know, it is the accepted privilege of the boarder to complain with or without cause at the table. This attitude very frequently encourages the provider to purchase luxuries and extravagances which could be abolished. Cooperate with your landlady and by foregoing certain commodities help her keep her prices down and the average of production up!

Mrs. W. E. Hodgins

Creating an Estate

Giving Reality to Our Fondest Dreams for the Future

By ELIZABETH CLARE

PUT something by for a *sunny* day!

What a pessimistic tone the solemn old sayings took on! Why couldn't the wiseacre make his warning attractive? Talk of the bright day a safe provision makes, rather than the "rainy" one, that gives blue shivers to even the most careful and thrifty of us?

If there is one thing that we can afford to be cheerful about in a day of dark things, it is the warming thought that we have staved off rain and assured at least a modest sunbeam for the day when old age, impaired health, natural love of ease or even death has cut off the present day income.

The most attractive ways of doing this are those offered by life insurance. There are as many different sorts of policies, these days, as there are private and particular needs to call them out. "Life Insurance" no longer means something peddled by a determined young man, own brother to the ever scorned book-agent. It means a sound investment, looked out and bought by those men and women who have the most knowledge of life and business and is one which every man or woman who has any financial responsibility to other people should hold.

It is an odd thing that we can look about us day after day and see calamity here, suffering there, and even as we sympathize, overlook the personal application of the exhibit.

The little woman who comes to sew the children's simple garments and to help with the mending occasionally—she is an attractive little person who had obviously "seen better days." The unspoken sympathy that she called forth was answered by a story that would fit many another struggler. "It was so sudden and he had no insurance."

Or the stooped, greying, old-young man who goes down in the same car most days—we know something of his two children, just about the age of Tony and Alice—but wild little monkeys, "saucy," unmanageable, difficult. Three years ago, when their mother was alive, they were a couple of the "cutest" children in the neighbourhood—well-mannered and well-kept. Since the sad day when she left them, they have been at the mercy of a succession of "working housekeepers"—the best that their distracted father is able to afford. More money would probably secure a woman who would "mother" the kiddies, administer the household funds to better advantage, and make a real home for the little family. Or the children would be put in good schools. But there is not the little "more money" that is needed—and the father grows a little more stooped and a little more harassed at each escapade.

Then there is the bright Jones lad—he was to have had a college education when he got through high school; but business difficulties and paralysis struck his father at the same time, and the promising student, obeying the stern rule of present necessity, is earning his twelve a week in a wholesale house. His natural keenness will probably bring him success in business; but the troubled look in his father's eyes is most translatable by "The boy was meant to be a lawyer; the boy wants to be a lawyer; if the boy could only have the education we planned for him."

A Solution for Each

THE double tragedy in every one of these cases, lies in the fact that there was such a simple way of averting the money shortness that has made the days all "rainy days." The most ordinary type of insurance on her husband's life would have made provision for the little seamstress to keep her home intact, and to have the joy of caring herself for the baby who spends its days with "Grannie." She need not have had to face the problem of providing for herself and her child, the anxieties of their future, together or apart. A young man who would have been termed "a good risk," the husband and father could have taken out a policy at a low rate. No matter how few his payments, the total sum named in his policy would have been paid to his widow and child, either in a lump sum at the time of his death, or in the form of a monthly income. What a different life it would have given them!

"Yes," you may grant, "every man should be insured. But what of the mother of the poor little youngsters who are "bringing themselves up," would you have a married woman carry insurance?

Does not the case in point answer the question? Does not the loss of the mother mean a heavy money loss in nearly every family? Almost without exception money is required to provide a "foster-mother" — be she good or bad. Fortunate too, is the employer whose funds are expended as carefully and cleverly as are those of the husband.

A comparatively small amount saved each year and put into an endowment policy would, at the end of fifteen or twenty years, have brought the whole comfortable sum named in the policy—with, in addition, one's share in the company "profits" to both parents—had they been alive. Such a policy makes pleasant provision for the day when the wage-earner feels that a less strenuous life, or "a little place in the country," or perhaps, college for the children, constitutes the chief of his ambitions.

And again—no matter how small the totals of the "premiums paid" on the policy—the whole sum would have come at the insured mother's death to solve at least a part of the father's problem and to provide the children with the care and training her heart would have desired for them.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, the famous novelist, on Life Assurance

"I HAVE a maid in my home who carries $2,500 assurance, and stints herself to do it. She is doing that and supporting two small boys, because her husband, a lumberman on a big salary, left her no assurance. Twice a month she goes to the asylum and spends a visiting hour with her children. She is a tragic figure. If it is given to those who pass over to see what goes on here on earth, I hope the lumberman realizes what he has done.

"Personally, I believe in life assurance. A man thinks he deserves credit if he lives within his income. He saves little, and what he accumulates is prone to be diverted to the get-rich-quick Wallingfords of his day and generation. But he will meet his assurance payments when he will save no other way."

Educational Policies

PERHAPS no type of insurance so appeals to the young parents as the policy that will provide a high-school or college education for Small Son or Tiny Daughter, who, at three months, shows an unmistakeable aptitude for the law or an early love of music.

They figure that the real weight of the educational expense will fall in, say, fifteen years, and that a thousand dollars will be needed.

Very good. A first class company will tell you just what yearly payments that will require (they will average less than $45 a year) and while Tommy or Lulu is still in rompers, you will have the keen joy of paying for very learned legal tomes or for violin lessons from a professor with a reputation and long hair.

Should death stop the payments after one or two instalments, the whole thousand dollars will still be paid over for the children's use when the specified time arrives.

These are just three of the types of insurance that are offered to-day—and just three of the pitiful examples that surround us of sorrows that might have been so simply averted. The wholesome habit of systematic saving should be a foundation stone in every home. Of course, there are other methods of keeping one's savings, but insurance, besides being more profitable than banking the money, has the great advantage of creating a definite estate if one dies before the date when an endowment is due, whether or not all the payments have been made.

Meat Costs 8 Times as Much

As Luscious Quaker Oats

Meats, chicken, fish and eggs average eight times the cost of Quaker Oats per unit of nutrition. So every dollar's worth used in displacing meat saves an average of $7.

One reason lies in oats' unique food value. Quaker Oats yield 1810 calories of energy per pound.

Eggs Yield	720	Potatoes,	385
Round Steak,	875	Bread	1205

(All in calories per pound)

Another reason is the low oat cost. While other foods are scarce and high, oats are plentiful and cheap.

Yet oats are nature's master food. Among all grain foods oats stand first in flavor and nutrition. As a vim-food and a food for growth they have an age-old fame.

You can serve five dishes for the cost of a single egg. Or the cost of two ounces of meat.

Make Quaker Oats your entire breakfast, not a mere side dainty. It supplies every needed element.

Mix Quaker Oats in your flour foods. They add delightful flavor. And the wheat you save means more bread for our allies.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

In Quaker Oats we use only the rich, plump, flavory grains. All little grains, starved and insipid, are discarded from this brand. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

The result is a flavor which has won the world. Yet you get it for the asking. It costs no extra price.

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in Far West where high freights may prohibit

Quaker Oats Muffins

1 cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats overnight in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt. Add this to Quaker Oats mixture, add melted butter, add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1 cake yeast, 2 teaspoonsful salt, ¼ cup lukewarm water, ½ cup sugar, 5 cups flour, 2 cups boiling water.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pan. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes.

If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Peterboro Canada — **The Quaker Oats Company** — Saskatoon Canada

1624

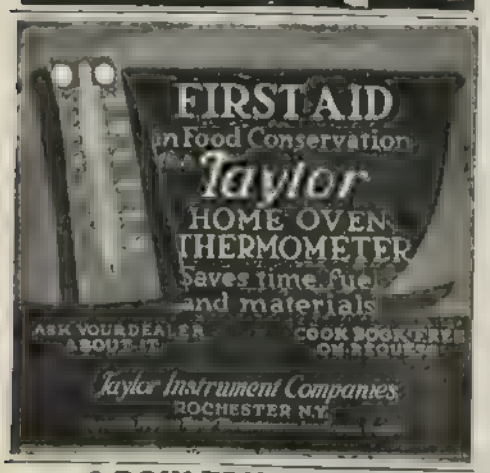
He stands by
BAKER'S
COCOA
and it is a good old stand-by too.

For generations it has supplied the demand from young and old for a pure, delicious, invigorating, wholesome food drink, rich in nutritive qualities and easily digested

The genuine has the trade-mark on the package and is made only by
WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited
Montreal, Can. Dorchester, Mass.
Established 1780

Do You Use Music?
If so, you want these folios:
"MAMMOTH FOLIO"
of Piano Music, 288 full-size pages of the World's most famous compositions.
"EMPIRE SONG FOLIO"
288 full-size pages of Best Secular and Sacred Solos and Duets, a real song Treasury, for medium voice.
Printed on Best Music Paper, from Engraved Plates and positively the finest of their kind ever offered.
From all First Class Music Dealers or Publishers direct. 75 cents postpaid.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG, MAN. - TORONTO, CAN

BAGPIPES
Sent Anywhere
Get one of our practising Chanters costing $2.85, and Instruction Book at 40c., and you will soon learn to play the Bagpipes.
Write for complete catalogue to 189C Sparks St., Ottawa, Canada.
C.W. LINDSAY LIMITED



POULTRY BOOK Latest and best yet; 144 pages, 215 beautiful pictures and color plates. Hatching, rearing, feeding and disease information; describes the busy Poultry Farm handling 68 varieties including Indian Runners. Tells how to properly choose fowls, sugar, incubators and secure cheap feed. This practical book worth dollars mailed for 10 cents.
Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 20 Clarinda, Iowa

Proper Training of Children

Opinions Based on Years of Experience

By Inspector W. A. GUNTON
of the Department of Neglected and Dependent Children, Ontario Government

RUSKIN long since said "Greek art gives us no children. Nay, it is equally true, though perhaps not so surprising, that up to the thirteenth century there were no Gothic children either. It was only when art was touched by Christianity, and when the Madonna and Child became the life-thought of every honest heart and the joy of every pure soul that pictures of children were possible. The tradition of the beautiful child lasted long. Then came a dark period, in which children were ground to death by our mill wheels, and the wealthy patrons of art could not conceive of the children of the poor, except in vice and misery; and it is only now that you are beginning to restore the quiet earth to the steps of children."

Since Ruskin's time, much has been done for child welfare, but very much still remains to be done.

The twentieth century has been well called the century of the child. It is the opinion of some who are spending their lives for the betterment of children that at the present rate of advance it will possibly take the remainder of the century to bring the world to a place where the value of the child and the importance of proper training will be recognized and where time, money and soul sweat will be used unstintingly for the good of young human life.

In the meantime there is wide diffidence regarding child training. Are parents and teachers too lazy? Is this too strong language to apply to those who do not take the necessary time and trouble to train children? But they may possibly not realize how tremendously important such training is for the future of the child. They may not know what wonderful possibilities are before any ordinary child if properly trained. If it is ignorance, then that ignorance is little less than criminal. It may be that the clergy are to blame. It may be the educationalists. It may be the social workers. It may be partly my fault, it may be yours. No matter whose—the fault is a real one, and the sooner we acknowledge our great obligation the better for humanity.

Have You An Opinion

TO say that old bachelors and unmarried women are the only ones who venture an opinion about the training of children, is the popular method of passing over the subject, leaving the impression that the question has no answer and the problem no solution. The only other conclusion is that parents "know it all" and so make light of any teaching along such lines. I am not an old bachelor nor an unmarried woman, although I am willing to learn from either. I have a wife and family, and have spent a good many years in dealing with children, both directly and indirectly. I have, through my official position, had almost unlimited opportunity to study child-life and to learn wherein parents have blundered to the ruin of their children.

On the other hand, I have been privileged to witness the reclaiming of spoiled childhood by foster parents to whom have been committed neglected and dependent children throughout Ontario, both from Children's Aid Societies and from Industrial Schools. Indeed it is my opinion that had all parents been taught the tremendous responsibility that accompanies parenthood and at the same time had been instructed in the best methods of training their offspring, I would probably have found my present occupation quite unnecessary. There would have been little need for Children's Aid and kindred societies.

Mark Twain is said to have remarked "The best way to train up a child in the way he should go is for the old man to live that way!" This is a part truth. It is a good foundation upon which to start but it is not all nor is it even a large part of the solution of the problem. For, as we all know, the children of some of the best living parents have not come up properly and this not because they lacked teaching or good example, but because they were not *trained* or disciplined. Three things are necessary:

1. Teaching.
2. Example.
3 Training.

Let any one of the three be neglected, and the other two will fail to accomplish the best results.

Society is more interested in the training of animals than children. For several years I have tried to find in circulation a book for parents on the general principles of child training, but in vain. I could find many on schools and schooling, several on physical training, and many on the work of Sunday Schools, but none of a practical nature from which the ordinary parent could get help for training his child in every day life. The parents of our day are asking such help and the call has prompted this article.

Inspector W. A. Gunton, Department Neglected and Dependent Children of Ontario Government

What Are You Making?

FEW parents stop to think what they are aiming at! What do you want your child to be? No! Not what occupation or profession! What do you want him to be in character? If you aim low he will attain to less. Why not aim at the highest? Never be satisfied that your children are as great and as good as their parents. Each generation should be an improvement upon the one preceding.

Where shall we look for an example in character at which to aim? We may take all the great and good men in history and choosing all their virtues and rejecting all their faults, make a great standard of morality. This might be good, but some doubtful principles might enter in and cause great mischief. A more excellent way and one upon which all will agree is to take as our standard the one perfect Man, Jesus Christ. Study His life, set it before your children as a model. Find out what was His life's aim.—to save humanity; His great law—which was Love. Not a weak sentiment, but a strong, abiding principle, for love, as I understand it, is that great principle which causes us to do that which is best for the loved one. This meant that His Life was pre-eminently unselfish. Follow Him from Bethlehem to Calvary. Get His view-point, understand His motives, be guided by His conduct, let His Spirit possess you, and living His life, teach it to your children and train them to a likeness to Him. This, to me, should be the aim of every parent for his child. If not, why not? Such a life is high, broad, deep, useful and happy beyond measure.

Birth or Environment—Which?

ALMOST invariably the first question put by the person about to adopt a baby is: "What about its parents?" "Is it a proper child?" "Is it of respectable birth?"

Why are these questions asked? Because it is believed that a child born under disgraceful circumstances or of immoral parents is sure to go wrong.

Since the way to think, is to ask questions, permit me to ask a few:

1. Is it safe to adopt a child born of immoral or criminal parents?
2. Is there variety in moral heredity.
3. Is it birth or environment that counts most?
4. What does experience teach?
5. What does the Bible say?

Starting with Question No. 1:

Is it safe to adopt a child born of immoral or criminal parents?—If the parents have weakened and diseased bodies, the child may suffer physically. If the parents have weak minds the child may not be of strong mental power. But so far as the moral is concerned, I am of opinion that one child is just as safe to adopt as another, especially in infancy. You say why? That leads to the second question.

Is there variety in moral heredity?—Since "all are born in sin and shapen in iniquity," and since experience bears out the statement that "every human being has the tendency to do every form of evil," therefore we conclude that all inherit the same evil tendencies, and so one child is as likely as another to turn out badly. This leads to the third question.

Is it birth or environment that counts most?—I am of opinion that example, teaching and training are vastly more important than birth. The children of educated parents usually become scholars. The children of the immoral usually become immoral, the children of criminals, criminal, and the children of Christians, Christian. Why is this? Because they have been surrounded with example, teaching and training that have encouraged such results. How do I know these things? The answer to our fourth question will show you.

What does experience teach?—Those who are rescuing and placing children in foster homes find that the children of the worst parents, when placed in a good Christian atmosphere, become good, moral and religious children. The Neglected and Dependent Children's Branch of the Ontario Government has handled about 20,000 children, coming from all conditions—illegitimate, ignorant, neglected, petty criminals and gross criminals. After many years of experience and after keeping a careful record, I find that less than one per cent. of these children became abandoned characters or hopeless criminals. Surely this is marvellous! And so far as experience goes, it is the most conclusive evidence that not birth, but environment, counts most.

What does the Bible say?—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Nothing is said here about conditions of birth, because it evidently makes little difference.

(To be continued).

Will Give Expert Advice

INSPECTOR GUNTON has had several years' experience in the training of children. In his official position he visits the schools of the Province and is in constant touch with all institutions wherein children are cared for.

Everywoman's World has arranged with Mr. Gunton for an exclusive series of articles, the first of which is presented this month. He touches upon the subject in short, terse treatments, each portraying some vital aspect.

Next month Mr. Gunton will deal with "Self-Control," "Should the Will be Broken," "Feeling and Reason," and other interesting points in relation to the child.

THE EDITORS.

Marmalades

And How To Make Them

MUCH has been written recently about the high nutritive value of the citrus fruits—especially the orange. Besides a very definite food-value that ranks it quite favorably with such accepted foods as buttermilk—which it betters by 25 per cent.—and sweet milk, which has an advantage of only that percentage, the orange is given credit for high medicinal value. Orange juice boasts "an abundant supply of the most delicate and wholesome food acids" according to Dr. Kellogg, besides the purest of pure sugar that requires no digestion. Very easy to assimilate, it is recommended for even infants and invalids—especially fever patients.

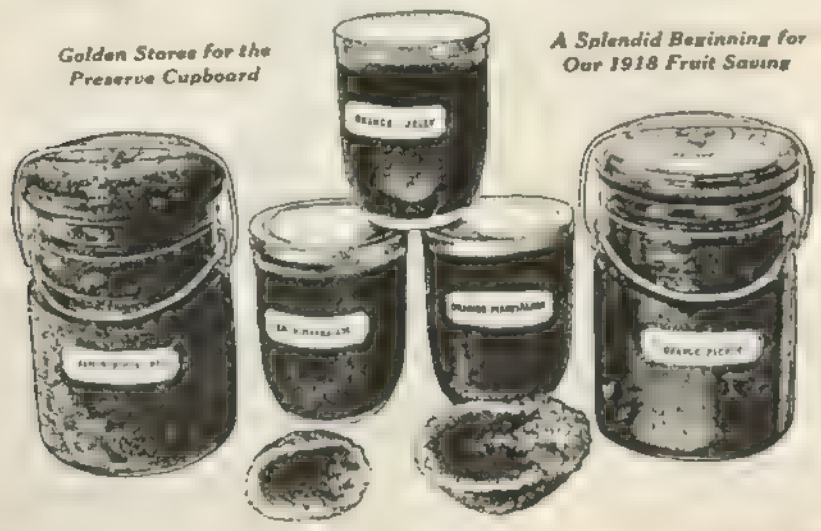
Whilst the citrus fruits will be subject to considerable chemical change when cooked, marmalades made from them are highly nourishing and healthful. Good in themselves, they are twice valuable as a stimulus to appetite and to the digestive juices.

Orange Preserves

(Like a very clear marmalade.)

TAKE equal weight of sour oranges and sugar. Peel two oranges in every six, and soak these rinds for twenty-four hours in salt water; wash well, simmer till tender, changing the water twice. Drain and cut with scissors into thin strips. Cut the oranges in halves as for serving and with a spoon take out the pulp free from seeds, squeeze out all the juice; add sugar to juice, stir until boiling, skim and simmer 15 minutes; add pulp and rind and simmer 20 minutes longer.

Golden Stores for the Preserve Cupboard — *A Splendid Beginning for Our 1918 Fruit Saving*



Orange Marmalade—1

BOIL small oranges in water until they can be easily pierced with a straw, then cut in quarters. Allow half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit—make a clear syrup, put in the rind and cook over a slow fire until fruit is clear. Then stir in an ounce of isinglass and let boil again; take out oranges and strain jelly over them.

Orange Marmalade—2

CUT oranges in slices as thin as possible, using every part except seeds. To every pint of fruit cut up, add 2½ pints cold water; let stand over night. Next day boil quickly ¾ of hour, then put back into a crock. On the following day weigh the boiled liquid and to every pound add 1¼ lbs. of white sugar. Then boil for about one hour. If any sweet oranges are put in the marmalade will be spoiled. Use no lemons.

Orange Marmalade—3

SIX oranges, three lemons, peel, divide, seed and cut fine. Put in jar with seven pints water; soak a day and night. Then boil three hours, add six lbs. granulated sugar and boil ½ hour; add one cupful sugared ginger.

Orange Marmalade—4

PUT twelve oranges and six lemons in a preserving kettle and boil with enough water to cover till soft enough to run a straw through, then save the water in which they have been boiled. When fruit is cold quarter each one and separate the peel from the inside; take out the pulp and seed from inner part and cut the peel in very narrow strips, then put all except the pulp and seeds back in the kettle; add one quarter of the water they were boiled in and 6 lbs. of sugar. Boil about three-quarters of an hour.

Orange Marmalade—5

NINE bitter oranges, three sweet ones, quarter fruit, slice them; use grated rind and juice of two lemons. Keep all seeds, put them in a bowl and cover with warm water. To one pint of fruit add three pints water, let stand over night; in morning add water from seeds and boil one hour briskly. Let stand again over night. Then add measure for measure of fruit sugar with an extra measure of sugar to the whole. Boil one hour—watch carefully. Put in jars and do not cover till cold.

Grape Fruit Marmalade

TAKE and shred three oranges, three lemons and three grape fruit, leaving out seeds and core; measure fruit; add three times the quantity of water and let stand over night. The following day boil ten minutes, let stand another night and the next day put in cup for cup of sugar and fruit, boiling steadily until jellied.

Seville Marmalade

TWELVE Seville oranges, ten lbs. sugar, six sweet oranges, rind and juice of two lemons. Slice oranges very thin, removing all seeds. Put seeds in basin, pour over them one pint boiling water, allow them to stand till next day. Put sliced oranges in a stone jar with six quarts cold water and let them stand for twenty-four hours. Put on to boil with strained liquid from the seeds, and boil for two hours; then add sugar and boil another hour or until set. This makes fifteen pounds of marmalade.

Lemon Marmalade

PUT rind of six lemons on stove to boil for ¾ hour in three quarts water; drain, throw away water and chop rind very fine; add lemon pulp free from seeds and six cupfuls fresh water. Return to fire and cook gently till rind is very soft. Add six cupfuls sugar and cook ¾ of an hour longer, sttirring occasionally. Skim off fine yellow broth that gathers. Boil down till thick. Put in tumblers.

Golden Marmalade

TWO pineapples, one dozen sweet oranges, three grape fruit, three lemons. Shread pineapples, slice other fruit, rind and pulp; cover with water and let stand twenty-four hours. Boil until soft, then measure. Add a pound of sugar to each pint of pulp and boil again until clear—usually about one hour.

Apple Marmalade

CHOOSE well flavored apples; wash, core and cut them in slices and put in a kettle with just a little water—enough to prevent burning. Cook slowly until mushy enough to press through a sieve. Add an equal quantity of sugar and flavor with orange and lemon juice to add piquancy. Cook until water has evaporated, then fill into jars and cover closely.

Candied Peel

PEEL of one orange or lemon, half cup of sugar, half cup of water. Scrub the fruit, remove the peel in quarters, take off superfluous white and cut in narrow strips. Put in boiling water, cover and cook till tender. Drain, make a syrup of the sugar and quarter cup of water in which the peel has been cooked. When the sugar is dissolved add the peel and cook slowly until most of the water evaporates. Drain and roll strips in course granulated sugar.

From her shapely toes to her finger tips
I love them all; but—Ah—her lips!
Whence have they gained that rosy glow
Which everyone admireth so? From

Lypsyl for Tender Lips

When you ask your Druggist for Lypsyl see that the cap of the silvered tube is stamped "Vinolia Lypsyl".

BY APPOINTMENT SOAP MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING

Substitutes are worthless

VINOLIA
London TORONTO Paris
197

By the Simple Turning of a Tap

Make the Water from the Faucet in your own home do the work.

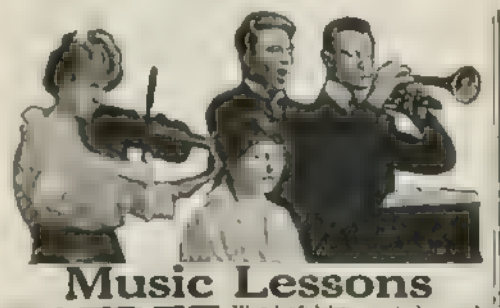
I have built a new "1900" water power washing machine. I consider this machine the most wonderful washer ever put on the market. Built of the highest quality selected material. It is as sturdy and durable as a machine can be made. Can be sold at a price within reach of all. I will guarantee that this machine will not tear clothes, break buttons or fray the edges of the most delicate fabric. It will wash everything from heavy blankets to the finest laces without damage to the goods.

This new "1900" Washing Machine can be instantly connected with any water faucet in your home and is started and stopped by simply turning the water on and off. Even although you have a meter it will do your washing for about 1 cent a week. It will save 50 per cent time money and labor every week. The outfit consists of washer and water motor and I guarantee the perfect working of each.

I also make a full line of hand and electric power machines.

I will send my machine on 30 days free trial. You do not need to pay a penny until you are satisfied this washer will do what I say it will. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue. Address me personally.

State whether you prefer a washer to operate by Hand, Engine Power or Electric Motor.
Our "1900" line is very complete and cannot be fully described in a single booklet

J. I. MORRIS Manager — 1900 WASHER COMPANY — 357 YONGE ST. Toronto

Music Lessons

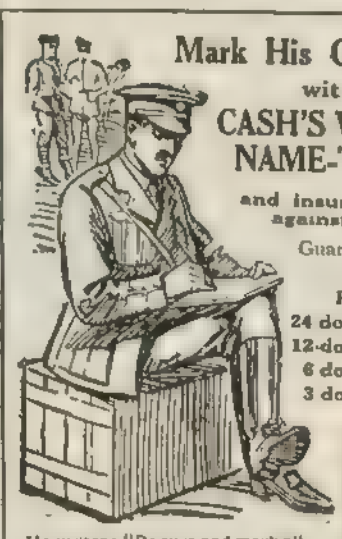
Book Sent FREE Wonderful home-study music lessons under great American and European teachers given by the University Extension Method. The lessons are a marvel of simplicity and completeness. Anyone can learn at home. Endorsed by Paderewski and many other great authorities.

Any Instrument or Voice

Write, telling us the course you are interested in, age, how long you have taken lessons, if at all, etc., and we will send you our Free Book containing text and illustrations covering Lessons in PIANO (students' or teachers' courses) by the great Wm. H. Sherwood, HARMONY by Dr. Protheroe and Rosenbecker, VOICE COURSE (with aid of Phonograph) by Crampton, PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC by Frances E. Clark, VIOLIN, CORNET, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, REED ORGAN, by equally eminent teachers.

Send NOW for Free Book and learn how easily you can become a fine singer, or a skilful player. Write today for full particulars. Investigate without cost or obligation

University Extension Conservatory
3716 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Ill



Mark His Clothing with CASH'S WOVEN NAME-TAPES

and insure them against loss.

Guaranteed fast colors.

PRICES
24 doz. - $4.00
12 doz. - 2.25
6 doz. - 1.50
3 doz. - 1.00

Style Sheet sent free on request or can be seen at any leading Dry Goods Store

He writes: "Be sure and mark all my clothes with Cash's Names"

J. & J. CASH, LIMITED
Room 41, 301 St. James Street, Montreal

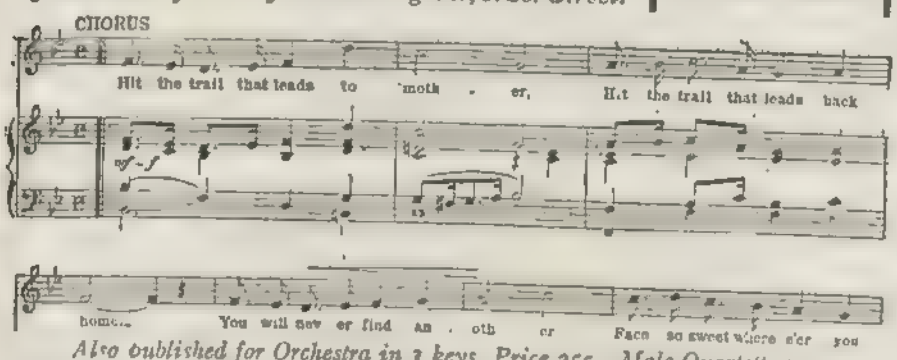
Goes Right to the Heart! A HIT!

Gordon V. Thompson's Newest Triumph

"Hit the Trail That Leads to Mother"

The song that is going like wildfire! Not only do the words give voice to a world wide sentiment, but the lilting rythm is set to a sparkling melody enriched with velvet harmonies. You'll love it—it goes right to the heart—a song that lives! *Ask your dealer for it. If he has not got it, order direct.*

Try this Chorus on Your Piano.


CHORUS
Hit the trail that leads to 'moth - er, Hit the trail that leads back
home... You will nev er find an - oth er Face so sweet where e'er you

Also published for Orchestra in 3 keys, Price 25c. Male Quartette 10c.

Harold Jarvis says: "This Mother Song touches the most responsive chord in the human heart. It will surely be a winner."

H. Ruthven McDonald says: "A song that will live in the hearts of the people."

Thompson's Big Song Hits

1. Hit the Trail That Leads to Mother.
2. When we Wind Up the Watch on the Rhine.
3. Sail on! O Ship of My Dreams (Waltz Song).
4. My Peace is Like a River (Sacred song).
5. Mother and Home and You (Waltz Song Hit).
6. I Want to Kiss Daddy Good Night.
7. Home Sweet Home for You We're Fighting.
8. Do Your Bit.
9. March of the Allies.
10. Battle Songs of the Great War (7 in the book).
11. Life Song Folio (10 sacred successes).
12. Heart Song Folio (beautiful sacred songs)

7 for $1.00 postpaid, Single Copies 15c.

Music is a War Time Necessity

We all need good music these days—the lonely hearts at home—the boys in khaki—everyone! Send a copy of this song and others to your soldier boy. For sale at all live Music Dealers and Woolworth Stores.

Fill in this Coupon and mail to-day

THOMPSON PUBLISHING CO.
75A Bay Street, Toronto

Enclosed please find ..... for which send me numbers marked with O around them. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Name .....

Address .....

Get these Songs for your Phonograph or Player Piano. Write for our List of Band and Orchestra Music.

"Hit the Trail Week" February 2nd to 9th

The Brunswick
ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE
PLAYS ALL RECORDS, ANY MAKE
YET COSTS NO MORE
WITH each Brunswick come two reproducers. Use any needle, play any record. You are not limited. It does not take a trained ear to appreciate the superiority of the Brunswick's tone. The all wood sound chamber is built like a violin. The tone is soft and natural—never metallic nor harsh. Once you hear this instrument you'll have a new apprehension of phonographic art. It is made by The Brunswick Balke-Collender Co., famous for 75 years for its fine cabinet work.
Come in and hear the Brunswick before you decide on any instrument. Or we will be glad to send one to your home for comparison. Prices $45 to $250. A saving on each style—easy terms. A demonstration puts you under no obligation.
Musical Merchandise Sales Co.
204 Excelsior Life Bldg., Toronto

HORLICK'S
Malted Milk for Infants
A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

WE BUY OLD FALSE TEETH

We now pay as high as $19.50 for false teeth sets (broken or not). Send at once—we return cash same day we receive package. We pay highest prices for gold jewelry, gold crowns, bridges, platinum, silver. (Cut out advt.)

U.S. Smelting Works, 741 Caswell Block
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

In The Realm of Books

What's What in the Newest Literature

A Short History of England

By G. K. CHESTERTON.
John Lane & Co.

MR. CHESTERTON'S "Short History of England" will be received with enthusiasm by the ever widening circle of admirers of his brilliant wit and genius for paradox. As may be expected by those who are familiar with Mr. Chesterton's work, his philosophy of English history is a novel one and it is presented in his usual stimulating and provocative manner. One may not agree with all his conclusions, but at least he will cause many of us, in the words of an expressive French phrase, "furiously to think." He has the knack of catching, in a few happy words, the chief characteristics of a people—as when, in a former volume he speaks of "The little worm of laughter that gnaws the Irish heart,'—or, as in this volume, when contrasting the English and the Irish bull, he says: "The Irish bull is a license with the symbol of language. But the English bull is 'a dumb ox of thought;' a standing mystification of the mind. There is something double in the thought, as of the soul mirrored in many waters."

There is in this book a brilliant comprehensiveness of survey. The author has a genius for generalization unsurpassed by any living writer, and his work raises many problems. But, more than that, it offers some solutions.

A Treasury of War Poetry

GEORGE EDWARD CLARK (ED.)
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Price, $1.25

MR. CLARK'S collection of poems, "A Treasury of War Poetry," stands out from all other collections by the fact of its general completeness and distinction, although, as with all anthologies, some of the verses that we could wish to see included do not appear. However, in these one hundred and thirty or so representative poems of the Great War, Mr. Clark has given us much that is interesting and valuable. Among the finest lines contained in the volume are those of Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle." There is only space here for the quotation of the first verse:

"The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze.
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase."

This collection contains poems by important authors which have not been accessible to other anthologies and is a permanent record of the poignant experiences and deep feelings aroused by the war.

The Fur Bringers

By HULBERT FOOTNER
Hodder & Stoughton.
Price, $1.25.

HULBERT FOOTNER, in his latest volume, "The Fur Bringers," has written a story of the far North and of the dealings of the North-West Fur Company with the Indians. With this he has interwoven the love story of Ambrose Doane, the young free trader, and Colina Gaviller, the daughter of his enemy, John Gaviller, the Company's Factor at Fort Enterprise. That portion of the reading public to whom tales of thrilling adventure make a strong appeal, will welcome this volume gladly.

Irish Lyrics and Ballads

By REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.
Price, $1.35

FATHER DOLLARD'S name has long been known to all Canadians interested in literature, and his work, appearing in the columns of various newspapers and magazines, has been received with interest and admiration. In this volume, "Irish Lyrics and Ballads," the best of it has been collected and forms a real addition to our slender store of genuine literature. In particular, the lovely "Song of the Little Irish Villages," and the poignant sadness of "On Arran Shore," will appeal to every lover of verse. Father Dollard has much lyrical beauty, to which is added a delicacy of expression that cannot fail to charm the reader.

My Adventures as a German Secret Agent

By HORST VON DER GOLTZ
J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.
Price, $1.50.

IN this volume, "My Adventures as a German Secret Agent," Captain von der Goltz, for many years a secret diplomatic agent of Germany, tells the true story of ten years of German intrigue in the United States, of the German spy system there, and how to cope with it, and of the deliberate stirring up by Germany of trouble between Mexico and our neighbor to the south. This volume is full of first hand accounts of the author's experience with revolutionaries, plots and desperate battles, and there is not a page in it that lacks interest.

Herself, Himself, Myself

By RUTH SAWYER.
The Musson Book Co.
Price, $1.35.

THOSE of us who have read with interest Ruth Sawyer's "Seven Miles to Arden," will take up her latest volume, 'Herself, Himself, Myself," with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation. And they will not be disappointed. It is a simple, tender story of the little daughter of wealthy parents who had no love to spare for her, of the faithful nurse who cared for her, and of "Himself," who brought her happiness. It is a tale of Ireland and America, and the fairies dance through its pages as they danced through the dreams of its heroine.

Under Fire

By HENRI BARBUSSE.
J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.
Price, $1.50.

"UNDER FIRE," which bears the subtitle, "The Story of a Squad," is a most grimly realistic word picture of life in the trenches. The author, M. Henri Barbusse, received for this book the prize awarded yearly in Paris by the Academie Goncourt for the best work written during the year. The present translation by Fitzwater Wray is a thoroughly adequate one and reproduces the spirit of the original with great fidelity. It is a brilliant and varied narrative of the fortunes of a French squadron on the battle front and will be read with deep interest by all who are following the fortunes of the war. Over three hundred thousand copies of this volume have been sold in France alone since its publication.

Hearts Undaunted

By ELEANOR ATKINSON.
The Musson Book Co.
Price, $1.30.

"HEARTS UNDAUNTED" is a romance of the patriotic struggles which won for the Anglo-Saxon race the heart of America. In this story, founded on actual fact, the brave and charming heroine passes from her adventurous childhood in the lodge of Cornplanter, the Seneca Chief, who had kidnapped her, through the war of 1812 and Indian massacres to her frontier home as the wife of the founder of Chicago. The book deals with many aspects of pioneer life and will be a welcome addition to the library of those who find an interest in tales of the life of their forefathers in this Continent.

We Will Buy Your Books for You!

FOR the convenience of our readers we will be glad to purchase for them, from the publishers, all such books as we may review.

A post-office money order enclosed with instructions—name of book and publisher—covering price of book and postage is all that will be required. There will be no extra charge for the service.

Address orders to the Review Editor, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Can.

Canadian Musical Composition

Are we Developing a Musical Literature of our Own?

By KATHERINE HALE

NATIONALISM as opposed to inter-nationalism in music as in literature has always proven a lively subject for discussion. It has been remarked with truth that it is better to be a great poet than to be a "Canadian poet," or a "French poet," or any kind of a poet whose art is limited by mere nationality. So with composers. Their scope should be broad, and yet I believe that to evolve the greatest international music it is necessary that every country should have its own musical expression. It may not be a great expression, but it can and will be a sincere expression if it is truly racial. We do not stop reading our Canadian newspapers because they are not great. We read to obtain the news, and the expression of the opinion of our own country. When we want a more permanent expression we look into our magazines, and lastly into the books of our authors.

Mrs. John F. Tenny

It seems to me that there should be pretty fair newspaper writing in music; news of the day, the gossip of the countryside, so to speak, in country dances, and street songs that are characteristic rather than merely imitative. And there should be magazine writing, in the more serious songs, and at last genuine authorship in the symphonies and operas to which Canadians may in the future be able to turn, as expressions of our history and feeling in music.

This is anything but an idle dream or a mere theory. A musical literature of our own holds in it the promise of nothing more extraordinary than the literature of the written word. But the trouble is that until very recently we have never begun, as a people, to think musically, much less to express our thoughts.

After a year or two at school, we expect the average child to put forth his own thoughts in the language he is slowly acquiring. Why should not the piano teacher expect the same result? The medium that the musical student is learning is really simpler than that of spoken language, the vocabulary is smaller, the notation is universal. The poet must be "translated" from his own into many languages. The composer speaks to all men everywhere.

What lies at the root of the matter is the necessity for a better method of helping children to think musically.

A Canadian woman—too little known in her own country—has been the first in the American field in this direction. A girl from Woodstock—Evelyn Fletcher, now Mrs. Fletcher-Copp of Boston, after several years of study abroad, developed in Toronto a kindergarten musical method for children, which, by the use of musical toys and the most delightfully simple and ingenuous devices, gave youthful minds such an understanding and joy in the symbols of musical expression that to reproduce their own thought in this direction became in many cases second nature. Mrs. Copp's stories of children's compositions are most fascinating.

You see she has struck right at the root of the matter in a sane, primary education. It is a pity that her system is not more universally adopted in Canada. We shall need all the constructive work in beauty-making that the future generations can give us and no science, no art, is more deeply constructive than that of music.

Mrs. Fletcher-Copp

IN January this department contained some account of the background of native Canadian music; Indian tribal melodies, and French-Canadian folk song. We have at least one composer who is aware of the significance of these as a mine of wealth to be worked in the future.

Gena Branscombe, of Picton, Ontario, who is now Mrs. John F. Tenney, of New York, has over one hundred published songs to her credit, and her work appears on the programmes of most of the well-known singers. But she is not content with what she has already attained.

"My ideal lies in symphonic forms," she says, "and sometimes motifs for a northern opera surge through my mind. I hear the music of the St. Lawrence and the songs of the habitant. Mountain music also comes to me and the sound of wind across the prairies. Some day a poet will arise to fuse my picture into a composite whole. Together we may make a Canadian opera."

In Mrs. Tenney's opinion, the most significant musical movement at the present time is the Community Chorus singing which is sweeping the country, and of which more will shortly be written in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. A music for the people is dear to the heart of this writer whose compositions are so big and glowing, whose art is so vital and sincere that there is no telling how far it may go. She has all her life thought musically, but some of her loveliest songs are set to the words of the poets of her own country; Isabella Valancy Crawford, Arthur Stringer and others. Like Clarence Lucas, another of our composers living in New York, Mrs. Tenney is essentially a cosmopolitan and because of a wider knowledge she can more freely express the essential spirit of her own country.

AN illustration of the awakening in musical education, indeed a distinct factor therein, would seem to be the useful necessary gramaphone. I have been immensely interested in a publication by Harper's of New York, of a collection of stories and rhymes for children called "The Bubble Book: the book that sings." The illustrations are musical, the book containing the records of the songs introduced so that the children may learn the music as they learn the words. Indeed it is remarkable how early children are becoming educated to the touch of the great violinist, the timbre in the voice of the great singer, through the constant release of their music in the home. And when one thinks of the people on farms, in small towns and out on the prairie ranches and in the villages who may thus bring the finest art into their lives, defying distance, loneliness and isolation, we must realize that this also is one way of learning to "think musically."

The gramophone may, indeed, go a long way towards encouraging Canadian Musical Composition. The reproduction of works of musical art awakes in the young a desire for wider expression.

The Progress of Canadian Art

THE art critics of America are beginning to call Mrs. F. McGillivray Knowles "the Rosa Bonheur of fowl painters." One eminent writer says: "As the great Frenchwoman painted beasts, so Mrs. Knowles paints fowls. Dark, lustrous black chickens, roosters, superb in pose and color; courting scenes, drinking scenes, chasing scenes, all these are portrayed with real fidelity and interest."

It is her vivid sense of humor that will carry this Canadian artist far. She has acquired a well-nigh perfect technique in the miniatures on ivory in which a tiny landscape is exquisitely and perfectly portrayed, and also in the larger tree studies, in oils or water color, that are transfused with such a mystic charm. But it is in these little dramas of the farm yard that her hope of widest fame probably lies. The duck pond is to her imagination and her skilful brush a place of endless resource, while the humorous possibilities of Chantecler and his following are endless.

Mrs. Knowles was born in Ottawa. Much of her early youth was spent in Montreal and later in Nova Scotia, from which Province her parents came to Toronto, and the artist first began to study in the old Normal School Building, where Mr. Knowles was an instructor.

"CANADIAN artists we do not know," would make a profitable series of articles for many writers as well as readers. Theodore Roosevelt once unconsciously impressed this fact upon my mind in a way I have never forgotten. I met him at luncheon at the summer cottage of Bishop John H. Vincent at Chatauqua, N.J.

The Bishop said, "You know this is a young writer from Canada."

Mr. Roosevelt looked encouragement.

"Canada! Ah, a fascinating country! Do you know that one of my greatest treasures was modelled, was made in fact, by a Canadian sculptor, of whom I am sure you are all proud—one Phimister Proctor by name."

I had never heard of him!

"Some friends of mine," continued Mr. Roosevelt, "presented me, before my hunting trip to South Africa, with the bronze figure of a panther, one of the most amazing studies of animal life I have ever seen, done by your Canadian, who lives in New York at present. Ever met him?" Since when I have been very much work of Phimister Proctor—Canadian!

FAIRY
FAIRY SOAP
White, oval, floating—Fairy Soap combines purity and convenience with a fine cleansing quality that is most refreshing.
Its use adds real pleasure to toilet and bath.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
FAIRY

I am making money *at home*
easily and pleasantly

I want to tell you
HOW YOU CAN TOO

THERE were so many things I wanted! Things for the kiddies, for the home, for myself. But there was no way to get them without *more money*.

Of course, I didn't want to go out to work, and somehow, I couldn't bring myself to canvassing. I believed my duty to Fred and the children, as well as to myself, demanded that I should not neglect my home in order to make extra money.

Of course, I did not see how it was possible to give proper attention to the family and to earn money too. Then I heard of the Auto Knitter and what a great thing it was for women like me.

NOW how different it all seems! I have an Auto Knitter and I am making quite a little money *at home*. The Auto Knitter knits woolen socks and other useful things. It is *so* easy to run. It makes no noise, no dirt, everything is simple and nice. Mary and Tom like to run it for the fun of the thing—and every pair of socks they knit means just that much more money earned.

Yes, I do sell some socks to my neighbors—and make a fine profit on them. But I don't have to rely on these sales because the Auto Knitter Company gladly buys up every pair of socks I knit and pays me for them promptly.

There is no trouble in it at all. It is very easy to learn how to use the machine—and after a little practice many knit about 20 times as fast with the machine as by hand.

YES, it *is* a fine way to make the extra money I need for little pleasures and luxuries, and I recommend it to all women who want to earn money at home in an easy and congenial way. All information about the matter is given in an interesting booklet which is sent free. I strongly urge you to get the booklet because it will open up to you a chance to get easily so many things you have been longing for!"

Write to the Auto Knitter Hosiery (Can. Co., Limited, Dept. 102G., 163 College St., Toronto, for their booklet on "Making money at home with an Auto Knitter."

RED CROSS WORKERS! You can make twenty pairs of socks in the time it now takes to knit one, by using the Auto Knitter. Many in use by Red Cross organisations in Canada, United States and Great Britain Uses less wool than hand knitting. Simple and easy to operate. Write for full information.

Kingston:
Oldest City in Upper Canada

By CHARLES E. COMPTON

IN a new country like this of ours, where an age is represented by three decades and a century is antiquity, a town that has behind it a record extending over two centuries and a quarter may fairly claim the honors due to age. Kingston, since the year 1673 (whether as Cataraqui, Fort Frontenac or Kingston) has played a most important part in the history of Canada, being, from a military standpoint, second only to Quebec itself.

Founded by Count Frontenac, the great Onontio of the Indians, in the year above mentioned, for the purpose of securing to the settlers of New France an increased share of the fur trade, Fort Frontenac was built upon the north shore of Lake Ontario, just at its junction with the St. Lawrence. The new outpost soon demonstrated its usefulness and the summer of 1674 saw a large increase in the French fur trade in consequence of its establishment. In May, 1675, King Louis XIV. executed a grant of this fort and about two thousand acres of the surrounding country, to Robert Cavelier de la Salle, in lieu of the sum of 10,000 livres, the amount spent in its construction; La Salle also covenanting to keep the said fort in good order and to garrison it in due strength and to maintain twenty men for nine years, for the purpose of clearing and breaking the surrounding land. La Salle was not long allowed to enjoy peaceable possession of his new Seigneury, however. His friend and patron, Count Frontenac, was recalled to France, and his successor, the avaricious La Barre, took possession of Fort Frontenac, disregarding the remonstrances of its rightful owner, and being only finally persuaded to relinquish his grasp upon the fortress by direct Royal command to that effect. In the year 1695 the fort was rebuilt and adequately re-garrisoned, and France's hold on what is now the Province of Ontario tightened.

Two years later, however, the stalwart old Governor, from whom the fort had taken its name, died, and with his death the French supremacy in Canada began to draw to its close. The New England colonies to the south were rapidly growing stronger and more aggressive, and in the middle of the seventeenth century the struggle for dominion over Canada at length reached its crisis. In that last long struggle Fort Frontenac played no unimportant part, but its hour of glory was past. In 1758 the gallant Bradstreet led an army of 3,000 men and eleven guns against it and on August 27th of that year it capitulated, its garrison marching out with all the honors of war. A few French and Indian families still lingered near the spot, but the clash of arms and the sentries' tramp were heard there no longer until another generation had nearly run its course and the advent of the United Empire Loyalists opened the British chapter of its history.

To the United Empire Loyalists belongs the honor of conferring upon the City its present name. When in 1783 the little band of high-minded men and women, who had left their pleasant homes and fertile farms rather than sacrifice their loyalty, landed at Cataraqui, they gave to their new settlement the name of Kingstown—now shortened to Kingston. Among these "grey forefathers" of the City, we find the names of Joseph Brant, the famous Indian Chief, of Neil McLean, Lawrence Herkimer and the Rev. John Stuart, the first Anglican clergyman in Canada, who founded a school for boys which became the earliest educational institution in a city which was later to become noted as a centre of learning.

THE town-plot of Kingston, first laid out in 1783, was confined to a small area in what is now its eastern quarter. For the first decade of its existence it did not grow beyond the dimensions of a tiny village. In the same year that the town was laid out, the Government erected for the use of the settlers a small grist mill upon the spot still known as Kingston Mills, about five miles from the city proper, and soon afterwards another mill was built at Napanee by Mr. Robert Clark, whose third son, born at Kingston in 1783, was probably the first white child of English parentage in Western Canada.

The first recorded Court of Assize to be held in Upper Canada was held at Kingston in 1789, at which time the whipping post and the stocks were the recognized punishment for minor offences. These two instruments of justice stood in the market place, near where the Haymarket now stands, as late as 1821, when they were finally abolished.

The first event which gave a stimulus to the growth of Kingston, was its selection by the British authorities about 1788, as a naval and military base, a dockyard and stores being begun in 1789 at Haldimand Cove, while barracks were also erected on the ruins of the old fort.

In 1795 the Duke de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, at that time visiting Kingston, drew the following picture of the City:

"Kingston consists of about 130 houses, none of them distinguished from the rest by a more handsome appearance. The only structure more conspicuous than the others is the barracks, a stone building surrounded by palisades. Many of the houses are log houses and those which consist of joiners' work are badly constructed and painted. No townhall, no courthouse and no prison have hitherto been constructed."

On the 18th of July, 1792, Kingston became for a short time the capital of Upper Canada, when upon that date the inauguration of Col. John Graves Simcoe was solemnized on the site of old Fort Frontenac. The induction of Governor Simcoe was celebrated with all the pomp and solemnity it was possible to command. Immediately after the ceremony he organized his government, calling his councillors together in a little house on Queen Street, after they had been sworn in in the church just opposite the market place. This quaint little house, now the property of Mr. William Pople, a soldier of the Home Guard, is numbered 133 Queen Street. History states that a general election took place soon after, and the Legislature of Upper Canada was moved to Niagara, and finally to "Little York," now the City of Toronto.

Two years after Simcoe's inauguration the census-roll of Kingston returned the population as 376, but by the beginning of the nineteenth century it had attained the proportions of a small town, having grown from 130 to 300 buildings. In 1817 the population was given as 2,500 people.

But while the little town was thus materially progressing and her citizens were planning further improvements, a cloud of war was rising to the southward. On the 20th of November, 1812 the American fleet suddenly appeared off the Upper Gap and shots were interchanged with the shore. But the threatened attack passed harmlessly off and Kingston remained untouched by the war until the following year, when the British squadron stationed there made an abortive attack against Sackett's Harbour, returning to Kingston with the loss of two hundred and fifty men. In 1814, however, a new attack upon Sackett's Harbor proved entirely successful.

These expeditions were the only events

The Thousand Islands

Starry crowned, majestic fronted,
rising from the river's flow,
Plumy crests of pine above them,
purple depths of wave below;
Song of wind and sigh of water all
the voices that they know—

Save that when the evening sunset
bars with flame the barren west,
Or the moon with fretted silver
diapers the river's breast,
Laughs the loon across the water,
booms the bittern from her nest.

In their stony hearts what visions
hold they of the life they knew
When the Indian through their
channels paddled in his bark
canoe?—
Now no more he builds his altars
to his mighty Manitou.

So they stand, serene, majestic,
rising from the river's flow,
Plumy crests of pine above them,
purple depths of wave below—
Song of wind and sigh of water all
the voices that they know.

NORAH M. HOLLAND.

of the war locally connected with Kingston. Strange as it may seem, though set in the forefront of the warfare and regarded as one of the keys to the possession of Canada, she escaped from the struggle scot free, without the displacement of a single stone or any damage to public or private property. Indeed her growth was even stimulated by the large influx of military population.

At the beginning of the war the City had only a small garrison, which was accomodated with barracks, but there were no fortifications of any consequence. However, shortly after 1812, the little town was surrounded by blockhouses of the type of the one which still stands on the high ground north-east of Sydenham Street. These blockhouses were connected by a high stockade pierced by two gates, known respectively as the "North Gate," and the "Picket Gate." Portions of this stockade still existed in 1836. In 1818 the original Fort Henry was built on what is now known as Barriefield Heights. It was replaced in 1832 by the present stone fort, which was for a time the comfortable home of some five hundred German, Austrian and Turkish prisoners of war. Batteries were also placed on Mississauga Point and Point Frederick.

As yet, of course, the streets of the city were few, and, with scarcely an exception, were known by other names than those they now bear. From the reminiscences of an old inhabitant we find that Ontario Street was then called Front Street, and had more buildings on its line than any other street in Kingston; King Street, west of Brock, was Church Street; Bagot Street was then known as Rear Street; while Princess Street, now the main business street, owed its name of Store Street chiefly to a large wooden building close to the river, where the Indians resorted to receive their annual presents. A guardhouse in front of the Market Square was maintained for the town guard until the City ceased, in 1870, to be an Imperial garrison. The guard also acted as keeper of the Fire Station, being allowed a fee of two shillings and sixpence for each alarm.

Doubled in Size

KINGSTON at this time more than doubled its population, buildings and business, while the presence of the officers of the garrison and navy helped to create an atmosphere of old-world culture and refinement which it never lost. On May 17th, 1824, the foundations of a new Courthouse and jail were laid by Sir Peregrine Maitland. A public or "social" library had been founded there in 1818, the annual subscription being twenty shillings, and still earlier the Kingston Gazette, probably the earliest newspaper in Ontario, had been started. The British Whig was founded in 1832 by Dr. J. E. Barker, and still flourishes.

In 1829 the inhabitants of Kingston had reached the number of 3,628, not including the garrison, and boasted of possessing the first bank in Upper Canada, the Bank of Kingston, founded in 1819, while as early as 1817 a steamboat service had been inaugurated between Kingston and Prescott—the steamers being "The Frontenac," "The Princess Charlotte" and the "Minerva." But a new channel of navigation was to be opened up to Kingston's great advantage. In 1826 was begun the Rideau Canal, one hundred and twenty-six miles in length, whose forty-six massive limestone locks can still claim a place among the finest existing structures of the kind. It was constructed under the superintendence of Col. By, and in the solidity and permanence of its splendid stone work, no less than in the engineering skill of its construction, is a noble memorial of its able and thoroughgoing contractors and builders. It was formally opened on the 21st of August, 1831.

Another much needed enterprise was initiated in 1827, when an act was passed to incorporate "the Cataraqui Bridge Company." The bridge, 600 yards long, was to be at least twenty-five feet wide, way to be provided for the passage of vessels with forty feet of space between the piers. It was not completed until August, 1829, just two years before the completion of the Rideau Canal.

Although Kingston had come out of the war of 1812 unscathed, a more dread and subtle enemy was now approaching, against which neither navy nor batteries could avail. In 1834 she was visited by a severe form of Asiatic cholera, which in that year ravaged Canada. In Kingston, out of a population now amounting to 5,000, there were three hundred deaths from this cause alone; but at last the disease was conquered, though at the expense of the lives of some of her most eminent citizens.

In 1841 Kingston became for a short time the Capital of Canada, and the United Parliament of Upper and Lower Canada was held there on the 14th June of that year, but at the second session of this Parliament it was resolved that the seat

(*Continued on page 35*)

"They were nervous and restless

—huddled in the dugout, waiting for the gray dawn that was to send them over the top. I would wind the Grafonola, slip on the record of the 'Humoresque' —and as the soft, sweet, haunting strains floated out, I'd watch the grim faces relax; and the tense mood pass.

"Again—in a shattered Belgian village—a group of **Canadian** lads—truck drivers going up to the front—would be caught and held by a tornado of shellfire. There was nothing to keep them occupied; to leave the hut was certain death—we'd play band music on the Columbia, lively selections that would take their minds off of the whine and screech of shells outside.

"We had 120 Columbia Grafonolas in our 'farthest up' huts. Over 300 Grafonolas and 5,000 records were in use in the Canadian area alone. They were an important part of our equipment."

* * * *

These extracts from a letter from Captain H. A. Pearson, Senior Officer, Y. M. C. A., with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in France, paint vividly the part played by the Columbia Grafonola in the grim events "over there."

Captain Pearson, who was invalided last June, after being severely wounded when his hut was destroyed by shellfire, writes, "Give your soldier tobacco; give him music—"

Send some records to your soldier boy

Any Columbia Dealer will be glad to show you how to ship them safely. There is a Columbia Grafonola in every Y M C A. and Knights of Columbus Army Hut.

Food will win the war. Don't waste it.

New Columbia Records on Sale the 20th of Every Month.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

Toronto, Ont.

Choose Marmalade Materials Carefully

Select fresh, clean-skinned Seville or Messina oranges for their wholesome bitter zest, and spicy sweet oranges for their fragrance and flavor. Tell the grocer to send with them a bag or carton of

Lantic Sugar

the pure cane sugar which you will find best for marmalade and all preserving. On account of its very "FINE" granulation, Lantic Sugar dissolves instantly, making crystal clear syrups and bright, firm jellies.

MARMALADE without weighing

Slice six bitter oranges and seven sweet oranges and add three cups of cold water for each cup of fruit pulp. Let stand for 24 hours in a glass or porcelain vessel, then bring slightly to the boiling point and boil for 15 minutes. Set aside for another 24 hours. Then measure five kitchen cups full of the fruit into a preserving kettle and boil briskly for about an hour. Add a 2-lb. carton of Lantic Sugar, which will need no weighing as it has been accurately weighed when it is packed.

Note: This quantity makes nearly five pounds of marmalade. It is better not to cook more than this at one time as the long cooking tends to darken it.

Have you seen the Lantic Library?

Three new cook books on Preserving, Cakes and Candies, and Desserts. Sent free for a Red Ball Trade-mark cut from a sack or from the top panel of a Lantic carton. Write for it today.

Put up in 2 and 5-lb. Cartons
10, 20 and 100-lb. Bags

ATLANTIC SUGAR REFINERIES
LIMITED
DEPT. A., POWER BUILDING, MONTREAL

193

MONEY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Here is Your Chance to Fill Your Pockets with Money

LISTEN! Norman Shortt of Toronto earned $14.50 in one week after school. Mabel Plummer of Saskatchewan made $15.00 for only a few hours' effort. Oscar Bennet of Galt has made over $20.00 and won many fine prizes. Raoul Orbach of Toronto made $14.00 in a week and also won a $50.00 bicycle. Hundreds of other boys and girls are doing just as well.

You can Easily Make $5.00 to $10.00

Every Month in Your Spare Time if You Grasp this Great Opportunity!

All you have to do is write and tell us you'd like to give a few minutes of your spare time, just once a month, to delivering copies of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to customers right in your own neighborhood.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is the biggest, handsomest, most interesting magazine in Canada—just full of fine pictures, stories, articles, fashions, jokes, etc., and it has the most beautiful picture covers you've ever seen. You can sell copies like hot cakes because more than half a million people read it every month and they are glad when they have you deliver it to them. You soon have a fine list of regular customers.

You take no risk and invest no money. We send the magazines each month as soon as they come out. You sell them and keep out your big profit. You make more money on EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD than any other magazine in Canada—more money than you would possibly earn so easily in any other way.

If you want to make money, if you want to have a bank account of your own, if you want to be able to buy all the toys, games, books, sporting goods, etc., all you want—

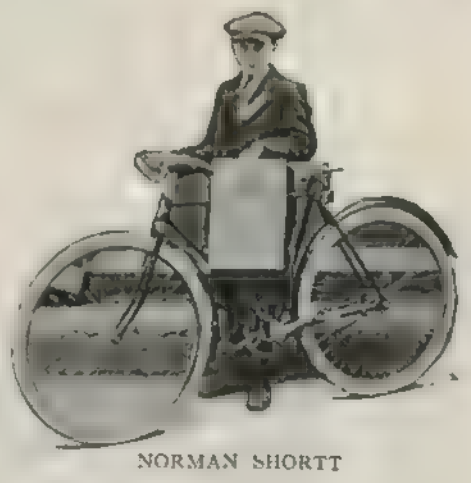
MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Sales Division A
Continental Publishing Co., Limited
Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen :—Without any obligation on my part, please tell me how I can make $5.00 or more every month selling EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Name .....

Address .....



NORMAN SHORTT

Norman Shortt earned $14.50 cash in one week and won this $50.00 Bicycle as well.

He says:—

"Everybody around my neighbourhood reads EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and it is as easy as can be to sell it. I can not only make money selling single copies at 15c each, but I have been given a lot of yearly subscriptions as well, on which I make big money."

"I advise all my friends to make money selling EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD."

His Unknown Mother

(*Continued from page 6*)

closing in from our right and from our left, determined to hold the front at any hazard. My God, could they do it? Could that handful of men hold back the racing horde that was almost half way through?

"Right at them and into them with the cold steel, our boys grimly drove it home, but would they stop them?

"Headquarters' staff was almost frantic with anxiety, for the line was everywhere breaking. Reinforcements were rushing up, but were yet miles away. Would they get there in time to save that wavering line? It thinned, it swayed, but dauntlessly held its ground. Once through that khaki streak, nothing could stop that disciplined mob but the sea—that meant an Empire's doom.

"BUT up there at the crater's edge, Terry coolly and calmly waited. He was right in the path of the advancing grey waves; he watched them leap into the open and charge forward and he snuggled closer to his gun and grabbed all the cartridge belts around him. Those grey lines rushed forward. They were two hundred yards away—one hundred—fifty. Still the gun was silent; would it never speak? Forty yards. A bullet whizzed over his head; he bent low over his gun and jerked the trigger.

"A few rounds spat out. Then he settled down to the grim work. The crackle rose sharply to a roar—the grey lines faltered and shuddered for a moment, then came on again, but the range was too close. The line faded away. Another took its place, but the little gun did its duty. It worked gloriously—its pellets of lead spat death continuously and those grey waves parted and fell, thinned and came on again. Terry whipped in a new belt of cartridges and once again the little gun was master of an Empire's destiny.

"Out there, miles in front of the reserves, all alone with his wounded comrades he fought for the Empire's life—almost surrounded, just one Canadian against a nation—holding that vital gap in the line. On our right and left, far, far behind him, our guns were pouring their streams of death into those lines of grey-clad men, yet still they came on. Terry and his gun were alone in their midst. Twenty yards, ten yards—would they never stop? Slowly the gun swayed from side to side, spitting death twenty times a second. Five yards—was the Empire to fall? Three yards—only one was left. He dropped on his knee, levelled his rifle and pulled the trigger. Thank God, the magazine was empty. Furiously the German raised his bayonet for a fatal thrust. Terry squirmed, but never faltered. The German lunged forward; back of Terry, deep down in the hole, we had seen his danger, and our captain whipped out his colt. It barked; the bullet sped true. The German died in mid air. But his bayonet had pierced Terry's tunic. His body crumbled over that glorious gun.

"Far behind the lines the Brigadier, pale and silent, was sweeping the battlefield with his glasses. Suddenly his body grew tense. Whipping his glasses from his eyes, he jumped to the telephone and quickly jerked out his commands. He had seen that single figure in khaki, toiling over the lone machine gun away out there in front; he had seen the grey lines sweep forward, falter and halt. He had seen the raised bayonet and the crumpled form. He shouted,

"'One man holds them with a machine gun! Forward. Give 'em hell, boys!'

"Away went the Canadians—nothing could stop them now. They tore through those faltering lines—they filled the gap—they saved the day—and Calais.

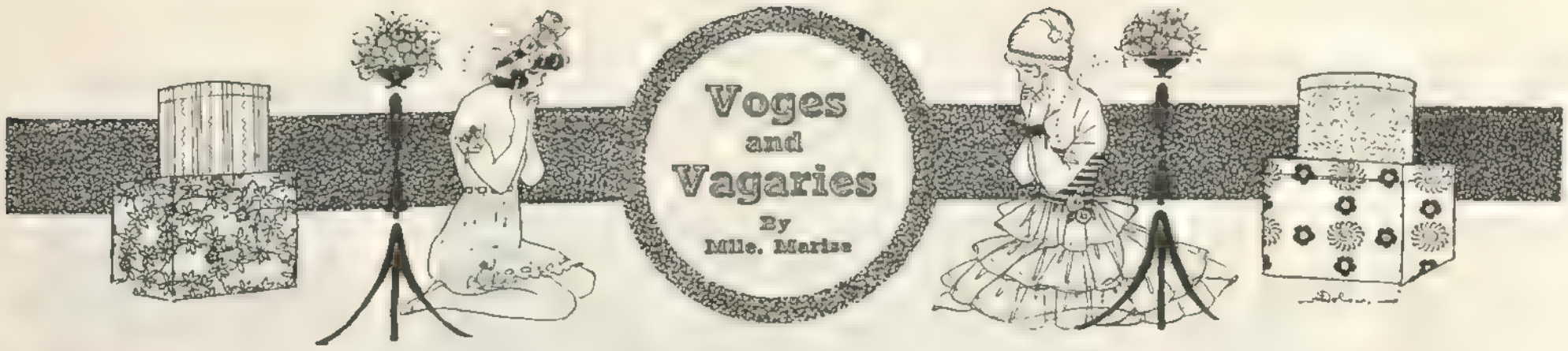
"Terry was found unconscious, one hand clutching the bayonet that had ripped his side, the other still working the gun. Tenderly they brought him back—oh God! that road was rough. But it was as he would have wished. His duty was done. We lay side by side in the hospital for many hours, till at last Terry opened his eyes and asked: 'Did I stop them?' Then when he had heard the great news he turned to me and said:

"'Jack, tell Mother I've kept faith, I'll wait for her in Hiven.'

"Then his whisper trailed off. But oh what a memory, what a record! His name is on everyone's lips, his praises are sung everywhere—France, Belgium, Britain.

"It was just a little thing you did, Mother, yet it was so unselfish. It has brought you a double reward. It has saved a soul and an Empire. The Empire is proud of you, the 91st adores you, and I love you. All honour to your son, Terry.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN H. SMITHERS,
Press Correspondent,
Somewhere in France."



WITH every Canadian fashion depot stocked with an alluring array of fashion novelties and tempting suggestions of all kinds, it requires but the faintest sort of excuse at the present moment to start a woman to plan her spring wardrobe. Even the newest of mid-winter clothes have lost their pristine loveliness in her eyes. If perchance she has economized and has not spent her substance in riotous living, to the extent of having purchased very much that was new since she first stocked her winter supply, she is all the more anxious to display even finer wisdom in choice of spring clothes so that she may combine fashion with thrift and invite long wear to collaborate with smart lines.

The average Canadian will consider February just a trifle early to don her spring outfit, yet she is being constantly influenced by American fashion magazines that agitate for Palm Beach attire and other designs of style and material which our countrywomen never even contemplated unless a trip south loomed up in the near future—and no patriotic Canadian woman takes such pleasure trips these days. But at least we can sit down and think a month ahead.

The spring silhouette will be slender and the new designs will use wool as sparingly as possible. To this end, we shall make use of combinations of two or more materials. Such combinations offer possibilities for very smart costumes. Silk and serge or satin and garbardine are combinations that will be seen in tailored suits and street frocks. Satin will be used for separate coats, too; and these coats will reverse the usual order of things, for they will be lined with velours de laine and will have collar and cuffs of that material. Such coats were seen in the importations of autumn and were most favorably received. One in a deep taupe satin had a lining of cinnamon duvetyn that turned back to form the collar and cuffs. A motor or top coat in this combination is attractive. A French dressmaker, however, who has all the art of the Parisienne, suggests that it be developed in khaki velours de laine, with collar and cuffs of velours de laine in a dark brown plaid. A straight deep shawl collar that runs into a long scarf is a most distinctive feature. The coat itself is simple in line and fastens at the waist with a wide belt that holds the fulness quite close to the figure.

IT is much too early to forecast authentically the lines of the tailor-made suits, but we are safe in saying that it will be a season in which suits will be worn a great deal. The slim straight silhouette will no doubt be the smartest, and the designs will be simple, with military touches here and there. There is a decided tendency towards shorter coats. Some have narrow bindings of silk braid or of satin. Many of them will have a waist-line outlined in stitching, while others will be belted after the fashion of the uniforms of the English and American army officers.

THERE is a general belief that not since the beginning of hostilities has Paris been so nearly her old self as she is now French women are paying more attention to dress, and while there is, on the whole, great simplicity observed, not since the war began, have so many good looking and desirable models been produced by the great couturiers.

The change may be accounted for by reaction, the old time follower on the heels of austerity, or it may be the wonderful sanity of the French, which makes it possible for them to rise above the horrors of the present, take what pleasure is to be found on the surface of ife and at the same time cannily look orward toward peace and the renewed trade which is sure to come. Will Paris resume her old time leadership of fashions when peace is restored? Will she desire it?

In the meantime, she clings to neutral tones and straight lines. The conservation of wool that is so universally agitated will be respected to the limit by the members of the Paris Dressmakers' Association, is the announcement of its president, Mme. Paquin. Indeed, almost no wool will be used by its members. How this will be observed outside the association remains to be seen.

Will this conservation of wool and wool materials lead us back to the day of the hobble skirt? Already in the spring catalogues one sees stove-pipe tailored skirts so scant that they rise well above the knee whenever the wearer mounts a step. Will this ludicrous atrocity ever become popular again? For the most part the spring suits will be quite attractive.

One design seen in advance announcements is of navy blue gabardine lined with black silk—for dark linings are the very newest and black is particularly smart. The unusual feature of the suit was the use of three circular bands forming the skirt of the coat at the back and sides; a deep shawl collar folds softly about the neck to a fastening at the front. The skirt is made on a straight narrow yoke which runs across the top and it hangs quite straight and slightly full.

LUCKILY scarcity of materials will have very little effect upon the spring hats. They will be thrust upon us in all their glory, in all their various shapes and all their many styles.

A splendid between-season hat—in fact one might say an all-season hat and one that has extreme practicability as well as good style and becomingness is a design of French blue grosgrain ribbon with trimming of the same material. The ribbon is laid in soft folds across the crown and made into a lovely fan-like bow at the back.

For youth alone is the roll-brimmed sailor of satin with its simple curled quill and ribbon rosettes trimming. The older women will do well to avoid the severity of this rather stiff and regular outline, and the sharp upturning of the brim, but the young girl or the decidedly youthful woman will find such a model all that one expects in a hat.

And now about the negligees! These are relaxation clothes, and we need them for the much needed rest hour in the privacy of our rooms at the end of the busy days we are living.

There is a sweeping variety also of "Undies" in fashion centres. Knickers and their kind have it all their own way in these times. There seems to be even an exaggerated tendency toward bifurcated garments and apparently petticoats will soon be reduced to near the vanishing point, at least so far as undergarments are concerned.

Their place is being gradually usurped by pyjamas, bloomers and combinations, with a curious hybrid garment called variously a pettibocker or a pedelette. Not but what there are still plenty of pretty night robes and petticoats to be had, for conservatives must always be catered to. Petticoats of the slenderest and most demure proportions venture to display themselves, but the exigencies of war times have taken toll of frills and all unnecessary fulness.

The case seems to be much like that of the house that Jack built. There is a wool shortage, consequently it is decreed that only a limited amount of wool shall be used for a suit. Fashion makes a virtue of necessity and decrees in its turn that the silhouette shall be sylphlike. An attenuated outline makes a petticoat a superfluity, not to say an error, which brings us to the conclusion that the only correct undergarments are bloomers and combinations.

One of the new lace-brimmed hats

A "foldable" hat—with draw string at top like a collar bag!

THERE are bloomers for all occasions from those for street wear of satin or jersey silk in black and all the dark and neutral shades to what might be called evening bloomers of pink satin with lace frills. Pink satin, pink crepe de chine and pink jersey silk bloomers may be had. They are made quite plainly or with only the hemstitched finish which is used so much on the better grade of underwear.

But with a few lace trimmed exceptions bloomers are strictly utility garments. Beyond their usefulness and the fact they must be skilfully cut and strong there is little to describe.

This is not true of the combinations. Their name is legion and each one is more charming than the other. Though the conservative woman will undoubtedly be horrified at this, the black models are perhaps the most attractive of all.

Paquin has designed of black crepe de chine, black chantilly lace and black ribbon, models of this cult, which is a veritable fad with the Parisienne. At the best shops models have been seen which copy the Paquin design in every respect except that the shoulder straps are of pink ribbon fastened to the garment with tiny wreaths of embroidered pink flowers.

One of the features of the combination is that the legs of the garment are rather narrow and fall perfectly straight without frilly finish of any kind to detract from the slim outline. They may be slit up at the outside of the leg and fastened together by a ribbon bow, but they are preferably straight around the edge and with the simplest trimming. Perhaps a little embroidery or lace might be used or they may be edged with the tiniest of hemstitched bands in another color.

OF the materials used in the different varieties of undergarments, wash satin, except for the woman who is absolutely wedded to cotton stuffs for this purpose, seems to hold the first place in favor. It must of course be of good quality, and this is true of the other silken stuffs, crepe de chine and jersey silk, which largely enter into the manufacture of underclothes.

The greater expense of silk as compared with cotton is only relative, according to one manufacturer. The mere fact that it has cost more will make the woman who has bought it take better care of her silken garment than she would if it were of batiste or nainsook. She will frequently launder it herself to be sure that it is properly done, and at least it is stronger and warmer than the more delicate cottons.

To be warm in bitter and coalless days such as those of the present winter is a matter for serious consideration, and it is said that there has been an unprecedented demand for flannelette nightgowns and pyjamas, which by the way are not half as stodgy as they sound.

There is to be had at the better shops a selection of really jaunty little models in this material, made on rather mannish lines and trimly bound frogged and featherstitched.

One manufacturer has cleverly launched another version of the war time undergarment. This consists of combinations in gingham, which are supposed to be worn with one's one piece gingham morning frock. They are of checked ginghams in pink, blue or lavender and white, and are piped with white or color. They are trimly tailored, well cut and altogether rather attractive.

On the silken night robes, combinations and chemises, (and the envelope chemise still holds its wide popularity), the trimmings are of the simplest. Hemstitching in its different forms is perhaps the most favored of trimmings.

THIS may be called a page of odds and ends of fashion, but they are interesting odds and ends you must agree. Rather remote from undergarments and possibly therefore a fitting "last word" would be a reference to a smart evening wrap which, despite economy, thrift and the rest, will creep in. A really chic design is fashioned on the new dolman lines for the upper part of the wrap, while the rather unique body section is lengthened by a skirt joined at the waist by gathers.

When all is said and done, as far as the immediate present is concerned, fashions are really in the making. The individua' will really decide for herself what she can best afford to wear. It will be quite possible this spring for women to be well-dressed and yet observe every last rule of economy.

—only one of its uses

Chaps

"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

MENTHOLATUM does more than simply soften and soothe the roughness—*it heals gently*, as a healing agent should. It is so efficient, yet gentle, in its action that it is preferred by thousands of mothers for relieving children's cuts, burns, bruises, etc. Keep it in your medicine closet!

A HEALING CREAM

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature A.R.Hyde

In tubes, 25c. Jars, 25c, 50c, $1.00

DO THIS: Write to-day for small Testing Package, free. Or send 10c in stamps for Physician's size.

The Mentholatum Co., Dep. X, Buffalo, N.Y.

Chic Frocks and Blouses

1427

1146

Pattern 1427—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material, with 5/8 yard 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1146—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 1/8 yards 44-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch black satin and 7¾ yards braid. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1089—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material with ¼ yard 27-inch silk for collar. Price 15 cents. Braid design 14483 10 cents.

1203

Pattern 1203—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 5/8 yards 54-inch material with 7/8 yard 36-inch contrasting goods and 7½ yards braid. Price, 15 cents.

1089

Emb. 14483

The price of each pattern is 15 cents; this includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you—the mails are safe. Home Patterns are the easiest of all to use, and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly, and a guide chart accompanies each pattern. Orders are filled the same day as they are received. When ordering, it is important that you write very plainly; that you give your name and address; the number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont.

DO YOUR BIT

In Household Saving

The Ajax Electric Washer takes drudgery out of washing. It does all the work except hanging out the clothes—wrings as well as washes. Will save wash-woman's wages, back-strain and time spent in rubbing and wringing. Hundreds of satisfied users. Why not be one of them?

Join the Home Appliance Club

We have a simple plan which will enable 200 women to secure an Ajax Electric Washer at considerable saving. You can join now. Through this club you may secure exceptionally favorable terms. Send at once for full details of the Home Appliance Club plan and circular describing the washer. Only 200 members accepted, so act promptly.

McDonald & Willson, Ltd.
Makers of Dependable Electrical Appliances
12 Queen Street East
TORONTO : ONTARIO

KEEP YOUR CHILDREN STRONG

Some children catch one ailment after another, have colds after colds, while other children are seldom sick.

If your children are pale or frail, lack ambition or are backward in school, they need

SCOTT'S EMULSION

which is rich in the food elements to create good blood to strengthen their bodies and brains.

CHILDREN RELISH IT. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 17-28

MILLER CHOIR GOWNS

THE choir-master of one of Canada's largest churches stated:

"I find singers suffer less from nervousness and self consciousness when gowned, because they are free from distracting thoughts regarding their personal appearance.

The appearance of a gowned choir lends dignity and solemnity to the service and the discordant and clashing colors of an ungowned choir are eliminated."

It will place you under no obligation whatever to let us show you how your choir can be gowned without financial strain.

Write to-day for our illustrated booklet

THE MILLER MFG. CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

Most Women Can Have a Lovely Skin

Nearly every woman can have beautiful face and skin by following the Hiscott Institute Plan. Besides the treatment of cases at the Institute, we extend the advantage of our treatments to those who cannot come to us. We are known from coast to coast. Our preparations are tested and proved by twenty five years successful practice. With each kind we send full instructions for home use. Usually more than one kind is advisable. A Nerve Tonic, a Hair Tonic and Skin Food make a good combination. Write us Consultation and Advice FREE.

Princess Skin Food	$1.50
Hiscott Hair Tonic	$1.00
Princess Nerve Tonic and Blood Builder	$1.00
Goitre Cure	$2.00

We send a FREE Sample of Princess Skin Food for 8c. in stamps to cover mailing

Booklet Sent on Request

The Hiscott Institute, Limited
61 E. College St., Toronto

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

LET E JECTHAIR destroy yours FOREVER. NO PAIN, NO HARM, cannot fail. Cheapest and only guaranteed Treatment of its kind. Different to others which only remove the hair over-night. Send 10c for a sample.
MANAGERESS, 857 Goff Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Designs for the Juniors that Combine Style With Real Economy

Outdoor Wraps to Combat February Chills and Indoor Frocks of Undeniable Attraction

Home Pattern 9996—Misses' and Small Women's Long-waisted Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material, with ⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting goods. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 9805—Girls' Box-plaited Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch material, with 5½ yards braid. Price, 15 cents. Braiding 14705, 10 cents.

Home Pattern 8439—Boys' Double-Breasted Raglan Overcoat. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 42-inch or 2¼ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 9944—Misses' and Small Women's One-piece Dress. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch material, with ¾ yard 36-inch satin. The suede belt adds a touch of smartness to the frock. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 8648—Child's Legging Drawers. Sizes ½, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards 36-inch material. This garment is gathered at the top with inset gusset, and to be made with feet or straps as preferred. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 9659—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36 or 42-inch material, with ⅜ yard 32-inch contrasting goods, and 2 yards ribbon Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 9755—Boys' Coat. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 44-inch material, with ¼ yard 36-inch velvet. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1000—Misses' and Small Women's One-Piece Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch material, with 1 yard 36-inch satin for collar and pocket facing, 6¾ yards braid. Price, 15 cents

The price of each pattern is 15 cents; this includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you—the mails are safe. These Patterns are the easiest of all to use, and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly, and a guide chart accompanies each pattern. Orders are filled the same day as they are received. When ordering, it is important that you write very plainly: that you give your name and address; the number and size of pattern wanted; and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont.

Is Your Home a Silent Place ?

Or can you, when you wish to do so, gain recreation and pleasure through your Piano?

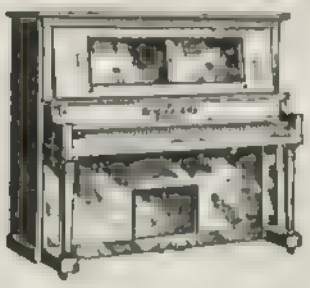
However comfortable your home may be, it cannot be complete without a

PIANO !

There are many instruments to choose from, but if your selection be made with care and thought and after thorough comparison, your choice will surely be a

Heintzman & Co. Player Piano

"The Different Player Piano"



Let us send you full information and booklet describing this rightly famous Canadian instrument.

Write Dept. E.

HEINTZMAN HALL

193-195-197 Yonge Street, TORONTO

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO. LIMITED — REGAL — TRADE MARK — SEEDS — HAMILTON

BRUCE'S SEEDS

Business Established 1850

Your Duty—To grow all the foodstuff possible and to get the best results, high-grade seeds, such as BRUCE'S are a necessity.

Our Duty—To provide sufficient seed and of the highest grade possible.

OUR DUTY IS DONE

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO. LIMITED — REGAL — TRADE MARK — SEEDS — HAMILTON

Our 1918 Catalogue

is ready—112 pages of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Implements and Poultry Supplies.

Worth its weight in gold. Free—
Write for a copy to-day.

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO., Limited
Hamilton Canada

"I forgot all you sent me for 'cept"

Minard's Liniment

HE just couldn't forget Minard's Liniment. Mother always had a bottle in the house ready for his boyish troubles, a strain or a sprain, or the beginning of a cold or a cough.

Minard's Liniment contains no injurious drugs or any opiates. Perfectly harmless for young and old alike, it nevertheless has a powerful influence over pain.

In an age where imitations and substitutions are so common, insist upon Minard's, and keep a bottle always handy in the house.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED, YARMOUTH, N.S.

Some of the New Straight Line Dresses

Pattern 1425—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 1 7/8 yards 36-inch material 1¼ yards 22-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1095—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 1/8 yards 44-inch material and 26½ yards braid. Dress slips on over the head. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1208—Ladies' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material; 1 5/8 yards 11-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents. Braid No. 14810. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1284—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/8 yards 44-inch serge, 1¾ yards 36-inch satin and 3/8 yard 32 inch white. Price 15 cents. Braid No. 12698. Price, 10 cents.

The price of each pattern is 15 cents; this includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you—the mails are safe. Home Patterns are the easiest of all to use, and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly, and a guide chart accompanies each pattern. Orders are filled the same day as they are received. When ordering, it is important that you write very plainly; that you give your name and address; the number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont.

The Prize-Winners

IN UNCLE PETER'S GREAT CAR CUT-OUT CONTEST

Dear Boys and Girls, all over Canada,

Your Uncle Peter has had a very busy time lately going through the thousands of letters which were sent in with solutions of the great Car Cut-Out Puzzle. My special Committee has been hard at work sorting out the good from the less good, and then re-sorting and re-sorting until the very best of the letters were gathered into a little pile which represented the entries of the lucky winners.

A large number of the replies were correct, so far as the puzzle was concerned, and it then became my duty to decide the prize-winners on the basis of the hand-writing and general neatness and appearance of the entries according to the age of the contestant. Many of the children did not give their ages, which made it difficult to include them, though by far the most of them realized how necessary it was that they should say how old they were. The winners of the prizes are of all ages from seven years up to sixteen and I must congratulate all you lucky ones on your success, which was gained through your neatness and care and the arrangement and general appearance of your replies.

This has been a very successful competition, and has created a great deal of interest all over Canada, and I hope that all you boys and girls who did not actually win a prize in this competition, have been able, through your services to "Everywoman's World," to come off very well in the other parts of the contest.

Uncle Peter has competed for a great many different prizes at different times, and it was only just sometimes that he was able to win a prize, but his motto has been "If at first you don't succeed, TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN" and I hope that will be your motto, too.

THE WINNERS

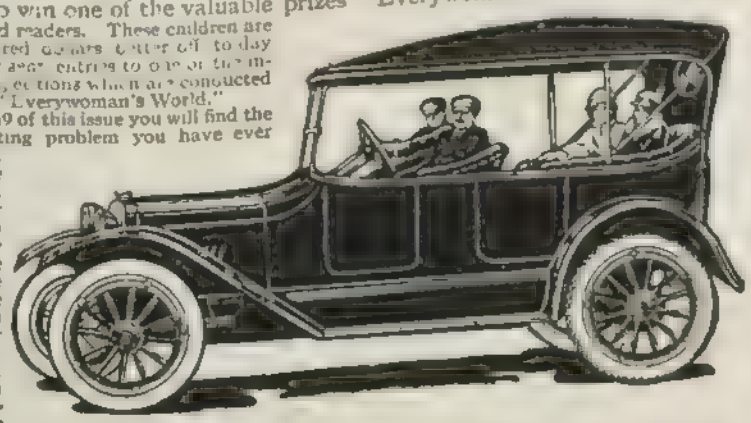
1st	Prize	Cecilia Smith, Edmonton, Alta., Shetland Pony and Cart, or $150.00 Cash	Hamilton, Ont.
2nd	"	Elizabeth Oliver	Montreal, Que.
3rd	"	Elwin Smith	Toronto, Ont.
4th	"	Laurene Sleughter	Toronto, Ont.
5th	"	Estelle Quaill	Coldwater, Ont.
6th	"	Bert Way	Grand Forks, B.C.
7th	"	Harriet Stephens	Kingston, Ont.
8th	"	Mary Hayes	Regina, Sask.
9th	"	Edward D. Shaw	Buctouche, N.B.
10th	"	Elise Melanson	Winnipeg, Man.
11th	"	Winnie Cook	Regina, Sask.
12th	"	Murray L. Tasker	Sault Ste. Marie
13th	"	George Morrison	Lynn Creek, B.C.
14th	"	Emma Thorstineon	Minto, Man.
15th	"	Bobbie Wark	Glarneauville, Alta.
16th	"	Norma Billow	Winnipeg, Man.
17th	"	David Lockie	River de Chute, N.B.
18th	"	K. E. Jones	Brockville, Ont.
19th	"	Dorothy Sturgeon	Glace Bay, N.S.
20th	"	Bridget Hanrahan	Glanworth, Ont.
21st	"	Kathleen Wheeler	Sedgewick, Alta.
22nd	"	Bertha Doughty	Ratcliffe, Sask.
23rd	"	Clara Bergum	Acton, Ont.
24th	"	Beatrice Pearin	Calgary, Alta.
25th	"	Samuel Nicholson	Kaslo, B.C.
26th	"	Patrick C. Patey	Michel, B.C.
27th	"	Winnifred G. Dawe	Consecon, Ont.
28th	"	Melinda Reddick	Belmont, N.S.
29th	"	Rachael Staples	Copper Cliff, Ont.
30th	"	Winnie Heal	Woodstock, Ont.
31st	"	Selinda Bertrand	Petrolea, Ont.
32nd	"	Roslyn Keyes	Sydney, N.S.
33rd	"	Tom Grantmeyer	New Savannah, B W.I.
34th	"	Georginna Read	Cralk, Sask.
35th	"	Albert Petersen	Toronto, Ont.
36th	"	Margaret Shaw	Vermilion, Alta.
37th	"	H. Lyle Lubahn	Montreal, Que.
38th	"	Olive Norton	Ethel, Ont.
39th	"	Burton MacDonald	Westmount, Que
40th	"	John Buyers	Highland Creek, Ont.
41st	"	Frank Thompson	Salmo, B.C.
42nd	"	Lila Grutchfield	Montreal, Que.
43rd	"	Chester Adams	Prussia, Sask.
44th	"	Mabel Plummer	Calgary, Alta.
45th	"	D. E. Nelson	Picton, Ont.
46th	"	Harry Welsh	Hamilton, Ont.
47th	"	Evender Vanderlip	Petersville Church, N B.
48th	"	James E. Wilmot	Throne, Alta.
49th	"	Corlinda Watson	Brattleboro, U.S.A.
50th	"	Olga V. Clark	

We Will Give Away These Two Magnificent 1918 Cars

Any of the bright lads or lassies whose names appear above could tell you how easy it is to win one of the valuable prizes "Everywoman's World" offers to its friends and readers. These children are already hundred dollars richer to-day because they sent entries to one of the interesting competitions which are conducted to advertise "Everywoman's World."

On page 49 of this issue you will find the most interesting problem you have ever tried to solve.

If you like puzzles and are clever enough to solve this one you may share in one of the greatest prize distributions we have ever conducted. Turn to it now. Can you solve the problem that is puzzling this moving picture audience?



The first prize is this magnificent 1918 Model Chevrolet Touring Car or $750.00 cash.* The second prize is a 1918 Ford Touring Car or $495.00 cash. Hundreds of dollars in other fine cash prizes are also to be given.

This is your opportunity! Send your solution of the puzzling problem to-day!

*The price of the Chevrolet Touring Car has been advanced to $825.00 since we listed this Car as our first prize.

Delicious, Nutritious!

Give the little ones all the Junket they want, because it is not only a light, dainty dessert that they "love," but it is also most nourishing.

It is actually better for them than milk, because it is milk in ideal form.

Junket
MADE *with* MILK

It is eaten with a spoon, more slowly than milk. But more important, the Junket Tablet coagulates the milk, preparing it for easy and complete digestion exactly as it should be prepared in and by the stomach.

Send 3c and your dealer's name, for Recipe Booklet and Samples (enough for 12 dishes) or 12c for full package.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory
Dept. B, Toronto, Ont.

A Darling Garment for Your Darling Baby

Turnbull's "M" Bands are really a necessity for every infant from the date of its birth—not only do they make the little baby more comfortable but they save the mother a great deal of work and worry.

They are made from only the softest, purest and cleanest Australian merino wool, with linen tapes over the shoulders attached at the front and back to which the diaper is pinned. The wool keeps the baby nice, warm and comfy, holding the diaper firmly in place all the time, no matter how active the baby may be.

Every mother we know of who has tried these Turnbull "M" Bands has become very enthusiastic and always comes back for more.

Read what these Mothers say:

"Stoneyville, Ont., May 5th, 1916.—After using the "M" Bands for over a month, I write to tell you that I have found them very fine indeed, and would not be without them at any price. Baby seems always comfortable in them."

"Indian Head, Sask., Feb. 14, 1917.—I am writing to tell you how pleased I am with the "M" Bands, and I find them all you claim them to be. I also might say that since my baby has used them her back is always covered, and she is always comfortable. I would not like to be without them."

We can give you hundreds of other testimonials just as strong.

Remember we absolutely guarantee them and if you are not satisfied when you try them, send them back to us and we will return your money.

Sold by the best dry goods shops or direct from us. **Price $1.50 per Box. Each Box contains 3 Garments.** Write to-day giving age of baby.

The C. Turnbull Company of Galt, Limited, Galt, Ontario

TRY THEM—You will Never use Any Other Kind!!!!

Wood Knitting Needles—tough and smooth and with JUST the right degree of pliability. "Knit-Easy" are far ahead of other needles for knitting socks, sweaters, caps and scarves.

Ask Any Dealer "KNIT-EASY"

They never rust—no annoying click

Get a pair at once, and see how much easier the work becomes. "Knit-Easy" needles improve with use. If your dealer does not sell them write direct

Ker Woodturning Limited,
138 Pears Ave., Toronto, Ont.

25 Cents A Set with End Protectors

Eliminate Guesswork and Practise Real Economy

Every Housewife should be familiar with the Egg-O tin.

Use a level teaspoon of Egg-O to each cup of flour.

You can eliminate guesswork and practise real economy by using

EGG-O Baking Powder

In these days of rising costs, where sugar, flour and other expensive ingredients are involved, you cannot afford to use a baking powder that is less than perfect; and, in the face of war-time necessity of conservation of food, it is your patriotic duty to exercise the greatest economy and to eliminate all waste.

With Egg-O Baking Powder your results will be success and economy combined; not only good baking but actually better baking than you have ever had before, and with decidedly less expense.

Egg-O Recipe Book FREE

Buy a tin of Egg-O Baking Powder from your grocer to-day: Send us the coupon from the can and we will mail you free a copy of the Egg-O Book of Reliable Recipes which contains many more clever recipes for just the dishes you would like to make at this time

Sample Tin 10 Cents

If your grocer does not sell Egg-O, send us 10 cents and your grocer's name and we will send you a trial tin (½ lb. net weight) of Egg-O Baking Powder and the Book of Reliable Recipes as well

Egg-O Baking Powder Co.

LIMITED

Hamilton : Ontario

$41.90 In One Month!

THAT IS Mrs. P. L. Brown's *spare time* earnings for a single month—and she is a very busy woman with innumerable home duties to attend to. Mrs. Brown is the wife of an officer who is valiantly serving his country on the battlefields of Europe. With true Canadian spirit she determined to augment her regular income by usefully and profitably employing her spare time.

MRS. P. L. BROWN

Our plan gave her the opportunity. It took but very little of the spare time that might otherwise have been wasted to turn the opportunity to profit.

Let Us Buy Your Spare Time

We want you to represent us in your own neighborhood, in your own home, among your own friends. We will pay you a liberal monthly salary and commission for your spare time.

Turn your spare time into money! Let us show you how you can do it.

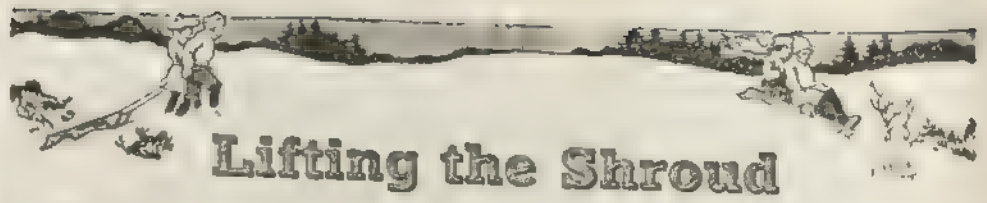
MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

Continental Publishing Co., Limited,
Toronto, Canada.

I would like to know, without obligating myself in any way, how much you will pay me for my spare time.

Name.....

Address.....



Lifting the Shroud

The Second Article in Everywoman's World Campaign to Lift the Shroud of Ignorance from the Dreadful Social Disease so that the People May be Safeguarded

By Mrs. DONALD SHAW

BY way of introduction, in my article of January, I dealt in a wide and general sense with the subject of venereal diseases—a subject which is just now occupying the attention of doctors and sociologists to an extent never before known in the history of the world. Since the publication of that article considerable developments have taken place as regards action in Canada in dealing with the subjection and control of diseases which threaten to undermine the health and sanity of the Dominion unless drastically handled.

It has been announced that the Ontario Legislature will be asked by the Government at the forthcoming session to pass laws which will permit the evils responsible for the appalling increase in these diseases to be attacked more directly and effectively than heretofore has been possible.

The Saskatchewan Public Health Commissioner, some time ago, took the lead in the campaign by including venereal diseases in the contagious and infectious classes, and thus requiring compulsory reporting.

Across the border a dozen States already have regulations for compulsory reporting of such cases, but, as a rule, these regulations are all valueless because a system of simultaneously handling such cases is so far undeveloped.

Letting in the Light

WAR conditions, which have brought to public light the overpowering facts relative to the prevalence of social diseases, have made it plain that the right education is urgently needed on this subject. There has been widespread enquiry for the information, and Everywoman's World assumes the burden of the delicate and perhaps thankless task of supplying it in the nicest, purest and best possible form. We have had the most exhaustive and careful research made in order that we may be able to give to Canadian parents the information that will be helpful to them—either in the safeguarding of their own homes, or in the broader interests of community work.

Leads in the Campaign

GREAT BRITAIN has taken the lead in the campaign, and following the report of the British Commission on Venereal Diseases, Lord Rhonddha carried through a scheme whereby every English county is required to have a system of reporting such cases, and also to provide free clinics and treatment, the expenses of which are shared between the local government boards and the Government. Reports showed that 3,000,000 cases had been treated in Great Britain alone, which naturally proved the necessity of drastic measures.

The Ontario Government has lately appointed a special commissioner, Mr. Justice Hodgins, to report upon Venereal Disease in this province, and to recommend a course of action.

So it is evident that everywhere steps are being taken to deal with the matter on sane and practical lines; the carrying out of any schemes ratified for Canada's ultimate freedom and salvation from venereal diseases depends upon the whole and hearty co-operation of every rational man and woman in the Dominion.

The War Not Responsible

MANY people are tempted to blame the war for the present appalling statistics regarding the increase in such diseases and the menace to the health of every nation; they imagine that military service and conditions have been responsible for bringing about the state of affairs which is now known to exist. As a matter of fact, this idea is wrong from start to finish. The war, so far from proving an evil, has proven a blessing in this instance, as it has, for the first time in history, enabled medical authorities to ascertain and locate the real sources of trouble and to estimate the extent of the evil, and its origin and results.

Under military discipline, no infected man can hope to disguise his condition for more than a few weeks at the most, and he is immediately subjected to strict isolation and steady treatment from the moment he is diagnosed as suffering from one form or another of venereal disease; whereas a member of the civilian population may disguise his or her condition from even experienced medical knowledge for years, and during that time may disseminate the germs of disease broadcast.

A series of articles on social diseases has been published just recently in a leading Toronto daily newspaper—the articles having been written by Dr. C. K. Clarke, Medical Director of the Toronto General Hospital, and they deal exhaustively and very simply with this subject. In one of these articles he states that:—

"A great deal has been written and said of the menace of the returned soldier to the public, but as a matter of fact, it is the civil population that is responsible to the greater degree for the propagation of social diseases. The soldier is under daily inspection and the military authorities are awake to the seriousness of the situation." I also know as a fact that a large number of soldiers went overseas in an infected condition.

Statistics for Toronto

THE following brief facts may prove to what an extent venereal diseases are rampant in the City of Toronto alone—I have statistics regarding cities in Canada and the United States which will parallel them.

Twelve to fourteen per cent. of the patients admitted into the Toronto General Hospital in one year proved to be suffering from venereal diseases, either inherited or acquired. Sixty-six per cent. of these cases were not previously suspected as suffering from such diseases.

Out of a total of 329 operations performed in the special ward of the General Hospital set apart for the treatment of such diseases, over twelve per cent. were undertaken for the relief of conditions due to venereal infection. Six hundred and seventy-three syphilitic patients made 10,184 visits to the clinic during that time, forming fourteen per cent. of the total outdoor attendance. Of these 349 were males and 324 females.

A Christmas gathering in 1917 at the same institution, included ten little girls ranging in age from five to ten years who occupied a special bench—they represented a class of twenty-five sufferers who had been admitted within twelve months to the hospital as victims of venereal diseases; in the majority of instances, they had been infected by their parents. Boys of 10 and 12 are also under treatment at this moment.

New York's Statistics

IN the report of the New York City Department of Health for 1914, the following details are given:—

Of Syphilis 21,155 cases were admitted; of Gonorrhoea, 9,526; of Chancroid, 517.

In tracing out the history of 11,389 patients who attended the clinics it was proven that 70 per cent. of the infection was brought about through the public prostitute, and 2.5 per cent. was due to wedlock. The department claims that there is as much syphilis as tuberculosis in New York; most hospitals can prove that a deplorably large number of the abdominal operations performed upon women are necessitated through venereal infection in one form or another.

All experts agree that the real crux of the matter lies in education; education of the man, the woman and the child in the real facts of racial health and happiness, for happiness and health arise only out of strict adherence to morality and hygiene.

EVERYONE will desire to read the next article in this series, which deals with guarding against dangers to adolescent boys and girls. It will be ably treated by Dr. Chas. J. Hastings, Medical Health Officer for Toronto, and a highly respected family physician.

THOS. CLAXTON LIMITED
Are Specialists in all things musical. Write to-day for their free Catalogue of "Musical Treasures."
The New Edison Phonograph
Columbia Grafonolas, Holton, Besson, Couesnon and Claxton Band Instruments.
Ludwig Drums and Traps. Moya, Curatoli, Chadwick Violins.
Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos. Everything in music.
Ask about our Free Trial Offer.
THOS. CLAXTON LIMITED
251 Yonge St., TORONTO

LEARN MUSIC AT HOME!
PLAY by NOTE
Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Harp, 'Cello, Trombone, Flute, Clarinet, Piccolo, Saxophone, Ukulele, Sight Singing
Music no longer difficult! New plan makes it easy to learn by home study. Positively easier than with private teacher. Faster progress. You will be able to play your favorite instrument in a few short months! More than 200,000 men, women and children have learned by our method. You, too, can learn in your spare time. We guarantee it.
H. S. Whitt
Lessons FREE
We want to have one pupil in each locality at once. To the first who writes for our booklet, advertising our method, we will give absolutely free and without charge a complete course of lessons. This offer is made only to introduce our method and secure a few pupils. Write for booklet and particulars of our free lesson offer. Do it now. Address as below.
C. N. Potts
U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
10 Brunswick Bldg. New York City

FREE!!
Big Doll and Doll Carriage, Birthday Pendant and Ring.
GIRLS—Here is the greatest prize offer ever made in Canada. The doll is simply exquisite. She is over 20 inches tall and has beautiful curly hair and lovliest clothes imaginable. She is fully jointed so that she can sit down or move around in almost any position. The big handsome Go Cart is lovely enough for a real baby. It has rubber tired wheels and a folding hood to protect dolly from the sun and best of all, it can be folded right up tight when it is not in use.
You and all your friends will just be delighted with the beautiful gold finished birthday Pendant and Chain and the lovely ring we send you. The pendant is the newest style, handsomely engraved, set with a sparkling birthstone jewel with a nice pearlet drop and if you will tell us the month of your birth your pendant will have your own birthstone in it. The ring is genuine gold filled and is set with five lovely sparkling manufactured jewels that glisten like diamonds.
Girls we offer these beautiful presents in order to obtain agents to help us quickly introduce "Daintees" our delightful new Whipped Cream Candy Coated Breathlets. Write to-day and we will send you FREE a big 10 cent package of "Daintees" to try yourself, and just 25 large handsome packages to introduce among your friends. You will sell them instantly by opening your sample package and asking your friends to try them. Everyone will buy a package or two because they cannot resist the delicious flavor. Two or three Daintees will perfume the breath, cleanse the mouth and leave a lasting fragrance.
Return our $2.50 when the "Daintees" are sold and we will promptly send you all charges prepaid the beautiful birthstone pendant and ring just as represented and the lovely doll with her fine go-cart too, you can also receive all without selling any more goods, by simply showing your grand presents to your friends and getting only five of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.
Don't delay girls. Write today and in a short time all these lovely presents will be yours. Address 9B
THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. K.
Toronto, Canada.

STAMMERING
or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA

Kingston

(Continued from page 27)

of Government should not be permanently located there—a decision of course most unwelcome to the citizens. For some time after this decision depression, both social and financial, prevailed in the City. Her brief dream of metropolitan pre-eminence had vanished, and in 1859 the Royal choice fixed the capital permanently at Ottawa.

Studded with forts, large and small, Kingston gives the visitor an impression of being strongly fortified. From the top of Barriefield Heights the bristling guns of Fort Henry can be seen. Another set of guns on the crest of Fort Frederick keeps guard over the city. Right in front of the harbor, its feet in the blue waters of the lake stands a bellicose looking castle, called the Martello Tower. Again, to the west of the City, at Macdonald Park, is another fortification with its drawbridge and moat. Still standing, to the north of the City are two blockhouses, while others may be seen at Kingston Mills and on the Perth Road.

Between Barriefield Heights and the City a little cape runs out into the Bay. On this cape stands the Dominion famous Royal Military College. The site of the College was once a naval dockyard, and it is probably from this circumstance that Navy Bay received its name.

There are some very comfortable and even palatial homes to be found in the Limestone City. The old residences of Sir John Macdonald, Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir Richard Cartwright, and other such men who have made history, are interesting old places to visit. The remains of these men lie in Cataraqui Cemetery (three miles from Kingston), but their deeds will live on to honor their native city, and to prove that she has produced some nation builders.

There is not perhaps a city in Central Canada, that has such an ideal location as Kingston, standing as it does, almost at the extreme east end of beautiful Lake Ontario at its juncture with the St. Lawrence. It might properly be called the gateway of the Thousand Islands. Hundreds of tourists and excursionists pass the port on a holiday jaunt each week during the summer months—going from the upper lake ports to Montreal or through the islands. The Cataraqui River, which is now the southern end of the Rideau Canal, connects the city with the Dominion Capital. To the west, the clear waters of Lake Ontario leave the view to the horizon unobstructed. Some three miles to the south is seen the pretty and productive Wolfe Island. It is twenty miles long, and a great many splendid farms make a good living for those who will work them. The pleasure seeker often makes an excursion trip there to fish, etc.; others prefer to take a trip up the Rideau, or to the Bay of Quinte, or perhaps across the lake to the American town of Cape Vincent.

Commercially also Kingston is excellently located. Its harbor is alive with fleets of vessels coming down from the Upper Lakes. All the largest steamers, pleasure or freight, plying on the St. Lawrence and the eastern end of the lake, call at the port. Three lines of railway, the C.P.R., the Grand Trunk, and the Canadian Northern provide excellent railway facilities.

Industrial Centre

As a manufacturing centre, the City is not to be forgotten. The largest mercantile concern is the Canadian Locomotive Co., which turns out scores of huge Mogul engines, now running all over Canada. There is also a knitting mill, textile mill, tannery, two drydocks, a foundry, two grain elevators, two flour mills, and iron smelters.

As an educational centre, Kingston ranks high. In war time everything military takes precedence over things civil, and so the Royal Military College is now looked upon as the chief school of learning there. It has sent out into the world some very fine specimens of Canadian soldiers. Cadets come from far and near to imbibe its teaching.

A much wider field is covered by Queen's University, which also enjoys a wide and distinguished reputation. In many places and many walks of life are to be found graduates of Queens'. Proud is he who is able to claim her as his alma mater. The Regiopolis College is a Roman Catholic institution, and is as yet, a small one. Kingston has a very good Collegiate Institute, a business college and a Government dairy school. The public and separate schools compare favorably with those of other places.

In round figures, the population of Kingston is about 20,000, from which it is evident that the city has not grown very fast. It has favorable conditions in more ways than one. There is a feeling of optimism and if this were more widespread among its residents, the oldest city in Upper Canada would be a much larger place than it is at present.

Lifting the Shroud: A Reminder

IT HAS ever been for *Everywoman's World* to lead in thought and action for Canadian women. Of late the call has come to us from thousands of our readers to undertake to lift the shroud of ignorance from the awful social diseases which lurk everywhere unseen.

True to our obligation to our readers, we have taken up the task—a delicate and thankless one, perhaps! We need the encouragement of every reader in this invaluable work. We need encouragement from you. Write and tell us of your interest in the series of articles—(five more) as announced on "The Ground Floor," page 1, this month,

"Letting in the Light."

To supplement the little that can judiciously be published in *Everywoman's World*, we have printed a special booklet for distribution to *Everywoman's World* readers *only*, giving all of the information that any parent or young person will want or need to know to protect themselves and loved ones from the dreadful venereal diseases that have been so common everywhere.

We have entitled this little brochure "Letting in the Light." It treats its subject in four chapters, from four points of view:

1st. By way of Introducing the Subject, by the Editor of *Everywoman's World*.

2nd. From the Mother's Point of View, by Mrs. Jean Blewett.

3rd. The Family Doctor's Counsel, by Dr. W. F. Plewes, M.D.

4th. The Vital Statistics on Social Diseases, by a leading Specialist of Toronto General Hospital.

This *invaluable* booklet will be sent to any *Everywoman's World* reader for the nominal price of only 25 cents to cover cost of publication and postage. Only a *limited edition* is being printed. *Send at once* for your copy. You will find it to be the *most vitally interesting exposition of the truth* in this grave matter that has ever come to your attention—the truth *beautifully and wholesomely told.*

SENT FREE with any new or renewal subscription to *Everywoman's World*. See coupon at bottom of page 1 this month.

Continental Publishing Co., Limited
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA
PUBLISHERS
Everywoman's World, Canada's Great Home Magazine
Rural Canada, Canada's Great Farm Magazine, and
Everywoman's Storekeepers—a Supplement for the Retail Trade

FREE TO GIRLS

We will give this beautiful prize free of all charge to any girl or young lady who will sell 27 of our lovely big 16 x 20 inch coloured pictures at 15 cents each. They are wanted in every home and you can sell them easily.
The extension Bracelet is of rolled gold plate and fits any arm.
Send us your name and we will send you the Pictures. When sold, send us the money and we will send you the bracelet. Address
HOMER-WARREN CO.
DEPT. P 6 TORONTO, ONT.

NO Backaches or Headaches
Need result from your weekly washing if you follow the practice of thousands of Canadian women who use
THE CONNOR BALL BEARING WASHER
For big or little washes you need this easy working machine. Your clothes will be pure white—require no hand rubbing and you will be all through in the mornings. Send us a postcard or letter for booklet describing the Connor Ball Bearing Washer.
J. H. Connor & Sons,
Ottawa, - Ont.

130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both for $15.75
If ordered together we send both machines for only $15.75 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometer, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Ten year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of $15.75 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today—or send in your order and save time.
FREIGHT AND DUTY PAID
Write us today. Don't delay
WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 212 Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

What Keeps Stenographers' Salaries Down?

The Secret of Increased Salaries

DID you ever stop to think how important is the part the stenographer plays in modern business?

Suppose all the stenographers were to go on a strike to-morrow! Can you conceive the effect? Business would be paralyzed. Everywhere there would result hopeless confusion and delay—tremendous losses. The truth is that, in the conduct of modern business, the stenographer is absolutely essential.

Why is it, then, that the majority of them are so poorly paid? Why is it that the average stenographer, who is so vital a factor in business, makes only $8 to $15 weekly? To find the answer, we must go back to the reason for the invention of the typewriter itself.

Typewriters were invented to meet the need for greater transcribing speed—to provide a means of reducing the cost of correspondence, and of saving time. At first, any stenographer and typist could command a big salary, because almost any kind of operator could beat the old-fashioned longhand. But soon there were many operators, and the law of supply and demand cut the average stenographer's salary to a mere pittance.

But just as the first typists years ago were able to command high wages, so now those who can write proportionately faster than the average can still command the big salaries. For the same demand exists to-day which caused the invention of the typewriter itself. What employers are seeking is real efficiency in producing finished work.

The average stenographer typewrites from thirty to fifty words a minute, and draws anywhere from $8 to $15 a week salary. The trained expert writes eighty to one hundred words a minute, and often draws $25, $35, and even $40 weekly. And employers are glad to pay the higher wage, because they find it is genuine economy to do so.

The trouble in the past, from the stenographer's standpoint, has been that there was no successful method of securing high speed and accuracy in typewriting. It remained for R. E. Tulloss, who was one of the pioneers in developing speed—typewriting ability—and who is known the country over as among the greatest typewriting authorities of the present day, recently to invent a New Way in Typewriting—a method which enables any stenographer to write eighty to one hundred words a minute. Already thousands of stenographers have adopted the new method, with results bordering almost on the miraculous. Many of them were so-called "touch writers;" others, after years of fruitless effort, had practically given up hope of ever attaining more than merely average ability; many had taken other courses, with no marked increase in speed—yet, practically without exception, they all have developed the remarkable speed of eighty to one hundred accurate words a minute—and have joined the high-salaried experts.

They have been able to do this because this new way is based upon a radically different idea—an idea which, in musical training, goes back to the great old masters of Europe, but which is entirely new in its application to typewriting.

Mr. Tulloss says that the reason most stenographers can't typewrite faster is simply because their fingers have never been trained to be dextrous and nimble—as, of course, they must be in order to write easily at high speed. He says that if it is important to train the fingers gymnastically for piano-playing, it is doubly essential to train them in this way for the typewriter. So he has developed a system of gymnastic finger-exercises to be practised away from the machine, which authorities say is the greatest advance since the invention of the typewriter itself. In actual use it is producing results in days which ordinary methods have never been able to produce even in months of steady practice. In addition, the New Way Course includes a startling new system of simple machine practice and a complete course in Private Secretarial Training. The salary increases resulting from the study of the New Way have been exactly in accordance with facts stated above—the high speed reached has often brought salaries of $25, $30, and even $40 weekly.

A very interesting 32-page book called "The New Way in Typewriting," explains this wonderful system in detail, and tells how it is being taught direct by mail to students in every part of the country. A copy of this book will be mailed free to every reader of Everywoman's World, if the request is made promptly to the Tulloss School, 5742 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio.

If you are in any way interested in this latest development of the typewriting situation, which is bringing big pay and new opportunities to thousands of formerly underpaid stenographers, I can only urge you to send for this book to-day.

E-B-EDDY TALKS

Because of the continually rising costs of zinc, tin, galvanized iron, etc., used in the manufacture of many household necessities, Fibreware has come into increasing prominence for tubs, pails, washboards and many other articles of household use.

Indurated Fibreware

is made at our plant at Hull, the only Fibreware Factory in Canada. The cost compares favorably with tin or galvanized ironware and gives five or six times as long service. This tub is equally useful for Baby's Bath or the weekly washing, and it is much more smooth to baby's tender skin than an icy-cold tin tub.

Sold by grocers, hardware dealers and at general stores everywhere.

E. B. EDDY COMPANY, LIMITED

HULL 1851 - 1918 CANADA

Organized Food Conservation

(*Continued from page 7*)

dietician at the Sherbourne House Club, Toronto, tells of having butterless days except on meatless days; of always serving brown sugar as well as white; of having desserts which can be made with brown sugar and of doing away with lemon pies and other deserts that demand white sugar. Bacon is rarely if ever used at the Sherbourne House Club. Few fried dishes are served but plenty of fish and fresh vegetables. Corn bread and brown flour biscuits are served often and brown bread is used at all meals. Nothing is wasted.

The director of domestic economy at the General Hospital, Guelph, another Macdonald graduate, writes:

"In a hospital it is somewhat difficult to omit certain articles of diet as sick people's appetites must be pampered, but we have tried in every way possible to aid in food conservation in regard to the nurses, help and staff. For bacon at breakfast, we have substituted pancakes (in which we use our stale bread and cake), muffins (cornmeal and graham, etc.), eggs and toast and jam. Tuesdays and Fridays we have fish for dinner. On these days we usually serve beans or cheese in some form. The beef dripping that used to be sent to the soap works we have clarified and use in making pie crust, thus saving the expense of buying lard."

Exit Cakes and Ices

A SUPERVISOR of household science in Moose Jaw has managed to achieve a great deal by persistent and resourceful work along the lines of food conservation. As secretary of the local Food Economy Committee, she has helped in the distribution of pledge cards, and indeed, in all the work of the organization. She has given talks in the city on the subject of food conservation. All her cookery lessons deal in one way or other with the subject and the children in the art classes make food economy posters. In her own home she uses neither beef nor bacon. Fowl, eggs and milk are used more than formerly. No cake is eaten and icing of any kind is a thing of the past.

The Matron of the Hospital for the Insane, Hamilton, writes: "I was in charge of food supplies and marked out a ratio per capita. We allotted the daily food. I frequently gave talks to cooks and housemaids on the care of left-over foods and the avoidance of waste. I now instruct the graduating nurses in dietitics—both in lectures and practical lessons, and am enabled to urge upon my class the need of great economy in the preparation of food."

The supervisor of household science in the public schools of Regina, Sask., has helped by instituting a children's campaign in the schools against waste in food, clothing, school supplies, etc., and has emphasized the idea that it is vulgar and ignorant to leave crusts, or to waste sugar. She is making rye bread and helping her neighbors to make it. She is giving public demonstrations on war bread and is encouraging the girls in every grade to make it both in school and at home.

An instructor in household science at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, tells of giving addresses on food conservation and of experimenting with food substitutes in the home kitchen during her vacation, giving her neighbors the benefit of her experiences and explaining to them the best methods of raising and canning fruit and vegetables. During September she visited thirteen school fairs in Quebec and spoke at a number of them on the necessity for canning perishable fruits and vegetables for winter use. Since then, in teaching she has consistently emphasised the use of substitutes for meats and wheat and has addressed meetings on food conservation in Montreal and Quebec. Every month she writes on food economy and the work of the Food Controller's office for the Journal of Agriculture.

Miss M. D. L. Snellie, Deputy Clerk and Deputy Local Registrar for the district of Thunder Bay, described her work, which has included addresses, demonstrations on fruit and vegetable canning, and newspaper articles.

She got out a pamphlet on the drying and storing of vegetables and fruits directly the Food Controller put the embargo on canned vegetables. She also helped in the distribution of pledge cards and appealed to the Board of Education to have domestic science teaching directed along food conservation lines.

What these graduates of Macdonald Institute have done other Canadian women can do. The example they have set to other women, the tenets they have spread, are the result of the economy of careful training greatly intensified by the needs of war. It is all summed up in the Food Controller's appeal. It is the duty of every Canadian woman to answer that appeal by practical effort.

ARE YOU READY

with some Zam-Buk on hand in case of accidents? We all know what serious results often follow minor injuries.

When Zam-Buk is applied to a wound it immediately destroys all harmful germs and extracts all poisonous matter, and thus removes all danger from festering or blood-poisoning. Zam-Buk's soothing herbal extracts end the pain and banish the soreness. Then the healing essences in this famous balm grow new, healthy skin.

A box of Zam-Buk kept handy, both in the home and at work, will save much suffering and loss of time and money. 50c box, 3 for $1.25. All druggists and stores, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Send 1c stamp for postage on free trial box

ZAM-BUK

FREE TO GIRLS

This Locket and Chain is good enough for any girl or lady to wear. It is a little beauty, gold filled, and the chain is 15 inches long.

If you will sell 30 packages of our lovely embossed St. Patrick and Easter Post Cards at 10 cents a package, we will send you the locket and chain with all charges prepaid.

Send us your name and address and we will send you the cards to sell. You pay for them after they are sold.

HOMER-WARREN CO.
DEPT. C 7 TORONTO

Club Feet

Little Robert Taylor was born with deformed feet. Plaster paris casts were used without success—so he was brought to the McLain sanitarium. His parents' letter tells the story:

"We are more than thankful for what you have done for little Robert's feet. Of course, his feet are terribly scarred from the plaster casts, but there are no scars from your work on him. His feet are so straight; and he runs, jumps and does anything any other boy can do.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN V. TAYLOR,
201 Coulter Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal."

This is not a selected case—neither is the result unusual. In correcting this deformity no plaster paris or general anaesthesia was used.

CRIPPLED CHILDREN

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of children and young adults afflicted with Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Curvature, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References", free on request. Write for them.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium,
978 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Don't Wear a Truss

BROOKS' APPLIANCE, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

C. E. BROOKS, 228B STATE STREET, MARSHALL, MICH

SHORTHAND
World's Greatest System

Easy—Speedy—Practical. Boyd Syllabic System—latest revised. New Principle—no "shading"—no "ruled" lines—no "cold" notes. 100 to 150 words a minute guaranteed. Learned at home in 30 days. Best System for Civil Service. Touch Typewriting FREE. Send today for Catalog and Special Offer.

CHICAGO HOME STUDY SCHOOLS,
534 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.

The New After the War Home

How are You Helping to Establish It?

By Dr. HELEN MACMURCHY

RECONSTRUCTION is coming. There is a Minister in the Canadian Union Government charged with re-construction. There is a Minister of Reconstruction in the British Government. Reconstruction means, in brief, that everyone must have a chance to do his and her best —that everyone who will work must have a more happy, comfortable, suitable home, and a living wage—a wage that will enable the man to support, in suitable comfort and decency, a real home where he and his wife and children can be safe and happy, with some of the refinement and enjoyment as well as the necessaries of life—a home where the children can be supported while they are being reared and educated. When the children are old enough and have had sufficient training and apprenticeship to join the wage-earners, then they should have a sufficient wage to enable them to pay their share of the household expense, and in due time, when their age and skill and industry warrant it, to set up new homes of their own.

The Saving of the Race

From London "Punch"

Industrial War, Real Estate Robbery, the accumulation of an enormous fortune, or an immense estate, or an overshadowing monoply by one man or a few men, who take not only their own share of wealth, but the share that rightfully belongs to others, have not succeeded in giving everybody a fair chance for a happy home. Perhaps War and Want will teach us lessons which Peace and Plenty have failed to drive into our dense heads and hard hearts. We may re-discover the real joys of life, we may listen again to the natural feelings of the human heart. We may recognize what we were made for. We may listen to the voice, long silent, too wise to speak to deaf ears, too precious to be wasted on the wind, the voice that would save us from selfish isolation, and warn us that it is better to bear fruit than to wither, and better to see our own children's golden hair than our own golden coins.

"I have a splendid farm and money enough," said a rich man yesterday, "but when I go into a little house, no matter how poor it is, and see a clean kitchen and a happy mother and some nice children, I feel that I have nothing."

Sunny Town is not more than thirty miles from where this magazine is published. There are seven farms right round Sunny Town owned and worked by Canadians of the second or third generation, respectable, decent, God-fearing, Protestant people. Their parents were the salt of the earth. So are most of the second or third generation. They have all the qualifications for parenthood, but they have no children. They never married. One of them is the rich farmer who said yesterday, "I feel that I have nothing." Nor has he. His hair, what there is left of it, is silvering. Who will cheer his old age? Who will comfort his declining years? Who will keep him in touch with the joys and ambitions and hopes of youth? Who will make him feel young and happy? Who will persuade him to be as fond of the world and as friendly to it as when he was a boy himself? No one. He has nothing.

To this poor wealthy farmer comes sometimes as a visitor, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church—jolly, friendly, witty; he is a welcome guest. He never fails to tell the farmer before he takes his leave that he has a nice young couple in his flock who, with the priest's help, will be able to buy that rich farm and settle on it with their six children. "Just wait a few years, you won't want to keep on farming much longer, and this farm is a place for a family anyway. There ought to be a lot of children on this farm. I know just a young couple for it, and I have another couple ready for the next farm." There is many a true word spoken in jest. The Reverend Father is a wise man. The Church to which he belongs takes an active and skilful interest in the establishment of new homes.

There is another still more ancient ecclesiastical organization that is not outdone even by our friends of the Roman Catholic Communion in this matter. The Children of Israel marry early. They often have a home and three or four beautiful children before their Gentile fellow citizens have thought of a home of their own at all. "The Lord make thee like Rachel and like Leah, which two did build the House of Israel." In these words, in the time of Ruth, did her companions express their prayer for a blessing on the bride.

WAR weddings are a good sign for the nation, better than we realize. Some may have been hasty, a few may have been repented of, but after all, natural feelings are the wisest and truest guide. When these young Canadian heroes went to help to save the world for Christ and Civilization they did well to speak their love before saying farewell, perhaps forever. There is many a widowed girl to-day who has not only in her heart the memory of a simple wedding, a short-lived happiness, a lover who died for his dear land, but has in her home a little son or daughter to carry on to another generation the name and memory of a young father who gave his life for his country, and a young mother who was as brave as he.

It is the greatest consolation and compensation that his family and his country can have for that father's loss. And this last gift to his country of a Canadian home and a Canadian baby came from his right, natural, affectionate feeling which he had the courage not to conceal nor suppress. He knew, this hero, that a man should have a home.

Who will repair the ravages of War? The baby. The baby is the sole "enabling authority."

"For, while War all Europe shatters,
You are just the thing that matters.

"For your future men are fighting
In these times of storm and stress,
'Twill be yours to aid in righting
The confusion and the mess
Which the Huns, whose passions blind them,
Seem disposed to leave behind them

"Hercules might well have chucked it,
Think of it, my little man!
Europe to be reconstructed
On a newer, saner plan!
We must help to see you through it,
Since 'tis up to you to do it.

"'Tis our duty now to hustle
Till we make you sound and fit;
Yours to grow in brain and muscle—
Come, old chap, get on with it!
Baby, there's a great time coming,
But you'll have to keep things humming."

It appears that we of the old generation are apt to be inefficient and inactive in the making of new homes. We don't "keep things humming." What a silly spectacle are the average efforts of the community to help a young couple to get married! Public opinion seems to allow this really great occasion, the setting up of a new home, to be disfigured by alleged wit, petty annoyances and awkward horseplay. We have done what we ought not to have done. There is not the tribute of affection and reverence paid to it that there should be. We do not encourage as we should, the making of the New Home. We do not honor the man and maid, and make it easy and pleasant and happy for them. We do not plan for them and speak to them about this, their own new homes, or about the

(*Continued on page 38*)

TRUE ECONOMY

DEMANDS THE USE OF MORE

PURITY FLOUR

There is more actual food value in ONE POUND OF PURITY FLOUR than there is in One Pound of Beef, One Pound of Potatoes and One Pound of Milk COMBINED.

The truly economical housewife must take advantage of this great strength in PURITY FLOUR over other food substances by serving more frequently the delicious bread and rolls, toothsome, dainty cakes and crisp, mouth-melting pastry which are among the possibilities of this perfectly milled product of the world-famous Western Canada wheat.

* * * * * * * *

The Purity Flour Cook Book

180 pages of the latest information on the culinary art. Reviewed and approved by the DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT of the MACDONALD COLLEGE, and furnishing tried and economical instructions on all dishes for all meals. A GENERAL PURPOSE HOUSEWIFE'S REFERENCE BOOK.

Mailed postpaid to any address for 20 cents.

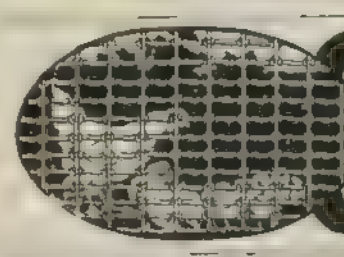
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO . . WINNIPEG

234

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS

The best way to send money by mail. If lost or stolen, your money promptly refunded. $5.00 costs 3 cents.



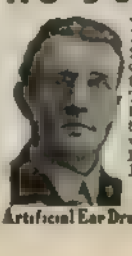
PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE

A Real Fence—Not Netting

Strongly made and correct spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story how I got deaf and how I make you hear.

Medicated Ear Drums
Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

Address, GEO. P. WAY

Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 52 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

To Hang Up Things

Pictures, Photos, Pennants, Draperies, etc., use the world-famous, strong and dainty

Moore Push-Pins

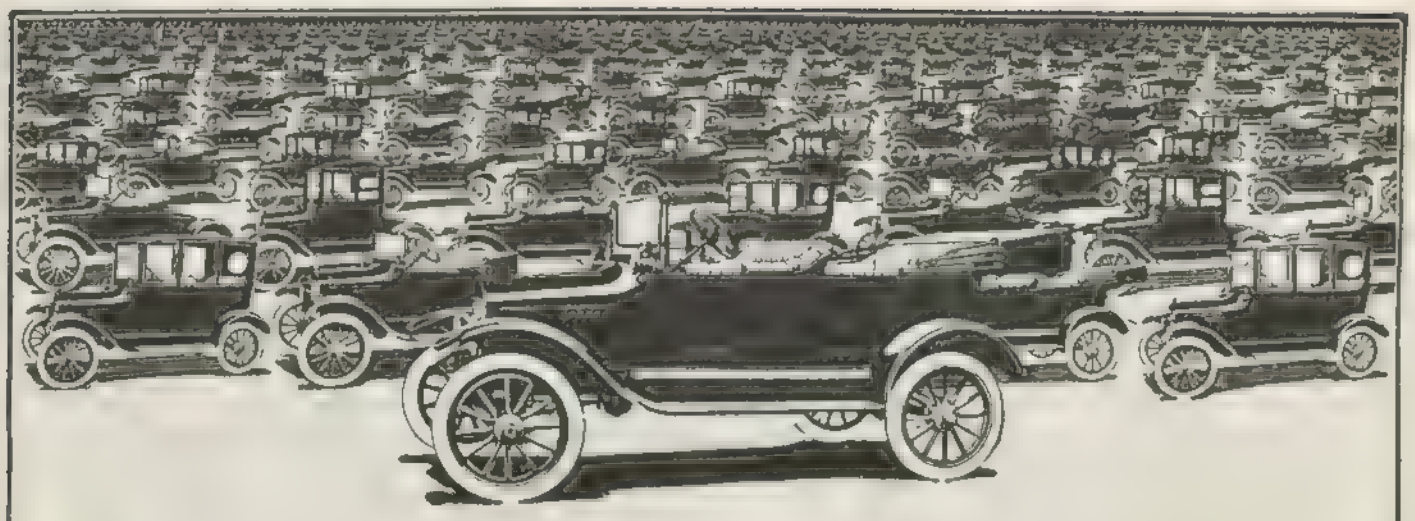
Glass Heads, Steel Points.

Moore Push-less Hangers, *the Hanger with a Twist*, for framed pictures, mirrors, etc.

13c

At Stationery, Hardware, Drug and Photo Supply Stores. Samples and booklet Free. Write Dept. B

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



Over Two Million

MORE than two million Ford cars have been made and sold, and more than 140,000 of this vast number have been "Made in Canada".

The Ford enjoys the largest sale of any motor car, because it represents the greatest motor car value. Its name has always stood for low cost, and the car has everywhere given satisfactory service.

Ford Endurance, Ford Dependability, and Ford Universal Dealer Service have made the Ford car universally popular.

Every third car in Canada today is a Ford. The judgment and decision of 2,000,000 satisfied Ford owners should convince you that the Ford is a superior car, and equal to your needs.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Runabout	-	$475
Touring	- -	$495
Coupe	-	$770
Sedan	- -	$970

F. O. B. FORD, ONT.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Ford, Ontario

For Dust Prevention
USE
DUSTBANE

Use This

When swept ahead of the broom Dustbane prevents dust from rising, and kills all germs. It leaves carpets and floors looking all spic and span—almost like new again!

Order a tin today from your dealer. You will be delighted with the results of your next sweeping!

The danger time!

is when you say, "I can use benzine, naphtha or gasoline because *I* will be careful."

Don't do it—

CARBONA
Cleaning Fluid

—will clean perfectly, without injury to the most delicate fabric or color,

—and Carbona

—cannot explode

It is safe to use day or night.

Guaranteed not to contain Benzine, Naphtha, Gasoline or other inflammable or explosive substance.

15c.—25c.—50c.—$1.00 bottles. At all druggists

Carbona Products Co., 302 West 26th Street, New York, U.S.

The New After the War Home

(*Continued from page 38*)

need of saving money, to buy a lot and a house by and by and have something ahead. We do not count it, as we should, in our calculations about the living wage, that this young man should be able to marry not later than twenty-five, and if he is a good boy and fortunate in his affections, a year or two sooner. We have left undone what we should have done, and what wiser nations do.

No matter how rich he is, the lone lorn man has nothing. Home and children are the real riches, personally as well as nationally.

Is it fair to expect the younger generation to find all this out for themselves. Older civilizations, older ecclesiastical organizations, take more interest in guarding new homes than most Anglo-Saxons and their modern churches do. There seems to be a certain coldness and aloofness and a general tendency to destructive criticism about some of our Western ways. The War, a stern schoolmaster has come to scourge us back with the rod of necessity to a more natural interest in the fundamentals of human life.

AFTER the American Civil War the poet Longfellow, in the "Hanging of the Crane" gave a picture of the ideal New Home and its after history, to persuade his fellow-countrymen to render the greatest service in their power to their country and their race—to make a new home each man for himself.

Men make houses, but women make homes. Half only of our work is done in the world of commerce, or professional life, or industrial or domestic occupation. The other half is to make somebody ready to step into our place when we step out. The only way that we can discharge that obligation, an obligation owed to those who taught us, and put our hands upon our work, is to make a home of our own.

The Baby needs a home. In fact the Baby has ordered a home. As Kipling says of the "Cave-Dwellers"—"They went to another cosier Cave when the Baby came." The Baby is not only the greatest Housing Reformer, but the only Reconstructor who can repair the fearful ravages of the greatest War in history. The Baby is the only hope of the Nation, and the greatest source of happiness to the individual, and the most powerful influence in keeping the home inviolable and happy.

Pray, my friend, could you not help to found and fashion one more New Home? Could you give the boy a little more money for his weekly wage, and drop a word into his ear about his father having been married before he was as old as the boy is now, and that you would—yes, you would, if you were he. Could you not "bring the young people together" in your own village or town or community a little more? Could you not co-operate, or plan, or even scheme so that young Goodbody should have a chance of appearing to advantage before some young lady who is as fine a girl as you ever saw in a day's march?

"Are you married?" said the Principal to the applicant for a vacant position on the staff of his school. "No, Sir, but I would like to be," replied the brave boy promptly. I wonder if those School Trustees paid enough for the new teacher to get married on?

"I don't know what Arthur is thinking of," said Arthur's father piteously to an intimate friend—"I was married long before I was his age. I wonder at him." The friend ascertained that Arthur's father had gone on wondering in silence, with never a word to Arthur about it, and quietly made an opportunity to let Arthur know how his father felt. Arthur was married within six months thereafter. Why did his father remain in silent wonder all these years? Why did he not speak to Arthur himself? Ah, that's it. That is just what we ought to do. Let's begin—you and I.

November Bunny-Club Contest

THE Bunny-Club Contest for November proved to be a very difficult one to judge, as there were such lots of Bunnies who sent in lists of words. Many of the lists were very good, but many of them were quite spoiled by words being put in which did not belong there at all. Lots of Bunnies put in words which had two O's, and I am quite certain that there is only one O in the word "Contentment."

The best lists, according to age, were sent in by the following six Bunnies, to whom prizes are being sent accordingly. New Bunnies may join the Bunny Club by sending in their names, with age and full address, and the admission fee of five cents. A pretty badge will be sent to each new member. The winners for November were:—

Miss Bessie H. Christie, Box 41, Carman, Man.; Miss Gladys Millard, Port Coquitlam, B.C.; Miss Lily Pudas, Port Arthur, Ont.; Miss Lucy Watchorn, Packenham, Ont.; Master Noel McLean, Tisdale, Sask.; Miss L. McCusker, Amulet, Sask.

The Experiment Kitchen

Home Comforts You Will Appreciate

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

EVERYWOMAN'S Experiment Kitchen was instituted some time ago in response to a deeply-felt need. Everywhere there were housekeepers; *almost* everywhere there were dependable tools and devices for the use of those housekeepers. It remained for some good genie to bring them together, to endorse and recommend them to each other, to start them on the road to happy intimacy under the fairest possible auspices.

Such a role could not fail to appeal to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Its possibilities were legion, its need was urgent, its field was immense.

So the Experiment Kitchen came into being. For almost a year it pursued its investigatory way, saying nothing to you about either its plans or its accomplishments. When the time came to say, "Madame Reader, may I present to you the Kettle That Will Not Burn You"—or The Step Stool That Seats You at all Household Tasks—or The Little Coffee Maker that Never Fails—we found our readers gladly responsive. "Delighted to Know You," has been the warm greeting, up and down and across Canada.

"Of course I knew there were all sorts of labor-savers on the market and new helps for housekeepers appearing every day," reads one of the letters of welcome that came to encourage the new department. "But I am always afraid I shall buy worthless or faddy things, in my anxiety to equip myself more efficiently, because, you know, there are always so many gim-cracks!"

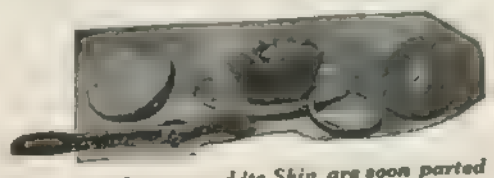


Fig. 1 An Orange and its Skin are soon parted

To help our readers avoid the "many gim-cracks," to acquaint them with the wealth of helpers, large and small that we know so many will be glad to hear about, to do the testing for them so that we can give the best of advice on all matters of household equipment—this is the object of your Experiment Kitchen. Write to us freely—we are here for your convenience.

Fruits have been used this year with perhaps a greater appreciation than ever before, for the double reason that broadspread writings on the subject have made us more appreciative of the need of our systems for them and that the fruits at our hand are not on the "save for overseas" list.

Just now, the citrus fruits are at their best and many ways of serving them are acquiring an ever-greater vogue. The illustration in Figure 1 shows how readily an orange may be derinded without breaking the "half shell." A handy little

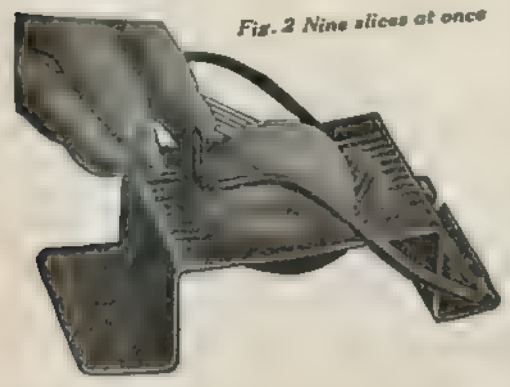


Fig. 2 Nine slices at once

implement has been made that first cuts a narrow "belt" from the orange, and then neatly skins the two half-rinds from the fruit.

This method is quick, simple and clean. The meat of the orange is not crushed or broken during the process and the dainty orange cups are intact. Your family will appreciate a salad or dessert served in them or you can make your own "candied peel" in exactly the nice form you buy it, for use in cakes and buns. The price, post paid, is sixty cents.

One Cut Does

SINCE the use of vegetables and still more vegetables, has become a part of the duty of every patriotic housekeeper, the need of new ways of serving them and new tools for preparing them has appreciably increased. A firm little device for slicing such things as potatoes, beets, carrots, or onions is pictured in Figure 2. It is made of metal, nicely braced. An indentation that will take an average potato, an apple, or anything about that size, is cut through at even distances. A nickel-plated cutting handle, that swings freely, is strung with piano wires in such a manner that when you press down the handle, each wire travels through the cut devised for it. If a beet that is to be sliced and pickled or an egg destined to grace a salad, lies in the little well, the wires cut cleanly through it, making neat slices of uniform thickness. Potatoes or carrots that are to be creamed, bananas for salad or desert, parsnips or any other vegetables that need to be sliced, will be quickly disposed of in the slicer. There is a decided advantage on this speed when besides the saving of time, one desires to do the work expeditiously, so as to prevent hot things from

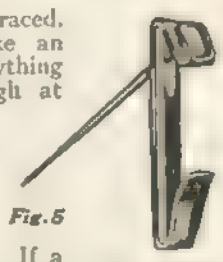


Fig. 5

It is pushed into the wall

Fig. 3 An all-round Tool

becoming cool. The tearful slicing of onions, too, can be made a quick and cheerful process, when "one cut will do it." Dearest advantage of all, some women will declare the emancipation from the keen little knife that peeling and slicing makes necessary, for tiny cuts in even the best guarded thumb seem to link themselves, inevitably with the slicing or chopping of such foods.

Just because many women are entitled to vote now or because we are willing to do a myriad things that before the war never occurred to us as being a part of our "women's sphere," we nevertheless are not altogether hankering for the complete emancipation represented in opening boxes or doing any of the other "hardware jobs" that always seemed to us to be purely masculine duties. There is, however, a pleasant independence in being able to open the case of eggs that comes in from the country or the new apple barrel, without getting out all the tools in the box Himself uses so casually and without a lamentable wastage of good thumbs and fingers. Figure 3 shows what seems to be typically a woman's tool—if she can't get her effect with one part of it, there are several others to try! It is a combination hatchet, box chisel, hammer and nail-puller, and although called a box-tool, it bespeaks many handy possibilities to the woman who does not like to see things go amiss "for lack of a man and a nail."

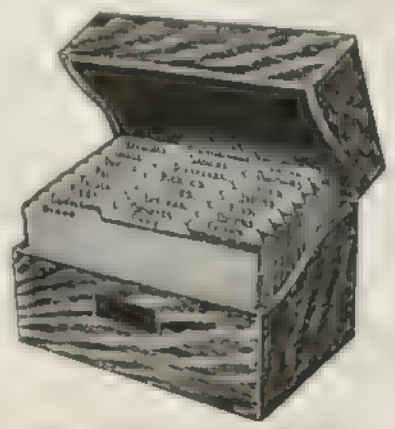


Fig. 4 Better than Cook Books

Almost self-explanatory is Figure 4—the modern cook-book. A recipe cabinet in which all one's recipes are kept together, commends itself instantly to the woman who has half a dozen scrap-books and the stiff-backed note-book in which she has carefully copied the recipes for all those best things that mother used to make. It is saddening to see the leaves get loose in time, and some of the choicest recipes get lost.

With a filing cabinet for recipes, there is no trouble of this kind. Under their headings, "breads," "cakes," "soups," every recipe, on a card of its own, can always be found instantly. It is so easy to clip the directions for new dishes from the magazines and papers, paste each on a card and slip it into the proper place. Or if your neighbor has a good recipe for pickled peaches that you want to use next fall, write it out on a card and put it in place, When pickling time comes again, you will not forget it—it will be right there when you run through "Pickles," deciding which to make.

The same assistance is offered when your mind stubbornly refuses a suggestion for to-night's dessert. A glance through the cards under that heading will probably give you just the idea you wanted.

Let Us Buy for You

THE Experiment Kitchen shopping service will always be glad to purchase for you any of the articles mentioned on receipt of the price mentioned; or we will forward to you the name of the manufacturer or your nearest dealer, if you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Except where it is expressly stated that the price covers the cost of postage, carriage charges must be included or articles can be shipped express collect. We cannot be responsible for price changes in the present fluctuating state of the market, but will in all cases put the best of our facilities and knowledge at the disposal of our readers

A recipe cabinet, completely fitted with index cards and a liberal number of blank cards, can be bought for two dollars.

A Host of Uses

THE push-tack or push-pin, for hanging pictures, upholstering furniture or hanging drapes, made its bow some years ago, and walked directly into pleasant popularity. Pins that have transparent glass heads are almost invisible, and their strong spikes, sharp-pointed and slim, make such a tiny hole in wall-paper or plaster that it can scarcely be found if the pin is withdrawn. Just a pressure of the thumb is sufficient to drive a pushpin into the wall—no hammering is necessary.

A metal hook, designed along similar lines, has a longer spike that goes down slant-wise into the wall, making a very secure hanger for heavy pictures. (Figure 5)

The Experiment Kitchen has found several convenient uses for the various pushpins. A row of them have been inserted in the plaster just above the porcelain back of the sink, on which to hang the small tools that one requires to have handy.

As dampness does not effect them, the hooks have been placed in the pantry on the inside of the doors, for pots and pans and for to wels. We have in this manner done away with rust-marks on either the paint or the towels and sharp hooks or nails no longer make holes in fabrics.

A lifter that adjusts itself to any size of pan or plate, up to ten inches in width, is illustrated in Figure 6. Hot bread, cake or pie-tins, full or empty, may be picked up

Fig. 6 To Lift Hot Dishes from the Oven

safely, kept at a respectful distance from one's hands. The long handle reaches in; the prongs clasp thedish, the weight of which only makes theclasp firmer and surer.

Save Food

In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food.

It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good.

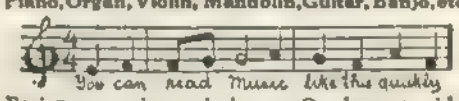
The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

5-18-a

MUSIC Taught FREE In Your Home

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.



Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE booklet which explains everything in full. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Dept. 4, Lakeside Bldg., CHICAGO

Corn Meal Muffins—

A Delicious, Inexpensive Addition to Your Menu

Corn meal enables you to vary your menus, is economical and nutritious—and its use will conserve the supply of wheat and other grains.

Corn meal muffins can be baked easily and quickly in the

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Muffin Pan

This recipe produces delicious, crusty golden-brown muffins

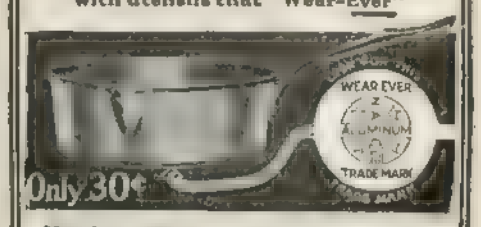
One pt. corn meal — Two teaspoons baking powder
One-half pt. flour — One teaspoon salt
Two tablespoons sugar — One egg

Mix ingredients together, soften with milk and bake in "Wear-Ever" Muffin Pans.

Baked in a "Wear-Ever" Shallow Cake Pan, this recipe makes an excellent corn pone also.

"Wear-Ever" Pans save you money because they require less fuel and no grease—they cannot rust, out-last several ordinary utensils, and are easy to keep clean.

Replace Utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"



Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Dept. 48, Toronto, Ont. Send prepaid, a 1qt. (wine-measure) "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is 30c. in stamps—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until April 20, 1918, only.

Name ....

Address ....

WRIGLEY'S

For Your Soldier!

"Bless the girl! She never forgets to keep me well stocked with
WRIGLEY'S
Teeth, breath, appetite and digestion all benefit from it. Thirst and fatigue fade away. Pluck returns by its magic aid.

After every meal

MADE IN CANADA

The Flavour Lasts!

Does Your Back Ache?

These Symptoms Call for Gin Pills

Swollen ankles and joints.

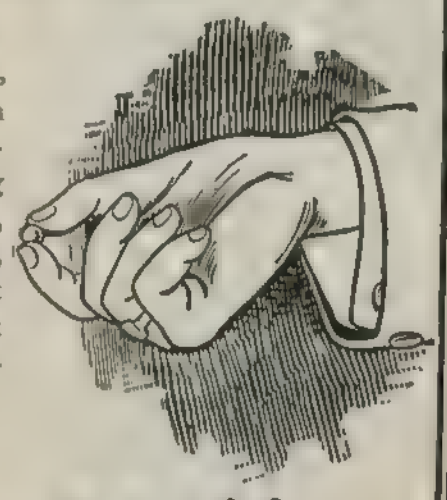
Restless nights.

Inflammation of the bladder and of the ureter.

Stone or gravel, and painful urination.

Pains through the groins, across the back, or sciatic neuralgia.

Don't neglect this pain. It is a sign of worse ills to follow. The aching back, bad as it is, is only a warning, an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Immediately you should take



Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

The curative agent present in Gin, separated of course from the alcohol, is combined with other diuretics in Gin Pills and has met with unparalleled success in the treatment of backache and other symptoms of Kidney derangement. Hundreds of testimonials prove the remarkable properties of Gin Pills. Try them. Sold by all dealers.

50 cents a box; 6 boxes for $2.50

SAMPLE FREE TO YOU. Write to—

The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto - Canada

U.S. Address:
Na-Dru-Co. Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

The First Valentines

How do they Contrast with those You Receive To-day?

By WARREN MASON

THE earliest examples of the written valentine appear to be a series of about sixty, now in the British Museum, composed and penned by Charles Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt in 1415, and afterward confined in the Tower. It was during his imprisonment that he wrote the verses. One of the best examples is said to be the following:

"Wilt thou be mine? Dear Love reply;
Sweetly consent or else deny,
Whisper softly, none shall know,
Wilt thou be mine, Love, ay or no?
Spite of fortune we can be
Happy by one word from thee
Life flies swiftly, ere it go,
Wilt thou be mine, Love, ay or no?"

Evidently in the sixteenth century the custom of drawing one's valentine at some celebration in honor of the day was in vogue, for Mr. Pepys writes in 1667:

"I am this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds. But that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines."

In a notation of two days later, however, we find he must have been mistaken as to his draw, or else it was a double draw, for he sets down:

"I find Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, but here do I first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes."

The eighteenth century seems to be the first appearance of the commercialized valentine.

People in those days wrote their own valentines "with quill pen on thick paper," and if the "quill" was uninspired or untrained to versify, books of suitable verses could be had at the book sellers, as for instance, "The Ladies' Polite Valentine Writer," "The Gentleman's Polite Valentine Writer," "Cupid's Annual Charter," "The School of Love," etc., and even "The Quizzing Valentine Writer," which was supposed to be more or less comic—for England.

Here is an example from the "Polite Valentine Writer," prepared by an enterprising book seller of the eighteenth century for a "best seller."

"You are witty, you are pretty,
You are single, what a pity;
I am single for your sake,
What a handsome couple we would make"

Man is Fickle!

FROM a collection of valentines dating back as early as 1797, gathered by Mr. Frank House Baer, of Cleveland, is an interesting missive to one Sarah Brett, the duplicate of which, it is claimed, in the same handwriting, but to another lady, is now in the British Museum. The valentine was penned on a "sheet of paper as large as a lady's pocket handkerchief, folded into squares of about four inches, and sealed with a heart," as described in the Cosmopolitan of 1900. It dates back to 1790. On the outside is written:

"When you hear this harte behold
'Twill break as you these lines unfold.
The power of envy cannot pretend
To say I have fals verses pend.
For in the inside sheet, Sweet Turtle Dove,
I've wrote the morals of my love.
Thou art the maid and only maid
That hast my honest harte trapad."

Remember the poor fellow sent the same valentine to another fair lady, also the only maid, who had his "harte trapad."

This message of burning affection is further described as disclosing two pink hearts, upon breaking the seal, under which are the lines:

"My dearest dear, and blest divine,
I've pictured here your harte and mine."

Then comes, as the missive unfolds, a heart pierced by three bloody arrows, under which is the couplet:

"And Cupid with his fatal dart,
Has deeply wounded my poor harte."

Then you unfold again, and two pink hearts separated by a red ink cross burst upon your view, with the inscription:

"And has between us fixed a cross,
Which makes me to lament my loss."

Unfold some more, and again the two pink hearts, this time one overlapping the other, over the wail:

"And never will my poor harte have ease,
Till our two hartes be joined as these."

And when you finally unfold for the last time, wondering what more the love lorn youth can possibly say, you find two couplets worthy of the good Romeo himself, in:

"If you refuse with me to wed,
'Twill bring destruction on my head,
Pale death at last shall stand my friend,
And bring my sorrow to an end."

What a tragedy! Naturally it is to guess whether both ladies refused him, and how he made good! Why is history so remiss? But to pass to the middle of the missive, where a gold heart reposes and the story closes with the rather tame lines:

"If you'll be mine,
I will be thyne,
And so good
Morrow Valentine."

A Regular Business

JUST to show that Valentine's Day, with all its significance of betrothals and marriages, was not unappreciated in America in the eighteenth century, it might be well to quote an advertisement which appeared in The Democrat of February 3, 1853, in Wooster, Ohio.

"The great increase in marriages throughout Wayne County during the past year is said to be occasioned by the superior excellence of the valentines sold by George Henry. Indeed, so complete was his success that Cupid has again commissioned him as his great high priest of Love, Courtship and Marriage." From here the advertisement goes on to advise those "seeking messages to friend or foe" to patronize said George Henry, which would seem to prove that the obnoxious, so-called comic valentines were in vogue at that time.

Thus has the valentine fluttered down the ages, fluctuating from mere motto, to illustrated motto, to commercialized verse; from plain verse to more picture and less verse; from more picture and less verse to more verse and less picture; to comic sheets, to hand paintings and to figures of dressed dolls and undressed Cupids, not to forget hearts cut out of felt, to express "heart felt" love, etc.

But after all do we not love most those lace paper affairs with the scrap-book pictures, where we pulled a little tape sticking out below and opened up a full blown rose with a pierced heart inside?

What's in a Smile?

"A Merry Heart Maketh a Glad Countenance"

By DR. J. H. KELLOGG

THE smile is a winner.

The smile means satisfaction.

The smile means contentment.

The smile has charm that entices and captivates.

The smile is golden, there's money in it.

But better than all of these, the smile has health in it.

How it cheers a surgeon to see a smile light up the face of a patient who has been close down to the brink! It is like a sunbeam breaking through a storm cloud.

There are real smiles and sham smiles.

A real smile breaks out from underneath like the opening of a rosebud.

A sham smile is spread on the face like cold cream or talcum powder.

Said the old prophet, "A merry heart maketh a glad countenance."

There's the wholesome philosophy of the smile. It's simply the outward sing of wholesomeness inside.

When the heart is happy, not only the face but the whole body smiles.

The stomach smiles and digests.

The liver smiles and makes bile.

The lungs smile and absorb oxygen.

Every body cell smiles and jumps at its little job and the whole body prospers.

The cheeks glow with vital warmth, the brain scintillates ideas, every tissue and function is on the jump.

Get the smile habit.

If you're happy smile, and you'll be happier for smiling.

If you are not happy, smile anyway, and keep smiling, and you'll get happier and healthier.

To smile is good business.

To smile is good health.

The smile has both health and wealth in it.

So smile and smile.

And keep smiling.

The Magpie's Nest

(*Continued from page 16*)

"Kittens make cats; little girls grow up," she nodded. "It is me."

"Good Lord!" he remarked, seemingly overcome.

"Oh, now, it isn't serious," she assured him. "Where are you stopping? Oh, that's where my worldly belongings are checked. But I'm really going to stay out here on the beach."

"Then I'll have to stay out too," he declared, "and chase away the lions and crabs a la Newburg, and things." They laughed as if he had said something witty. "Won't you tell me the rest now?" he asked. "If you were there, why are you here? It's a long way."

"For a little girl with no shoes," she added. He really had been thinking something like that. "All right, if you will tell me about when you were a conquering young hero with a mustache. What do you want to know first?"

"What's your little name?" he demanded.

"It is a little name," she owned. "My name is Hope."

"Hope!" he said, as if expecting her to continue.

"That's all," she said sadly. "Just Hope. It stopped growing when very young. I think I should have been called Despair. That's very subtle of me, isn't it?"

"My name's Norris, you know," he said, "but everyone calls me Nick. That's very subtle too—if your last name's Carter."

"I love silly people," she said solemnly, and they laughed again. "Let's be perfectly silly all afternoon." They had a whole world to themselves wherein to be as foolish as they chose; and the mere space and sun were enough to raise the spirits of two reasonably healthy young animals to the bubbling point. They rescued old memories from the limbo of forgotten things and told absurd tales of their childhood and adolescence.

"My father is really to blame for my being here," she said, when he later harked back to his question. "He went as far as he could in one direction, and I am only exploring the back trail. I couldn't help it; we have to go and go—the Fieldings. He pursued the wilderness, and I am investigating civilization. It's wearing work sometimes, and this," she looked about her, "is a relief. The wilderness is gone, so I come down to the sea; the sea doesn't change. Tell me, do you often have such wonderful days as this, at this time of year? Is this actually October?" The air was almost languidly warm; it was a rarely perfect day. "I should like to go in swimming," she said idly, and then sat up, the light of daring kindling in her eye. "I *will* go in swimming," she declared. "I have my bathing suit with me."

"The water i cold, really it is," he said. She cast a mildly scornful eye on him; he thought of her previous aspersions concerning his fear of the weather, and capitulated without another word.

"I will borrow a bathing suit," he said, and did so. The hotelkeeper looked at him with tolerant contempt, but produced the article; they retained their coats, and went back to the beach.

THE water was cold, but intensely invigorating. Hope was not a strong swimmer, but she liked the green depths, the little sparkling waves, the buoyant, yielding, enfolding embrace of the salt water, and struck out steadily seaward, swimming slowly, her wet face upturned to the sun. He stayed at her elbow, with some difficulty restraining his stroke; he swam like a seal. His damp yellow thatch glistened, like a lost treasure, and she saw that his arms and neck were as tanned as his face, and the gleam of his blue eyes between his spray-beaded lashes was like a reflection of the sky.

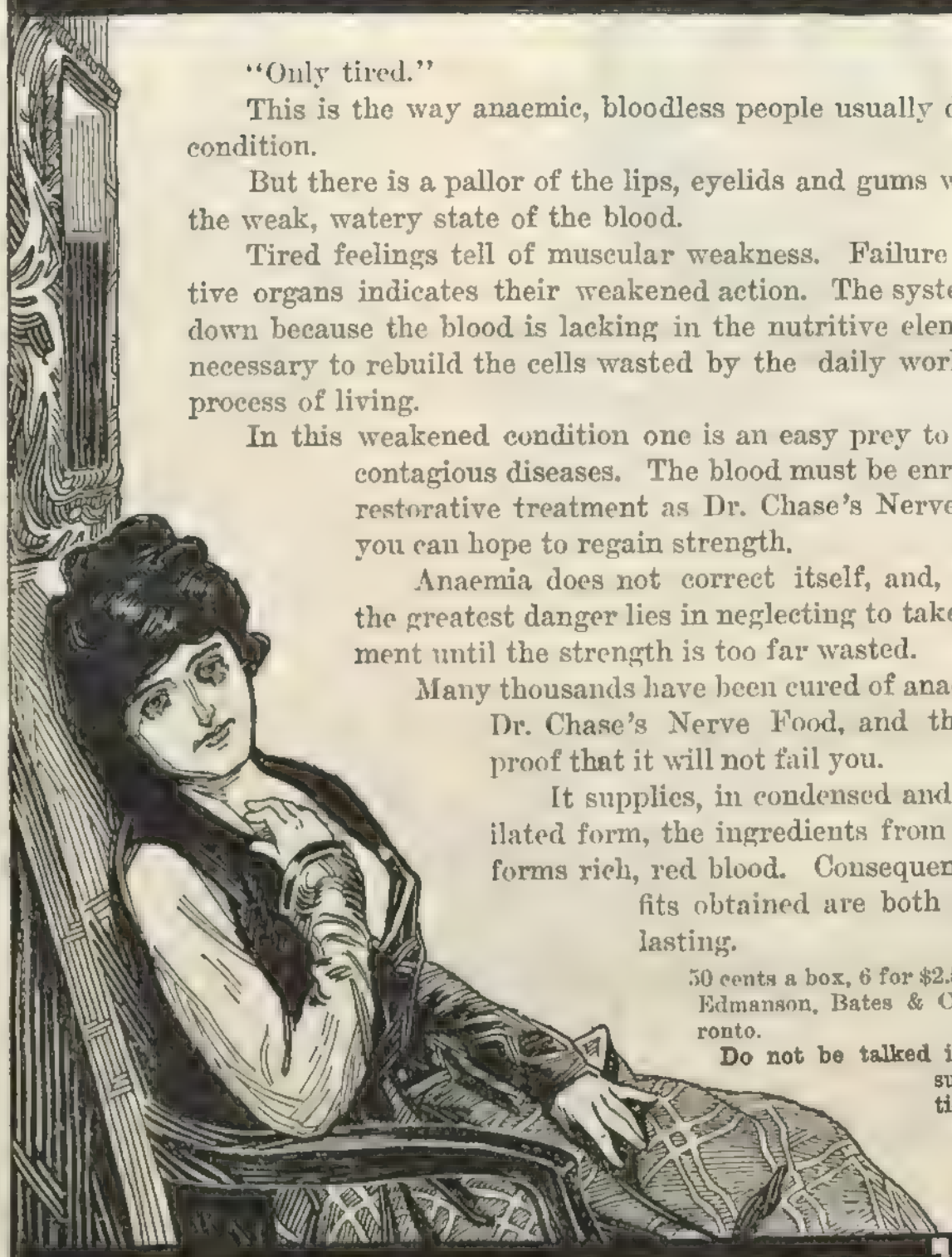
She was breathing quickly, and her stroke faltered.

"Shall we turn back?" he asked. She smiled, and followed his suggestion. And then she realized that the tide was going out; it had borne her farther than she knew, and she could make little headway against it. It drew her slowly, irresistibly, making sport of her will; the slight undertow caught at her feet; the whole great ocean seemed set against her, bent on carrying her far out, beyond sight of the land and all familiar things. She was not terrified, but she felt immensely insignificant, and curiously exalted, as if she were a part of the encompassing flood, and for a moment, forgetting that she was not alone, there was a strange temptation to yield herself to the strength of the tide, to go with it as far as it would take her. In a little while longer, she would certainly have felt fear, but she had no sensation of sinking yet; she was simply poised between her own efforts and the pull of the tide. Norris spoke in her ear:

"Put your hand on my shoulder."

(*Continued on page 48*)

Anaemia



"Only tired."

This is the way anaemic, bloodless people usually describe their condition.

But there is a pallor of the lips, eyelids and gums which denotes the weak, watery state of the blood.

Tired feelings tell of muscular weakness. Failure of the digestive organs indicates their weakened action. The system is running down because the blood is lacking in the nutritive element which is necessary to rebuild the cells wasted by the daily work and in the process of living.

In this weakened condition one is an easy prey to colds and all contagious diseases. The blood must be enriched by such restorative treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food before you can hope to regain strength.

Anaemia does not correct itself, and, consequently, the greatest danger lies in neglecting to take active treatment until the strength is too far wasted.

Many thousands have been cured of anaemia by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and this is the best proof that it will not fail you.

It supplies, in condensed and easily assimilated form, the ingredients from which nature forms rich, red blood. Consequently, the benefits obtained are both thorough and lasting.

50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

New COAL OIL Light Beats Electric or Gasoline

10 Days FREE—Send No Money

We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern white light in your own home ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Passed by Insurance Underwriters. Children handle easily. Tests by Government and 35 leading Universities show that the new ALADDIN

BURNS 70 HOURS ON ONE GALLON

common coal oil, no odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Over three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Won Gold Medal at Panama Exposition. Greatest invention of the age. Guaranteed.

$1000 Reward will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new Aladdin in every way, gets a lot of it known in our circuit. We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers. To that person we will have a special introductory offer to make, low cost, one lamp is given free. Write quick for our 10 Day Free Trial Offer and learn how to get one free, all charges prepaid.

Yours FREE Yours FREE

Get One FREE

MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 200 Aladdin Building, MONTREAL

Largest Coal Oil Mantle Lamp House in the World

Men With Rigs or Autos Make $100 to $300 Per Month

Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 61 the first seven days." Christensen says: "Have never seen an article that sells so easily." Norring, Ia., says: "35% of homes visited bought." Phillips says: "Every customer becomes a friend and booster." Kemerling says: "No blowery talk necessary. Sells itself." Thousands who are coining money endorse the ALADDIN just as strongly. NO MONEY REQUIRED. We furnish stock to get started. Sample sent prepaid for 10 days' free trial and given absolutely without cost when you become a distributor. Ask for our distributor's plan. State occupation, age, whether you have rig or auto; whether you can work spare time or steady; when can start; townships most convenient for you to work in.

A Tubful In Ten Minutes!

That's all it takes for this wonderful washer to thoroughly clean a big tubful of clothes. No rubbing, scrubbing, backaches or headaches for you—the washer takes all the work—all the responsibility! You can go straight on with the ironing the same day, yet feel fresher and brighter than you ever felt on the old-fashioned washdays.

Maxwell

"Home" Washer

—is light-running and noiseless. Enclosed gears make it safe. "Spring" lid lifts easily. Made of cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's and write us for booklet "If John Had To Do the Washing."

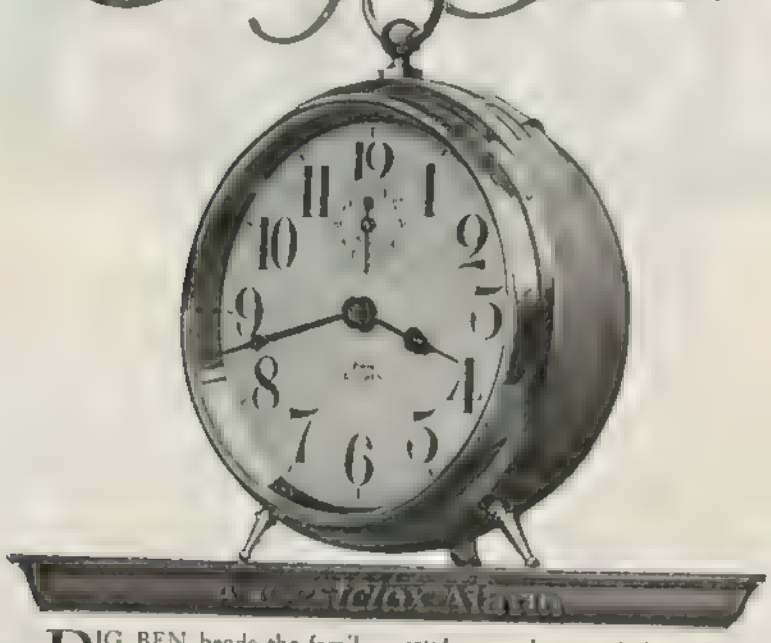
MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept K, St. Marys, Ont. 35

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax In one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

Big Ben



A Westclox Alarm

BIG BEN heads the family of *Westclox* alarms. He won his success by getting folks up in the world

Before they let him call *you*, the Western Clock Co. sees that he runs on time and rings on time. They give him good looks outside to match his good works inside

All *Westclox* are made in the same patented way—a better method of clock making. Needle-fine pivots of polished steel greatly reduce friction. Like Big Ben, all *Westclox* keep good time.

And like him, they all have many friends. Look for the family name, *Westclox*, on the dial of the alarm you buy

Your jeweler has them. Big Ben is $4.00 Or, sent prepaid, the same price, if your jeweler doesn't stock him.

Western Clock Co.—*makers of Westclox*

La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.

"Granny" Chamberlain

Why Best for Babies?

"I am often asked why Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is best for babies. Well, there are several reasons:

First: It is perfectly harmless and can be given with every confidence to the youngest or most delicate child.

Secondly: It contains no alcohol, opium, chloroform, morphine or any other narcotic.

Thirdly: Children like it, and no persuasion is needed to get them to take it.

For the above reasons alone it is impossible to get a better medicine for babies than

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

But aside from its safety it relieves coughs and colds, is the best remedy known for croup, and when given as soon as the croupy cough appears it will even prevent the attack."

Yours for Health —Granny Chamberlain

33

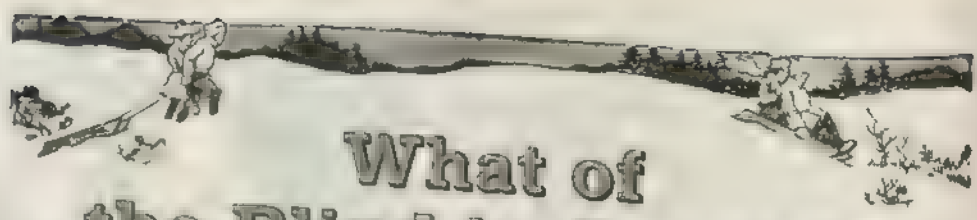
BOYS—Just think of owning a complete hockey outfit consisting of a pair of splendid, strong, polished steel hockey skates (all sizes), with puck stick, a good live rubber puck and a strong, well made rock-elm hockey stick and a dandy pair of well padded hockey gloves with fingers. All with protected by leather covered cane splints, or a dandy pair of hockey boots, extra well stitched and reinforced. **With this splendid outfit you will be the best equipped player on the team**, and you can get the complete set without a cent of cost.

Just write us at once, a postcard will do, and by return mail we will send you a big free ten cent package of "Dainteez" the new whipped-cream candy-coated, breath perfume that everybody loves. With your sample package we will send you just 32 large packages of "Dainteez" to introduce among your friends at only 10c. each. It's easy. Open your free sample package and try "Dainteez" yourself. Then ask your friends to try them. They will like them so much they will buy two or more packages at once. "Dainteez" perfume the breath and leave a sweet and lasting flavor. They are irresistible. You will be all sold out in an hour.

Return our $3.20 when the "Dainteez" are sold and we will promptly send you the fine quality hockey skates, rubber puck and hockey stick and the dandy hockey gloves or hockey boots you can also receive without selling any more goods by showing your fine premiums to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our premiums as you did.

Hurry up boys. Write to-day before you forget the address. We arrange to stand payment of all charges on your outfit right to your door under our reimbursement system.

Address: **GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. H. 4 TORONTO, ONT.** 17B



What of the Blind in Canada?

Will the Returned Soldier be Fairly Treated?

By MYRTLE LEETA CHERRY

SOMETIMES it takes a vast amount of national suffering to really arouse a nation to a proper sense of its own shortcomings and obligations. Perhaps that is why we have been hearing so much of late months of the blind in our midst. Canada has seen coming back to her slowly (for the great majority of them are still in England) those heroic men who in the prime of their manhood have willingly laid on the altar of Patriotism, that most precious thing a man may give—his sight. Canada was utterly unprepared to offer training to these men, for of all civilized countries, she had, previous to the war, taken the least interest in the well-being of her blind citizens and consequently had practically nothing to offer in the way of opportunities for them. She was glad to have them first receive their training at that excellent institution in England, St. Dunstan's Hostel (which by the way, is the gift of a wealthy American) before coming home to Canada to take up life again as best they may. But secretly she felt ashamed that it must be so, and seeing these men who have come back, she realized with sorrow how much she might have been doing all these years to aid those poor blinded folk who form a very considerable part of her population.

The average Canadian is most thoroughly amazed, as a rule, when he hears that we have no less than 3,238 blind people in Canada, while Toronto alone numbers over 250 blind folk among her citizens. For the education of these people there is Sir Frederick Fraser's School at Halifax, and the School for the Blind at Brantford, both doing excellent work, but in all of Canada there is but one Free Library which sends free from coast to coast to any blind who wish it, those precious books which truly open the roads of happiness and knowledge to those poor blind folk who are dependent on them for enlightenment. This is the Canadian National Free Library for the Blind, which although situated in Toronto, is aided by grants from Ontario, Manitoba and Alberta, and whose scope of usefulness and help is truly national. Since the outbreak of the war the Dominion Government and the Free Library for the Blind are exerting special efforts to aid the blinded soldier who comes back to us, as well as those citizens who are sightless too, though not by the fortunes of war.

It was a very blessed thing when the blind were first taught to read, and because we are so proud of the splendid part that France is playing in this great war, we are all the more ready to appreciate the fact that it was a French philanthropist, Valentine Hauy, who many years ago was the first person to try seriously to better the condition of the blind and open up for them the wonderful realm of books. Previous to that their lot was indeed a sad one. People endowed with all their faculties were wont to treat them as imbeciles, which indeed many of them soon became, for without sight, unable to read or write, there remained nothing for them to do but sit with folded hands and idle brain to receive the uncertain bounty of friends or country.

One day this kindly Frenchman happened to see two young blind boys before the door of a restaurant, dressed as jesters to attract the crowd, and the pathetic helplessness of their position filled his great heart with pity. He determined to devote himself to bettering the condition of the blind if possible. Into his own home, he took a most intelligent blind boy, and for a time instructed him orally, until one day this boy unwrapped papers on which some letters happened to be rather heavily embossed. To his great joy, he found that with his sensitive finger tips he could really make out the letters, and from this accidental discovery sprang, in 1781, the very first attempt to print embossed letters for the blind. Then, in 1784, a small school was established. Its success was phenomenal, and it finally grew into the institution now known as the National Institute for Young Blind in France.

AGAIN it remained for France, in the person of another clever young Frenchman, Louis Braille, to devise an alphabet of dots which afforded great facility to the blind user and opened up limitless avenues of reading to him. This Braille system is now the only alphabet of dots used anywhere in the world, except in the United States and in Ontario, where the New York point system is also used. The Braille system is an arrangement of vertical dots and although no letter may be more than three dots high, there are 63 basic characters and by using combinations, quite 120 characters may be evolved so that by its use the blind person may express himself with great latitude. The New York Point system was evolved in 1871 by Dr. Waite, and is a horizontal system with the basic characters two points high and three points wide. There are thirty-nine basic characters in the system, which is used in the school at Brantford and in twenty-seven of the forty-six schools in the United States. It is considered, probably, the better system for correspondence but not for reading.

Then there is the Moon type, which is a system of curves and angles and is generally used by the adult blind who have become blind in middle age. With this type the fingers need never be lifted from the page for the odd lines read from left to right and the even lines from right to left, so there is no danger of losing the place. Even old folks of eighty have been taught to read this type easily.

SOME one of these types, must be mastered by the blind person before the great realm of books is thrown open to him, but even then were it not for the Canadian Free Library for the Blind, it is improbable that many books for the blind would fall into the hands of the blind reader in Canada. Because of the great care necessary in their making, these books are expensive, and as blind folks are as a rule not over-blessed with wealth, a very limited number would be available for them. There is a small library in connection with the school at Brantford, but it is solely for Ontario blind. To fulfill the great national need for books and educational reading among the blind all over the Dominion this Canadian Free Library was first incorporated in 1906, and in 1907 opened its doors officially with only eighty-one volumes on its shelves, and twenty-six members on its lists. Mr. S. C. Swifte, M.A., a very clever young graduate of McGill University, despite his blindness, has thrown himself sympathetically and wholeheartedly into the work and to him belongs a very great deal of the success of the undertaking which is going to stand Canada in such good stead now when she needs it so badly. The Library has had a certain amount of Government support and all literature, no matter how far distant its destination, is carried free through the mails.

Within the last few months a splendid new building at 142 College Street, Toronto, has been secured and on the reading list are the names of a very large proportion of the blind in Canada. There is a library of about 5 000 volumes touching upon nearly every subject. No fee is charged the members, and it is but necessary to write for a book and it is sent to that member by the very next mail. These books may be kept for thirty days from their receipt, so that even the slowest reader may enjoy his book at leisure. Every day, from four to seven big bags of books go forth on their mission of enlightenment. There is a monthly circulation of between eight and nine hundred books and there are magazines and periodicals too, not to mention the constant circulation of the 1,500 copies of music possessed by the Library.

Naturally these selections are the very choicest and must be a real source of joy to those blind folk who love music as well as their sighted brethren. The Library also supplies the blind all over Canada with the special Manilla-Tag writing paper they require, at cost, and they also supply games, such as marked decks of cards, wherein each card in the corner bears in Braille alphabet, its value and suit. Indeed there are some very clever bridge and cribbage players among the blind in Canada.

Practically all the books for the blind come from Great Britain or France for the simple reason that Canada has not taken sufficient interest in her blind people to enable them to have a printing press in Canada. This explains why so few books by Canadian authors are found on the shelves of the Library. These books, because of the raised type and peculiar print, are very bulky volumes, about the size of a postcard album, and decidedly expensive, as in the case of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, which is presented in thirty-nine

(*Continued on page 47*)

The King's Son of Erin

(Continued from page 5)

Tir na n-oge and sends forth his wandering dreams over all the weary earth.

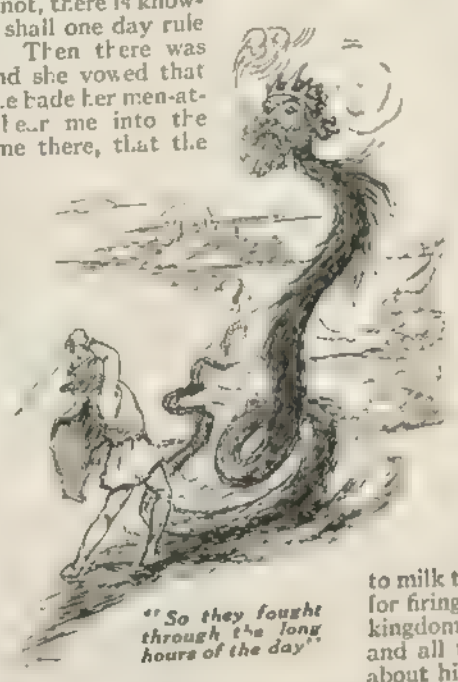
"How came you through that evil place, little Sigle, and you a maid alone?" he asked.

"It was Edane sent me there and Keallta," she answered him.

"And for what would they be doing that?" he said in astonishment, for greatly as he hated Edane his stepmother, yet he marvelled that she should have stooped to injure so helpless a child as this.

"I would not be knowing that," she replied. "Only, a year agone, Queen Edane rode by the house where I dwelt and I stood at the door. Keallta rode by her side and there was laughter and jesting upon them both. But when Keallta saw me where I stood, his laughter ceased and there was black wrath within his eyes.

"'Let her find death quickly, O Edane,' he said, 'for if she die not, there is knowledge on me that she shall one day rule over green Tigerna.' Then there was anger upon Edane and she vowed that this should not be. She bade her men-at-arms seize me and bear me into the forest and so leave me there, that the evil things of the wood might devour me and my blood might not rest upon her head. Then they brought me into the thickest of the forest and left me, and the thought was on them that the Morpeisth Dhu would surely destroy me. But Aengus found me and gave me his protection. He brought me here and here have I dwelt since then, tending the birds of Aengus and keeping all things fair against his coming. For at times he does be weary of the land of Tir na n-oge, and loves to walk the ways of men. And then he comes for an hour to the glade and eats of the brown bread and drinks the new milk and rests from his labors in bringing deep sleep and dreams to earth."



"So they fought through the long hours of the day"

"And who is the Morpeisth Dhu?" asked Aed. "And why is there none has put death on him ere now?"

"There is many a one has tried," said Sigle, "Knights, and proud princes and valiant men, but the strength and the wickedness that are upon him are great and one by one they have fallen."

THEN she told him how the Morpeisth had once been a mighty king and had ruled over all the regions round about them. Power and prosperity were upon him and kings a-many held their thrones at his hand. So he grew in might and pride until, in the madness of his heart, he made a mock of the High Gods of Eire, who sat on high in the heavens and reigned over all the world—over Uladh of the Waves, and the fair Provinces of Connacht, golden with wheat, and the green valleys of Kerry of the Kine, and the islands of Tir na n-oge where the gods love to walk—saying in his heart, "It is myself that is greater and prouder than them all."

Then anger came upon the gods and they laid a curse upon him and his manhood fell from him and he became the Morpeisth Dhu, the great Black Worm that has his dwelling in the slime of Loch Dona. But because his mother was of the Household of the Sidhe they might not put death upon him nor loose from him all his power. So he reigned over the forest and filled it with his evil creatures. Many a one had warred against him and had fallen through his cunning and his spells, and of late he had taken prisoner a fair King's-Daughter and he held her on his island in the midst of the loch and she weeping and praying for rescue.

When Aed heard this he leapt to his feet and laid his hand upon the hilt of Claidheam and swore a great oath that he would not rest from his striving until he had rescued the princess and put death upon the Morpeisth Dhu. And Sigle looked at him with brown eyes like stars for their brightness, and loved him for his golden hair and his eyes that were grey as glass and for the valour and comeliness that were upon him.

Then she brought from a great oak chest snowy linen, and blankets woven by her own hands from the white wool, and purple coverlets all starred with gold and Aed lay down and slept, for indeed great weariness was upon him. But little Sigle sat long, dreaming over the fire.

Deep sleep fell upon Aed, and in that sleep a dream came to him. In it he saw himself go forth to meet the Morpeisth Dhu, while the captive Princess gazed at him across the waves with Sigle's brown, bog-water eyes and in Sigle's voice cried to him to rescue her. And he slew the Morpeisth Dhu and won to the side of the Princess. But she looked at him with eyes grown green and cruel like the eyes of Edane his stepmother, and behind, on the shores he had left, Sigle stood and called to him for aid. Then he turned and would have reached her but the evil creatures of the wood rushed between, and she vanished from his sight.

With that he awoke and sprang to his feet, and lo! the sun was shining brightly upon the little clearing. Only the forest still lay in shadow and through its depths he knew he must ride if he would slay the Morpeisth Dhu.

As he looked across the dark mass of tree-tops, a great longing came upon him to tempt the fates no longer but to stay in that quiet spot, watching Sigle as she went about her work, helping her to gather honey from the hives that lay behind the cottage and to milk the cow and gather wood for firing, and forgetting his lost kingdom and his father's dun, and all the ache that had been about his heart in the time that now seemed so far away. He thrust the thought from him, however, and passing through the door of the cottage, bathed in the little stream that ran through the glade and having eaten the bread and drunk the milk that Sigle set before him, he saddled Capull and with Bran at his side rode slowly into the forest once more.

Beneath the trees it was even darker and more gloomy than it had been on the previous day, and it seemed to him that the creatures of the wood had grown bolder. Strange noises sounded ever in his ears—hissing and groans, snarls and wild unearthly roarings. Strange shapes showed themselves among the tree trunks. Once, a monstrous hyena-like creature shambled across his path; once, a great serpent dragged its length slowly through the brushwood and, raising its flat, slimy head, gazed at him with cold, malevolent eyes.

So the day passed and at length evening came, but there was still no break in the forest. Aed could ride no further through the darkness, for he feared lest one of the writhen boughs that hung across the path should sweep him from the saddle. Besides, sleep he must have, so dismounting and bidding Bran watch by his side, he drew Claidheam and with the hilt held fast in his hand he lay down under the shade of a great tree that overhung the road.

SLEEP came upon him ere long, restless and uneasy and filled with wild dreams, and soon he was aware of a heavy weight pressing upon him and of a roar of anger from Bran. He woke to find himself struggling desperately with a huge, grey, wolf-like creature, whose fiery eyes burned into his own and whose white teeth were within a few inches of his face. Dazed with sleep he staggered to his feet and struck feebly at the shaggy head, but the blow glanced aside and the wolf leaped for his throat. Bran flung himself upon it, but was shaken off like a leaf, and in another moment its teeth would have met in Aed's flesh. But even as it sprang there sounded, faint and far away through the darkness of the forest aisles, Sigle's voice singing. And this was the song she sang:

Aengus, Master of Visions, stands
Holding the dreams within his hands.

Birds in the swaying tree-tops high,
Creatures, furry and small and shy,

(Continued on page 44)

How Gold Dust saves housekeeping time

Here is an easy way to prove that Gold Dust saves housekeeping time.

The next time you wash dishes try Gold Dust. See if it doesn't dissolve the grease quicker than soap. When you get through, see if you can't honestly say to yourself, "I've saved some *real* time."

But don't let Gold Dust stop at dish-washing. Use Gold Dust in all kinds of household cleaning—such as scrubbing the kitchen floor, washing woodwork or cleaning the bath-room.

But for Gold Dust results be sure you really get Gold Dust. For sale everywhere in large and small packages.

GOLD DUST

The Busy Cleaner

Made in Canada

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED, MONTREAL

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S
IRISH LINEN
World Renowned for Quality & Value

ESTABLISHED in 1870 at BELFAST—the centre of the Irish Linen Industry—they have a fully equipped factory for Damask and Linen Weaving at Banbridge, Co. Down; extensive making-up factories at Belfast; and for the finest work, hand-looms in many cottage homes. The following are examples :—

IRISH TABLE AND BED LINEN. Damask Table Cloths, size 2 x 2 yards, from $1.92 each; 2 x 2½ yards, from $2.14 each; 2½ x 3 yards from $6.72 each. Damask Table Napkins to match, from $2.56 per dozen. Linen Sheets, size 2 x 3 yards, from $11.48 per pair. Pillow Cases, size 30 x 20 inches, from $1.08 per pair. Linen Hemstitched Bed Spreads from $7.44 each. Embroidered Linen Pillow Shams from $1.18 each. Hemstitched Linen Huck Towels, from $4.68 per dozen.

THE IDEAL COLORED DRESS LINEN non-crushable finish in white and fashionable shades, 36 inches wide, $0.48 per yard.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.—Ladies' Linen Hem-stitched, from $1.32 per dozen. Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from $1.80 per dozen. Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched, from $2.14 per dozen. Khaki Handkerchiefs $0.50 to 1.68 per dozen.

IRISH COLLARS AND SHIRTS—Our celebrated Linen-faced Castle Collars in every size and shape, $1.56 per dozen. White Shirts, for dress or day wear from $1.38 each. Oxford or Zephyr Shirts, from $1.18 each. Mercerised Twill, from $3.94 each. Collular, $1.68. Medium Weight Flannel, $1.42 and $1.66. Ceylon Summer Weight Flannel $1.18. Heavy Winter Weight, all wool, $2.28 each. Size 14½ to 16½ inches in stock.

By Appointment

To their Majesties the King and Queen.

Illustrated Price Lists & Samples sent post free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to Colonial & Foreign Orders.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.
40Z Donegall Place,
BELFAST, IRELAND.

Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My Invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD
Suite 202, 70 5th Ave., New York City

FIRST AID IN THE KITCHEN
Mends Leaks in Graniteware, Tin, Aluminum, etc., in two minutes without tools. Saves a kettle for half a cent. At dealers or from us, 15 cents.
Vol-Peek Co., Box 2024, Montreal, Can.
VOL-PEEK

We Will Give $100.00 to Your Church or to Your Red Cross Society!

IS your church trying to raise money for any particular purpose? Is there an organ or piano to be bought, a new carpet to be paid for, or a mortgage payment to be met?

Is your Red Cross Society short of funds? Could you use $100 to purchase wool, materials, comforts for the boys and the other necessities that constantly call for so much money?

If you have the interests of your church or your society at heart you should tell them about Everywoman's World's Great Offer:

We are Prepared to Give $10,000.00 to Churches and Red Cross Societies at once!

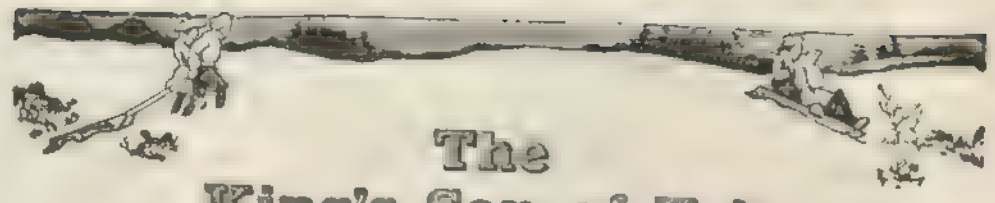
Our plan is not an experiment. More than ten thousand churches and societies throughout America have been helped during the past three years. Over $300,000.00 cash has already been given by the publishers of the leading magazines of the Continent. Our offer is open to every denomination. No city is too large, no town is too small. It is the one Fund-Raising Plan that has received nation-wide approval.

Mail Post Card To-Day!

A Post Card will bring you full information regarding this extraordinary offer. We prefer though that you write a letter telling us just how much money you want to raise, what it is to be used for, etc. This information will help us in our plans for your fund. Address—

The Church & Fund-Raising Dept.

Continental Publishing Co. Limited
Toronto, Ontario



The King's Son of Erin

(*Continued from page 43*)

Gather around him at his call
And he gives deep sleep and dreams to all.

Aengus the Dreamer, safety bring
This night to him that's wandering.

Guard him safe through the forest gloom
Where evil things of enchantment roam.

Far from his side let danger keep.
Give him rest and thy boon of sleep.

Aengus, Master of Visions, bring
Safety to him that's wandering.

As the sweet notes floated through the darkness, the wolf shivered and drew back for a moment. The next minute it sprang once more, but Aed was now on his feet and broad awake. He met the rush with the bright point of Claidheam, and with a howl the wolf fell at his feet.

For a moment the Prince stood, breathing heavily and gazing down at the gaunt form stretched before him. Then Sigle's voice sounded once more in his ear.

"Let you be lying down now, Prince Aed, and taking your rest. There is no evil thing will come nigh you again this night."

Aed turned in the direction whence the voice came, half expecting to see Sigle standing by his side, but strain his eyes as he would there was no trace of her to be seen. He listened for a moment. Nothing was stirring. All the noises of the day—the strange sounds that had haunted his path—had died away. The faces that had peered out at him from bush and tree-trunk had vanished. He was alone with the stillness.

"Sigle, Sigle," he called, "where is it that you are hiding? Will you not be coming to me, for indeed it is not safe in the forest and you alone in it."

Sigle's voice came to him once more, full of soft laughter. "There is safety and security upon me where I am, Prince Aed," she said. "But let you not be troubling about me now, but be sleeping and taking your rest, for you will be needing all the strength that is upon you in the morning—and for many a morn to come."

"But will you not be giving me sight of you first?" asked the Prince, "the way I would be knowing where you are."

"You would not be believing it if you were to see," she replied. "I must not be saying more," and though he called her name again and again until the forest rang with the sound of it there was no answer, and at last he gave up hope of finding her and lay down to sleep once more.

The rest of the night went by undisturbed and with the morning he was once more riding along the forest ways, seeking the shores of Loch Dona and the haunts of the Morpeisth Dhu. So for a year and a day he rode, while day by day the servants of the Morpeisth Dhu gathered and fought against him. Now some great serpent, lying hidden upon a branch that stretched across his path, let down its slimy coils to seize him. Now wolf, bear or wildcat would fling itself upon him. At times the world grew all a place of shadows round him; shadowy forms barred his way and shadows clung to his bridle rein. Day and night he struggled, weary, wounded and at times almost in despair, but ever, when things were at their darkest and his courage and strength at their lowest ebb, Sigle's voice sounded in his ears, singing of the great deeds of heroes dead or speaking words of hope and encouragement to spur him on to battle, and ever, with the sound, strength came upon him and hope and he turned himself anew to the struggle.

At length, one day, he pushed through the last fringe of the forest and stood looking out across the strip of land that lay between, upon the shores of Loch Dona and the dwelling of the Morpeisth Dhu. Lone and desolate was that land—a stretch of puddled clay where tufts of the quaking marsh grass grew and where lay pools of green and slimy water. The sluggish waves of Loch Dona lapped against their shrinking shores, mouthing at the land with unclean lips and, in their midst, bleak and bare above the waters, rose the rocky islet that was the abode of the Morpeisth. A chill wind blew across the flat, bringing with it a drizzle of rain, and the sky was grey and heavy with clouds. Into Aed's heart as he gazed, that wind seemed to blow all the bitterness and disappointments that he had well-nigh forgotten. Once more in his mind the face of Edane his stepmother, and Keallta's twisted lips and evil eyes shaped themselves, and hatred burned against them in his heart. All the heaviness of exile came upon him once more and his arm grew weak and weary and scarce could he move his feet to reach the margin of the lake.

There was low, mocking laughter in the air, and the great Black Worm of Loch Dona reared his monstrous head above the sluggish waters and swam swiftly to the land. Sixty feet in length was the Morpeisth Dhu, and his shoulders and mane were black and shaggy with long coarse hair, but the head upon him was human. It was that of a man in the prime of life, ringed with gold about the temples. Pride was upon the red lips of him and a wasted beauty sat upon his broad brows, but in his eyes were all the wickedness and misery of the world. Twenty feet above the surface of the lake that horrible head was uplifted and Aed's heart sank within him as his gaze met the desolation of those eyes.

But even as the Morpeisth reached the land, Sigle's voice sounded once more in the Prince's ear.

"Let you be forgetting now all hatred and bitterness, Prince Aed," it said, "for it is they that will weaken your arm when most you need its strength. Let you be putting them out of your heart, and thinking only of the battle."

At that word, Aed thrust aside the thoughts that had been streaming through his mind. The strength came back to him once more and he stepped swiftly forward to meet the Morpeisth.

IT glided up the shore and lay for a moment outstretched upon the marshy ground, its eyes upon Aed's face. Then it spoke and the words came hollow and broken, interspersed with hissings.

"Is it death that you are seeking, and you in your youth?" it said. "Let you be gone now before wrath comes upon me, for I am grown weary of slaying."

"It is not my own death that I am seeking, O Morpeisth Dhu," answered Aed, "but to make an end of your evil life, and until that is done I will not go."

Then anger came upon the Morpeisth, and it rushed against him, to throw its coils about him and crush him. The Prince leapt back and struck hard and heavily with Claidheam, but the blade glided harmless from the monster's scaly hide, and sank into the ground beneath, so that Aed needed all his strength to withdraw it. So they fought through the long hours of the day. Aed's arm grew so weary that he could scarce lift his sword to strike, and the breath of the Morpeisth came in great gasps and all the ground beneath them was churned into slime by the struggle.

At length the Morpeisth made a dart and flung first one coil and then another about the body of the Prince. Tighter and tighter it drew them; the musky scent of it was heavy in his nostrils and the world grew dark before his eyes. Yet he mustered his courage and with all his failing strength he struck one feeble blow with Claidheam. Full upon the neck it fell, where human head joined monster body, and lo! with one great cry of rage and pain the coils were loosened and fell to the ground and the wicked, beautiful head lay low at his feet, the golden circlet rolling from its brows to the water's edge. The Morpeisth was dead.

For a moment Aed stood above it, gathering his strength back to him. Then he was aware of the sound of music and from the shores of the rocky islet that stood in the middle of the loch a little boat put forth. Four maidens rowed it, while a fifth played sweetly upon a golden harp, kneeling at the feet of a sixth maiden who lay upon a pile of silken cushions in the stern. All of them were fair, but she was fairer than them all. Golden was her hair as the ripe wheat and her eyes were blue as the sea in summer. Her robe was of purple silk and a great collar of gold and precious stones clasped her slender neck that was white as the hawthorn bloom in Spring-time. On her long fingers gems sparkled, and there were armlets of gold upon her arms. When the bow of the shallop grated upon the shore, she rose from among her cushions and held out her hands to Aed, speaking sweetly to him.

"A thousand welcomes before you, O Slayer of the Morpeisth," she said. "I am Finola, daughter of the High-King of Dara. Glad will the greeting be to you in the gates of my father's dun, and you saving me from the power of the Morpeisth Dhu and a fate that is worse than death."

Aed bowed low before her and lifted to his lips the white fingers that she held out to him. Fair was she and proud, and there was kindness in the glance of her,

(*Continued on page 45*)

The King's Son of Erin

(*Continued from page 44*)

and sweetness in her voice, but in the heart of him he knew that dearer to him by far were Sigle's brown fingers and laughing eyes and that not for him was the great King's-Daughter, though she held within her hands all the riches of Eire and the Kingdom he had lost.

Yet he answered her courteously, offering to her and to her maidens service and aid until they should have reached the Kingdom of Dara and the safety of her father's dun. And Finola's eyes grew cold as she listened, but she thanked him and accepted his offer.

Then he lifted her to Capaill's saddle and he led the great steed by the rein, while her maidens walked by her side, and so they set forth upon their journey. Long and hard was the way and many trials and adventures they met therein, and glad was Aed's heart within him when at last the gates of the Dun of Dara rose before their eyes. When the High King looked upon his daughter again and she safe and well, there was great rejoicing on him and he welcomed Aed right royally. Feasting there was and drinking *go leor* and many were the songs that the bards of Dara made upon the Prince and upon his valiant deeds, but Aed's heart was far from the Dun of Dara.

Then, after three days, he took his leave of the Princess and of the King, her father, and set out again upon his wanderings. Great were the gifts that the High-King offered to him—jewels and golden armour and robes of silk and purple dye—and Finola gave him her white hand and wooed him with low sweet words, begging him to stay with them and tempt the fates no longer. But Aed cared for none of these things, for he dreamed ever of the little cottage in the forest and Sigle's smiling eyes.

So he mounted Capaill and left the Dun behind him and ere long had reached the shores of Loch Dona and saw the forest lie stretched before his gaze. But, where the marshy plain had been, lay now a strip of land clothed with emerald grass and brilliant with countless flowers, while the waters of the loch curled softly in, blue and crested with foam, upon the beach at his feet. There was no gloom now upon the forest. Sunlight fell through the leaves and diapered with gold the ground beneath his feet and, as he rode past the blossoming boughs of hawthorn that grew by the wayside, his heart leaped within him for gladness.

So he came at last to the edge of the clearing, where the little stream rippled on joyously as it had done ever since he rode away. The cottage door stood open to the sunset and in the shadow of the doorway Sigle waited, looking down the long green aisles of the woodland with the glory of the world in her eyes. At that sight, Aed leapt from Capaill's saddle and let the great horse go whithersoever it would.

Across the green turf of the clearing he strode and stood beside her, and then—his arms were round her and her head was on his shoulder and his kisses honey-sweet upon her lips. And in that hour he knew that he was Lord of a Kingdom that was better by far than the green hills of Tigerna or the waves that broke in upon its shores, though in his heart he held those hills and waters dearer than all the broad lands of Eire beside.

But even as he whispered in her ear all the words of love and longing that had been hidden so deep within his mind, messengers rode through the woods seeking him. For the old King, his father, was dead long since and in his stead had the lad Connor been crowned and had sat upon the throne with Edane his mother by his side. But the people had wearied of the cruelties of Edane and of Keallta the Druid, her counsellor. So they had risen and driven her and Keallta from the land and the boy Connor had died fighting valiantly in his mother's defence, and now the throne was empty once more. And the messengers had been sent to find Prince Aed, the rightful heir, and bid him return to take his own.

When Aed heard this he bowed his head and wept for the father he had lost and for the little lad that had fought so valiantly, but for Edane, his stepmother, he did not weep. Presently he took Sigle by the hand, looking proudly upon her, and asked her if she would be his Queen and sit by his side upon the great ivory chair and help him rule over the broad lands of Tigerna, and over the people whom he knew and loved. And Sigle blushed and faltered, but did not say him nay.

So they rode back to Tigerna and together ruled for many years in peace and prosperity. And their people loved them well. And when at last they died, men said that Aengus came for them and took them to dwell with him in the fair Island of Tir na n-oge, where the gods love to walk, where death comes never and beauty never fades. There they dwell among the Household of the Sidhe and know no touch of age or parting or sorrow.

This Guaranteed, Stylish Suit of

Wearbetter

BOYS' CLOTHES

Absolutely

FREE

Every boy in Canada whose birthday arrives on a certain date (this date has been fixed upon and is now in the hands of and known only by the Editor of this Magazine) will receive absolutely free, a genuine "Wearbetter" suit, the best made line of boys' clothing upon the market. Any boy between the ages of nine and seventeen years can enter, as Wearbetter suits are made in sizes to fit all between these ages. Sons of any employee of this Company are not allowed to enter. It is not essential that you have ever bought a Wearbetter suit before. The only conditions are that you fill out the coupon below clearly and correctly and mail so that it may be received not later than March 29th, 1918.

PARENTS:—This is a wonderful opportunity to secure one of these high-grade guaranteed Wearbetter suits for your son this Spring, absolutely free!

FILL OUT THIS COUPON NOW

Boy's Name.....

Address .....

Birthday .....*Age next birthday*. .....

Name of Dealer from whom you buy your boy's clothing .....

Dealers Address .....

Any boy sending in more than one coupon will be disqualified.

SEND COUPON TO **WALTER BLUE & CO., LIMITED, Sherbrooke, Que.**

Manufacturers of "WEARBETTER" BOYS' CLOTHES.—"The Suit with the Guarantee"

97 Piece Dinner Set and lovely Silverware Given To You

YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent complete 97-piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper. The beautiful set of Teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers Ivorian Carnation design with French grey handles and brightly polished bowls.

Read our Wonderful Offer

We are determined to establish a personal representative for Dr. Edson's Famous Life Tonic, Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills and are willing to spend a large sum of money to secure representatives in every part of Canada where they are not already introducing Dr. Edson's Remedies, by introducing Dr. Edson's Remedies to their friends and neighbors. That is why we offer to give away these handsome premiums.

Carnation French Canadian Teaspoons

Genuine Wm. A. Rogers make—the most beautiful pattern ever seen. These magnificent spoons will delight any housekeeper and they are guaranteed to give every satisfaction in wear.

We pay all delivery charges on these Grand Premiums

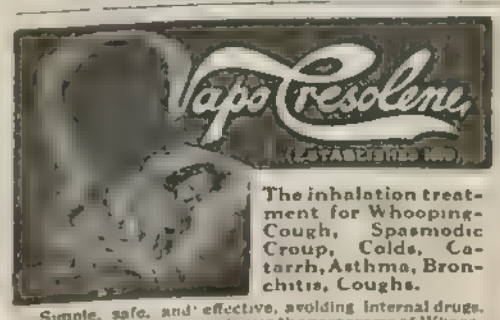
Will you sell just 12 boxes among your friends at only 25c. per box?

You can easily do this because every one you know will be glad to learn of this grand remedy. It is one of the world's best known prescriptions, a tried and proven remedy for weak and impure blood, nervousness, indigestion, constipation and anaemia. In all run down conditions of the system it will be found a grand blood builder and revitalizer, and as a general tonic for blood and nerves it has no equal.

Send No Money—Just send your name and address to-day and we will send the 12 boxes postage paid. You will be able to sell them quickly and easily because every purchaser of a box can obtain a beautiful gift of fine silverware from us free. Then return our money, only $3.00, and we will promptly send you, all delivery charges paid, the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive worth of selling any more goods by showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only a few of them to buy goods and learn our fine premiums as you did. We pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell. Write to-day if you wish to take advantage of this liberal offer. It gives you the opportunity of a life time. Address X26

The International Mfg. Co., Dept. 4 Toronto, Ont.



The inhalation treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple, safe, and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a **neglected cold is a dangerous cold.**

Mrs Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a **boon** by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 36 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. Composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

The Vapo Cresolene Co., 62 Cortlandt St., N.Y.
or Leeming Miles Building, Montreal, Can.

FREE TO GIRLS

BIG DOLL AND DOLL CARRIAGE

This Big Doll is 15 inches tall, has jointed legs and arms and natural head, hands and feet. The Doll Carriage has steel frame and wheels and the seat, back and hood are made of leatherette. It is 24 inches high and is just the right size for the Big Doll.

Just send us your name and address and we will send you 20 of our new lovely 16 x 20 inch colored pictures to sell at 15 cents each. When they are sold send us our money (three dollars) and we will send you the Big Doll, with all charges prepaid and we will also send you the Doll Carriage without any charge if you will show your Doll to your friends and get just three of them to sell our Pictures and earn prizes too. Send us your name and address to-day so you can get your Doll and Doll Carriage quickly.

Address—

HOMER-WARREN COMPANY
Dept. P. 7.
TORONTO

NORTHERN ONTARIO

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c an acre in some districts—in others Free.

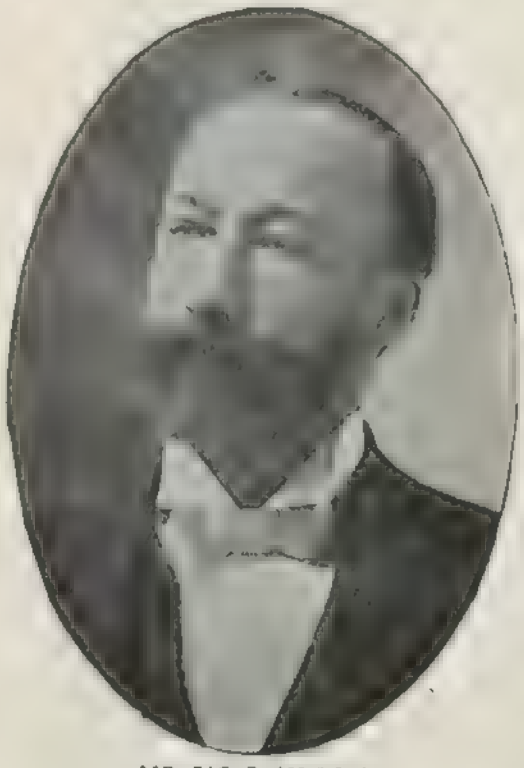
Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

H. A. MACDONELL,
Director of Colonization,
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Canada.

Hon. G. HOWARD FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

$31.60 in One Month!



MR. JAS. J. ANSLOW

THOUGH Mr. Jas. J. Anslow is now seventy-eight years old and retired from business many years ago, he is still too fond of work to let all his spare time remain unoccupied. Though confined to the house practically all the time, and forced to use crutches to move around, he gladly took up our plan as an occupation for his spare moments. His profits the first month were $31.60. Most of this amount was earned as the result of only a few hours' endeavor.

You Can Get from $25.00 to $100.00 per Month for Your Spare Time!

You need no previous experience of any kind to make a success of your work. You make no investment. We pay you liberal monthly salary and commission right from the start.

Send this Coupon To-day and Find Out All About It!

Continental Publishing Co., Limited
62 Temperance Street, Toronto Canada

Gentlemen: Without any obligation on my part, I would like to receive particulars of the salary and commission you will pay me for representing you in my spare time among my family, friends and neighbors.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

WOMAN'S AILMENTS

proceed from so many varying sources that it would be visionary to suggest a cure for all. Many of them proceed from a general debility of the body caused by improper nourishment and impeded circulation. The many common ills frequently resulting from these causes yield readily to the wonderful corrective properties of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

By toning the system, feeding the nerve cells, stimulating the digestive organs, increasing the flow of blood to such parts as need it, they put the body into a condition favorable to warding off the insidious attacks from other sources. There is a marvelous sympathy between the bodily organs; and what affects one may affect another. What helps and strengthens one frequently improves them all. For generations women have found their most satisfying remedy in Beecham's Pills. They

FORTIFY AGAINST DISEASE

Directions of special value to women are with every box

"The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World"

At All Druggists, 25c.

Injustice!

By THOMAS V. GORDON

CANADIAN song-writers are at a decided disadvantage when compared with those of American or British citizenship. The men who wrote "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall," "Good Luck to the Boys of the Allies," "When Your Boy Comes Back To You," "Home Again," "When We Wind Up The Watch On the Rhine," "I Want to Kiss Daddy Goodnight," and other Canadian song hits, have, by the popularity of their songs, proven their ability to write lyrics that express national sentiments. The Copyright Act gives the originator of such compositions the sole right to reproduce and sell his work. This right may be sold to some publisher for various monetary considerations. One United States firm recently paid $25,000.00 for the rights of a single song, "Over There." The rights of an American popular song are very valuable, because they include not only the profits on the sheet music sale, but also royalties on mechanical and theatrical reproductions. Phonograph and piano-roll companies pay from one quarter of a cent to two cents per copy on the sale of their records or rolls.

The Canadian Copyright Act, however, was written before the player-piano and phonographs were thought of. Hence no mention was made of mechanical reproductions.

Recently "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall," "When We Wind Up The Watch On The Rhine," and "Three Cheers for the Army and Navy" —all by Canadian writers—were published and recorded in New York. These Canadian writers believed they would receive mechanical royalties on their songs as their American friends do. However, Uncle Sam put a clause in his Copyright Act that says he will do nothing for citizens of another country, where that country does not do the same for citizens of United States. So the phonograph companies claim that, because Americans are not paid mechanical royalties in Canada, Canadians will not be paid in the United States.

THE Canadian Act says the owner of the copyright shall have the sole "right and liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, reproducing and vending" such copyrighted musical composition. At a recent meeting of Canadian publishers it was decided that this clause covered mechanical reproductions, "though, of course, the phonograph companies take an opposite view. They are, however, as anxious as the publishers to have the matter decided at once.

A new copyright bill was before the house at Ottawa, but was shelved until after the war. Unless it is decided that the present Act covers the point, Canadian song-writers will suffer a considerable injustice until the Government makes the Copyright Act up-to-date like the American and British acts, which have a definite provision for mechanical royalties.

Art has always been quickened by war. This Canada for the first time in her history, sings her own songs. Music is a war-time necessity. The United States Navy makes its band play while the men are coaling ships. Why? Because they shovel more coal with music than without. Armies can march extra miles to the martial strains of their bands. So Canada will do better war work and more of it if she whistles and sings while so very busy, for music is the oil that takes the grind out of the wheels of life. Then encourage Canadian song-writers by at least giving them a chance equal to those of Great Britain and the United States!

Does Your Signature Look Like You?

(*Continued from page 10*)

Lieut.-Col. Nicholls and of John F. Orde are characterized by extreme simplicity, showing relative indifference to personal advertising, while the relative height of the capitals shows a first class degree of self reliance.

Quickness of decision and tenacity of purpose are qualities somewhat opposed to extreme thoroughness and very strong sense of duty. That character is best in which these qualities balance. These characteristics are found in a marked degree in the portrait and signature of John F. Orde.

Thoroughness and very strong sense of duty are indicated by evenness in the size and spacing of the letters.

These characteristics are very marked in the portrait and signature of Mr. J. H. Sherrard.

Just study these faces and autographs. Then study your own signature and your own photograph. See if your signature looks like you. See if it correctly reflects your own character in the points discussed in this article. You may be surprised at the result.

A COLD *PREVENTIVE.*

Have you ever come out of a theatre, or church or over-heated room and felt, immediately the cold night air caught your throat and breathing passages, that you were going to catch cold? That is the time to take Peps. Two or three Peps taken at once will prove an unfailing preventive. A cold developed means needless suffering and expense. Safeguard yourself by always keeping a box of Peps on hand.

They are also best for coughs, sore throat and bronchitis. All dealers, 50c. box.

PEPS for COUGHS & CHILLS.

A Daily Magazine of Unusual Interest to Women

The Christian Science Monitor, published every week-day in Boston, U. S. A., is of special interest to women of progressive thought no matter where they live nor what their faith or creed may be.

It furnishes the news of the entire world through which women must equip themselves to take the new place being made inevitable for them, politically, socially and industrially.

It stands firmly with the cause of equality for the sexes and against the forces which seek to perpetuate the disenfranchisement of women, with abstinence and sobriety against license and insobriety.

By reason of its freedom from sensationalism and scandal, its clear presentation of the good in the world and its fearless exposure of the evil and its causes, it is widely recognized as an ideal newspaper for the whole family.

Nor is the home nor the arts subordinated, for The Monitor's cooking, household, fashion, educational, art, music and children's departments are famous and widely quoted by other periodicals.

The Christian Science Monitor is on sale throughout the world at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms at 3c a copy. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c, or sample copy on request.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON U. S. A.

More Eggs and Fertile Eggs

Now is the time to plan for profit.

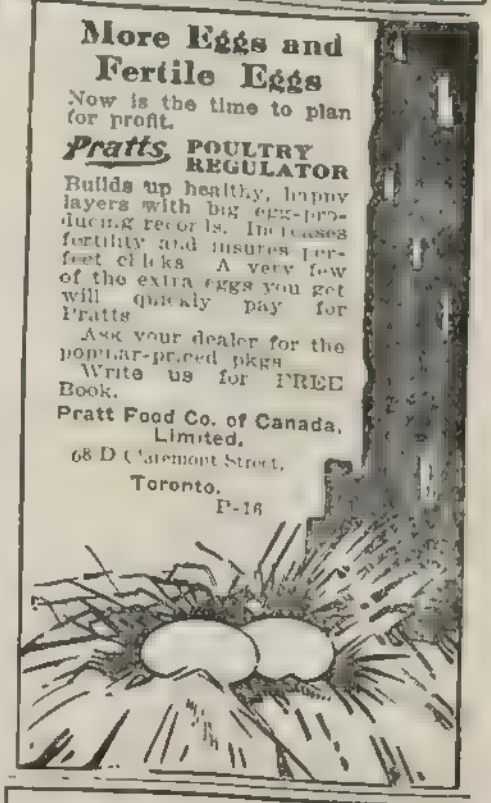
Pratts **POULTRY REGULATOR**

Builds up healthy, happy layers with big egg-producing records. Increases fertility and insures perfect chicks. A very few of the extra eggs you get will quickly pay for Pratts.

Ask your dealer for the popular-priced pkgs.

Write us for FREE Book.

Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Limited,
68 D Claremont Street,
Toronto.
P-16



$1.00 an hour for your spare time

You can earn this looking after renewals and new subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in your own neighborhood. Write for our monthly salary and commission plan.

Continental Publishing Co. Ltd., Toronto

Your Boy in Khaki

will find many occasions when he will appreciate having a bottle of Absorbine, Jr., handy. After a hard day's work or a long hike Absorbine, Jr., will give him the much needed relief. Of course he is too proud to respond to "sick call" with only a stiff shoulder or sore, aching arms and legs.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LIQUID

acts quickly and effectively on tired strained muscles. It is preferred by athletic trainers everywhere because it is so dependable in eliminating stiffness and reducing inflammation. If it has ever been in college athletics he knows Absorbine, Jr. It is THE liniment that may be applied to cuts and wounds. It is an

Antiseptic and Germicide

and cleanses as well as heals. Absorbine, Jr., may be rubbed freely on all irritated parts—kneaded into that sore instep or applied to a shoulder chafed from carrying a gun.

It is highly concentrated and only a few drops are required at an application.

Send HIM a bottle to day

$1.25 a bottle at druggists or mailed anywhere upon receipt of price.

A Liberal Trial Bottle will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
517 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Make Your Own Cough Syrup and Save Money

Better than the ready-made kind. Easily prepared at home.

The finest cough syrup that money can buy—costing only about one-fifth as much as ready-made preparations—can easily be made up at home. The way it takes hold and conquers distressing coughs, throat and chest colds will really make you enthusiastic about it.

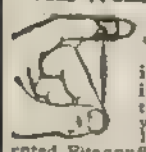
Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth). Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Shake thoroughly and it is ready for use. The total cost is about 55 cents and gives you 16 ounces—a family supply—of a most effectual pleasant tasting remedy. It keeps perfectly.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the inflamed or swollen throat membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough will disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, whooping cough or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract and is known the world over for its prompt healing effect on the throat membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE WIZARD GUIDE FOR KNITTING



The handiest, dandiest article ever devised for guiding the thread—floss or yarn for **Crocheting, Knitting and Double Thread Tatting.** Eliminates the necessity of twisting and juggling the thread or yarn. In Nickel Silver 15c Silver Plate 50c Gold Plate 75c Fully Patented. Fits any finger. Send coin or money order **The Wizard-KO., 442-4 E Water. Milwaukee, Wis.**

NURSES
Make Big Money

You can learn at home in your spare time.

$10.00 to $25.00 a Week

Is easily within your reach, if you will take up our course. Send for catalogue and easy-payment plan.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE
709A Spadina Ave., TORONTO, ONT.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

Taught in simplest English during spare time. Diploma granted. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Have been teaching by correspondence twenty years. Graduates assisted in many ways. Every person interested in stock should take it. Write for catalogue and full particulars . . **FREE**

London Vet. Correspondence School
Dept. 151 London, Ontario, Can.

War Time In An English Village

(*Continued from page 9*)

he was sending his own instead." True or untrue, this kind of story was rife for the first two years of war, and it was implicitly believed by the villagers. Naturally it did not teach them to love their enemies.

After the first year of war an aerodrome was established on the hills near our village The first aeroplane that flew over us caused a profound sensation; the villagers with one accord flocked to the market square and gaped upwards. Now we are so used to them that whole flocks of aeroplanes can perform the most wonderful evolutions over our heads, and not even the school children trouble to look up.

The aeroplanes have filled the younger village boys with a desire to learn something about mechanics; the mechanics and Flying Corps men are the heroes of the village. Their coming has also opened up new matrimonial chances for the village girls—in some cases rather disastrously. In the church of a hamlet a few miles from us, they have in their register three marriage certificates following each other, the bride in each of them being the same girl; two bridegrooms turning out to have been married before.

As far as a chance for earning good wages went, the women of our village were better off than they had ever been before. Several of the young women migrated to the towns, and went into munition works; but our village is old fashioned and considers domestic service the best employment a girl can have. Even there a girl had better chances than in the old days, for though many people were having fewer servants, or even doing without altogether, the demand was still greater than the supply.

At first few women worked on the land. There was one party of land workers in our village, but it consisted of a half dozen leathery faced females of uncertain age, who had worked on the land for the last twenty years. So far from being an outcome of the new order of things, they were survivals of the very old. By-and-by some real woman land-workers came to the next estate. They were women of some education, and very trim they looked in their khaki suits and leather leggings. At first the village mistrusted them profoundly, but since they have proven their mettle, we have come to hold them in all honor. These women did not inspire the girls of the village to go and do likewise. A young woman whose men folk are farm laborers, and whose whole life has been passed among the fields rarely feels a call to the land. The women who are earning money from the farmers are all middle aged, and nearly all married

We have not started a village industry as so many places have done, we are too far from civilization for that, and there is enough real work for everyone, young and old, without manufacturing employment.

Farmers Prospering

THE farmers are doing very well, at least so every one who is not a farmer will tell you. We have not yet been drastically short of labor, though all hands have had to turn to to get in the harvest. In our part of England men inherit their father's calling—the son of a shepherd is a shepherd; the son of a ploughman is a ploughman, and so on. After a few generations boys are born with a special aptitude for one branch or other of agricultural labour. A carter's son at eleven can manage a waggon and team that would be quite out of the control of an ordinary boy of that age; we are reaping the benefit of that now. It means that a great many children leave school too early, but it also means that the work gets done.

School attendance is getting rather a problem anyhow; we do not feel it for our village is large enough to keep its school open; but half the smaller hamlets have had their schools closed through motives of economy. It means that the children have to walk two or three miles to the next village; and as the roads are rough and open they do not go at all if the weather is bad.

The worst of the trial seems to be over for the villages. There is no real poverty in the place now. The women are earning two shillings a day, and the fixed minimum wage is twenty-five shillings a week for a farm laborer. The women do not reckon to spend the money they earn themselves on their households; they spend it on what they consider luxuries. There was a sale in our village a few weeks ago and at it a shepherd's wife gave three pounds five for a piano; another woman in the same position gave fifteen shillings for a glass case of stuffed birds; and another gave thirty shillings for a brass fender. They may not be very sensible things to buy, but they show that money is comparatively plentiful. The bad year in the beginning taught the villagers thrifty ways that had been forgotten for fifty years. In the harvest time the women and children go out gleaning after the wheat has been lifted. Family parties, too, go out for miles picking up sticks for fire-wood.

We have not suffered from any food shortage, in that we have the pull over the towns. The grocer faithfully deals us out our half pound of sugar every week; meat is abundant though very dear; we never had any shortage of potatoes; and milk is still three pence a quart, as compared with six pence in most places.

A Sadder Community

BUT we are a sadder as well as a richer village, the young men and women are all away, and there is no time to play. Frivolous amusements such as townsfolks can buy we never had; our nearest approach to them was itinerant musicians, clowns, and dancing bears, who sometimes came to the village just as the day's work was done. Now we never see these; our only relaxation is conversation of a not very exciting order. Since the last half year we have had a new self respect; we feel that even the old humble task of tilling the land is of some use.

The war has done the villagers good in a great many ways; but it has not improved things from the squire's point of view. All the things that Mr. Butler and his class come to the country for have been swept away An English village is about the most fascinating toy a man can have if he has a long purse. Little grey houses, with stone tiled roofs, gardens a riot of coloured flowers, trim fields and old trees, are the toys Mr. Butler has had to play with for twenty years, and under his guardianship the village has improved immensely. Now his principal tenants, the farmers, are taking things into their own hands—many of them are buying their own farms. It is too early to see how this will affect the villagers. The squire who has prided himself in having a village entirely of good grey stone sees corrugated zinc barns springing up in all directions; and has a steam plough bringing the sounds and the smell of a town to his very gates; and Charles, his son, for whom he was getting the estate in such order, has been killed at Verdun.

Perhaps the greatest change in village life is that we are looking forward to greater changes. Before the war, looking forward or looking back, it seemed that there had not been, and would not be any difference for generations and generations. Now village life has been altered. and from all classes you hear that it will be altered still more "when the boys come home." None of them, soldiers or civilians who have left the village are likely to settle down to the unutterable dullness of country life in our county again; and yet the land and agriculture is going to be on the upward grade for the next ten years according to the wiseacres. How greatly village life has been altered in three years we know, but to what extent, and in what direction it is going to be altered in the years to come we are none of us bold enough to prophesy.

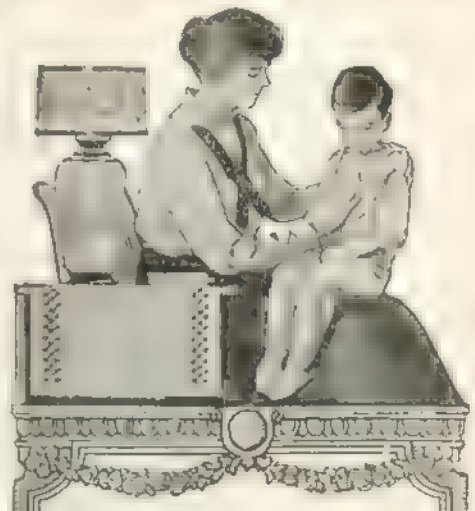
What of the Blind?

(*Continued from page 42*)

volumes and cost (before the war) eighty cents per volume in Great Britain and seventy-three cents in America.

Needless to say, every resource and advantage of this Canadian Library for the Blind is thrown wide open to the blinded soldier, and he is aided and assisted in every way to overcome his affliction.

To be sure, the blind soldier has his pension, but it would not be adequate for his support unless supplemented by his own efforts and it is the aim of the Government to make each man independently capable of support. Our blinded heroes, on their side, with the nobility of character which one might expect of men such as these, ask only that any privileges and advantages offered them by a grateful country, be extended equally to the hundreds of blind folk in Canada whose need is quite as urgent as their own. And it is plainly up to the people of Canada to see that our duty toward them all, so sadly neglected before, is properly fulfilled at last.



It's Not Mussy Like Mustard

Vaseline
Trademark
Capsicum
PETROLEUM JELLY

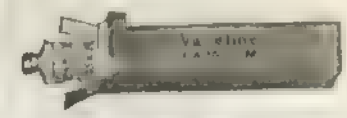
is a clean counter-irritant. "Vaseline" Jelly, blended with Capsicum, breaks up congestion in the throat and chest, and serves in every case where our grandmothers prescribed mustard plasters. And it does not blister the skin.

"Vaseline" Capsicum on a poultice at the back of the neck will dull a raging headache. Its warmth bakes out a toothache.

Sold in convenient tin tubes at Chemists and General Stores everywhere. Avoid substitutes.

Write for new illustrated booklet.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, (Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Avenue, Montreal



How Delicious It Tastes

That Icing, Pudding, Sauce, Dainty Dessert, Whipped Cream, Ice Cream, Sherbet or Frappe flavored with

MAPLEINE
The Golden Flavour

Not only does it give a mapley taste that delights but a soft golden color that makes the dessert distinctly different.

Grocers Sell Mapleine—2 oz. Bottle 50c.

Send 4c in stamps for copy of our new Mapleine Cook Book. Send Dept. C.W.

Crescent Mfg. Co.
25 Front Street E. Toronto, Ontario

Be A Nurse

Earn $15 to $25 per week

The nurses are taking up this wonderful respected vocation. Offers unparalleled advantages. Excellent chance. Any woman of 18 or over can learn under our simple, perfected system.

LEARN AT HOME

Our system founded 1902 is endorsed by leading physicians Dr. Perkins, the founder, will personally instruct you, assures thorough training yet saves a lot of time. Low tuition, small monthly payments. *Send for 32 interesting pages and large illustrated catalog today—ALL FREE upon request. Write now.*

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, Est. 1902, 16-4 Michigan Boulevard, South, Chicago

A photograph of Christine Miller proving by actual comparison that the New Edison does faithfully reflect her voice.

A Faithful Reflection of Christine Miller

The clearest pool of water mirrors the image above it no more faithfully than this marvelous instrument reflects the voices of its artists. So complete and perfect is the Re-Creation that no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the artist's performance and that of

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Over two million people have attended our famous tone tests in which living artists were pitting against the instrument. And in not one instance has the New Edison failed to meet this searching test: definitely—convincingly—conclusively.

A postcard brings our interesting literature, including the musical magazine "Along Broadway."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

Thomas A. Edison
THE EDISON LABORATORIES

Empress Louise
Papeteries

YOUR correspondence should convey precisely the same impression as everything else you do. Therefore, your notes and letters should be written on dainty stationery.

Empress Louise Papeteries

are of the daintiest.

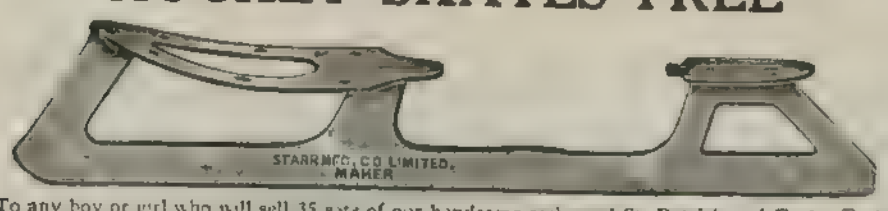
Supplied in delicate tints of green and azure as well as white.

Ask your stationer for a box.

10-7-17

BRANTFORD WINNIPEG **Barber-Ellis** Limited. Toronto. Canada. VANCOUVER CALGARY

HOCKEY SKATES FREE



To any boy or girl who will sell 35 sets of our handsome embossed St. Patrick and Easter Postcards at 10 cents a set (6 lovely cards in each set), we will send a pair of guaranteed double-ender Hockey Skates (any size). Rigidly built of polished steel. Light weight.

Send us your name and we will send you the cards to sell. When sold send us the money and we will send you the skates with all charges prepaid.

HOMER-WARREN CO., Dept. C6, TORONTO

The Magpie's Nest

(*Continued from page 41*)

He had seen quite clearly that she was powerless. She looked at him quickly, and obeyed. He went ahead in a sudden noiseless spurt, cleaving the water as if it were his native element, making nothing of the drag she must have been to him. She did what she could, but it was not much. Yet it seemed the briefest minute—it was perhaps ten—until she felt the firm sand beneath her feet and stood up, with that heavy languorous feeling one knows who has come out of the water to the lighter ether.

"I am tired," she said simply. "Thank you. I couldn't have got back alone." A slight breeze touched them; she shivered.

"You're cold," he amended sharply. He was still trying to protect her from the elements. She looked fragile to him, and as if she should be so shielded.

"Yes. Let's run." They did, and fell on the steps of the hotel out of breath and aglow. Later, when they had dressed, they went back to the beach again and took up the interrupted tale. She let her hair fly on her shoulders to dry. It had the pleasing quality, rather common to light hair, of not looking stringy when wet, and the light got into it, and gave it more than its natural beauty, for its ordinary shade was very soft, almost dead, fawn-color, without the hint of red which makes chestnut hair so lovely. But hers suited her too-pale, waxen skin, and it had a beautiful texture, the hair "like sea-moss" of Alciphron, which Browning recalled. When her face had that ashen look of fatigue her hair looked faded also; but now it was charmingly alive, and curled in feathery ringlets at the nape of her neck. And her crescent brows were ruffled from the drying of her face, so that they rose in a curious peak in the center, two circumflex accents over her eyes; and she looked much younger than her years. The immaturity of her emotions, checked and arrested in her disastrous love affair, had kept her face as girlish in expression as when she was in her teens. Not even her waned cheek and the fine lines about her eyes could alter it.

"Odd," he said, his words redeemed from banality by his positive interest in the fact, "that we should have met again, after so long. Are you—"

"Am I—what?"

"Glad?" he asked, overcoming his self-consciousness with difficulty.

She thought awhile. "Yes, of course," she decided finally. "Why, it's almost like going back home. I think that's why I got used to you so quickly. It does seem as if we'd been friends for a long time. Of course I have no one else here. I might be boring you to death!"

"Do I act like it?" he demanded.

"How do you act when you are bored?" she countered.

"I go away," he said truthfully. "And this time I— Will you be angry if I tell you something?"

"Probably," she said. "I have a most cantankerous disposition, and it's been soured by disappointment. But I won't do more than kill you."

"Well—"

"Go on," she said, slightly exasperated. Anything protracted always did exasperate her slightly; she had described herself rightly as wanting to eat life like an orange.

"I followed you here," he said, reddening, and looking slightly defiant. And he picked a blade of grass and examined it with deep interest.

"Where? You mean to the beach?—from town?" She looked puzzled, scarcely annoyed. "How did you know?"

"I was called out of town yesterday," he said. "And I wanted to see you to-day. So I telephoned—Mrs. Hassard answered. And she told me—and I came down."

"Well, all right," said Hope. "Don't you think it must be dinner-time? I shall have to be careful what I tell Mrs. Hassard—silly old goop. Hiyu cultus wawa—she talks too much." So she dismissed the subject, rising with a dainty yawn and lifting her arms above her head with a fine classic gesture to pin up her hair. Carter sat still a moment merely to watch her; she was so slim and straight, not too thin as he had at first thought, but what the French call *fausse maigre*. He had to recant his opinion that she was not pretty if she chose; or if it were true, then it did not matter.

(*To be continued*)

The Road to Success

ARE you interested in knowing how men and women in the public eye to-day attain to their positions? Does it give you inspiration to aim at success yourself? Read the Story of Madame Olga Petrova, the famous movie star, in the March issue of Everywoman's World. A subscription ($1.50) sent in now will ensure delivery of this and the many other bright features. Now—while it is fresh in your mind, fill in the Coupon on Page 1.

WIN One of these new 1918 autos Or their full value in Cash!

Solve this Great Moving Picture Mystery
Over $1600.00 in prizes
To be given FREE

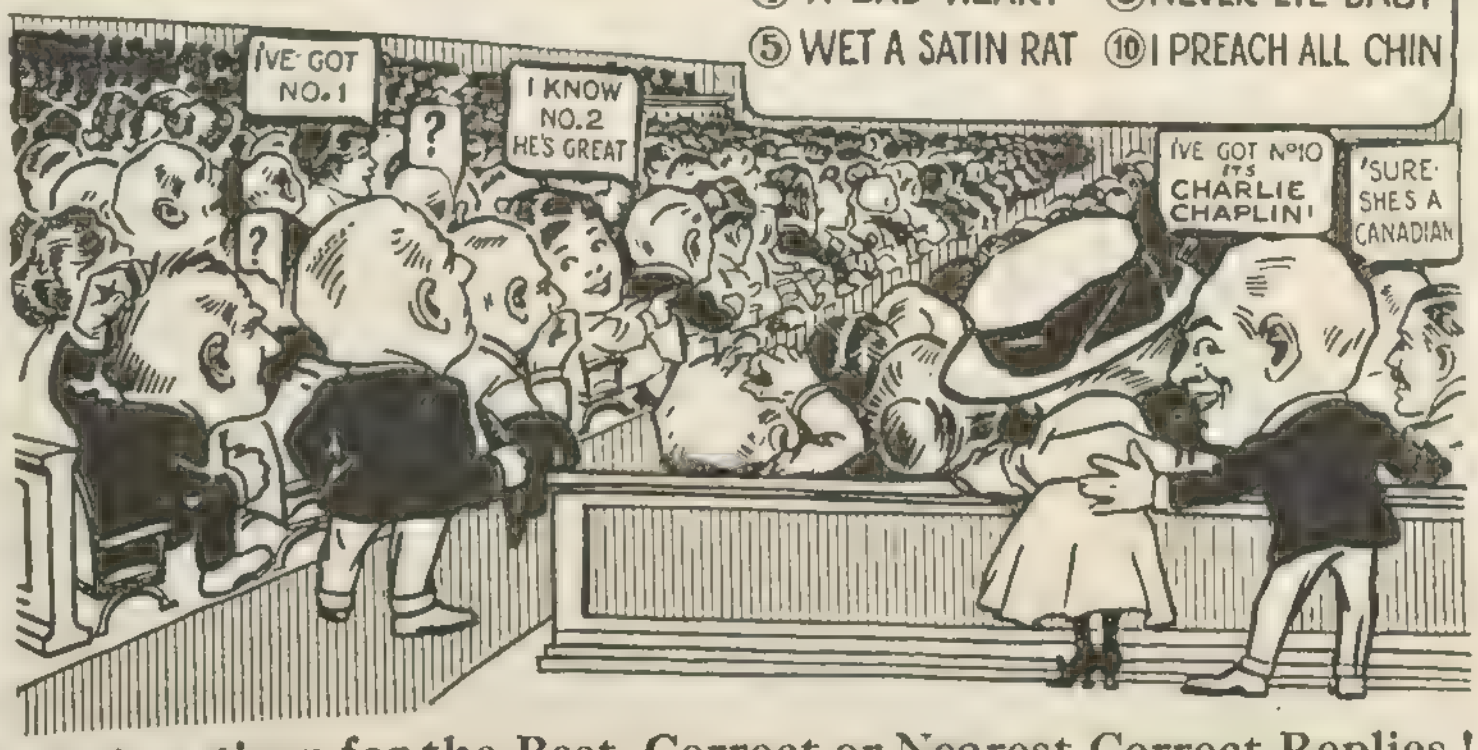
IN THIS particular Moving Picture Theatre the names of the famous players who would soon be appearing in the pictures were each night flashed on the screen. On this particular night the operator, wanting to play a little joke on his audience, took the names of the players and so mixed up the letters in each name that they spelt out the funny sentences you see above.

Time and time again this film was flashed on the screen only to be demanded back. Many of the audience are still trying to solve the mysterious names **Can you help them?**

In case you are not familiar with the names of the popular moving picture actors and actresses, the list below may help you.

WHO ARE THEY?

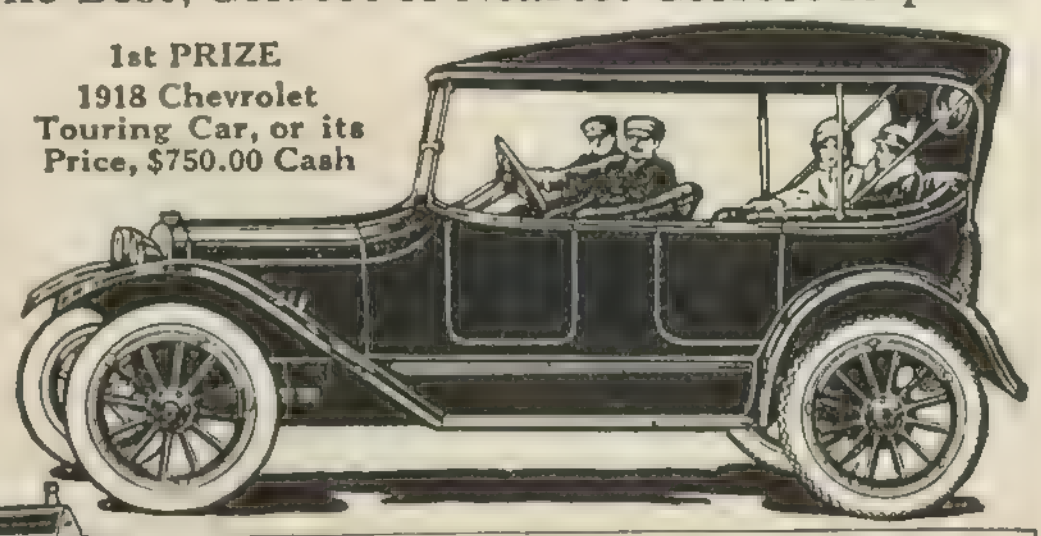
① I PARCK MY FORD
② A FOUND A GLASS BRIK
③ MAKER A CUTER GIRL
④ A BAD HEART
⑤ WET A SATIN RAT
⑥ ROAM OR DIE
⑦ FUN MUST DRAIN
⑧ A LETS BEN CHEW
⑨ NEVER LYE BABY
⑩ I PREACH ALL CHIN

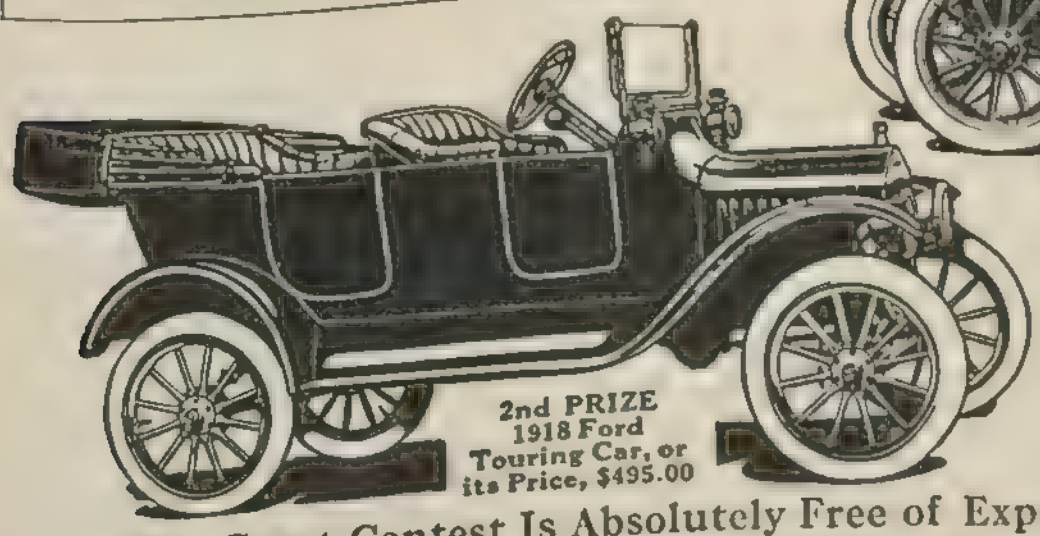


These Magnificent Prizes given for the Best, Correct or Nearest Correct Replies!

1st Prize, 1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, Value $750.00;
2nd Prize, 1918 Ford Touring Car, Value $495.00;
3rd Prize, $100.00 Cash;
4th Prize, $75.00; 5th Prize, $50.00; 6th Prize, $25.00;
7th Prize, $20.00; 8th Prize, $15.00; 9th Prize, $10.00;
10th Prize, $10.00; 11th Prize, $10.00; 12th Prize, $10.00;
13th Prize, $5.00; 14th Prize, $5.00; 15th Prize, $5.00;
16th Prize, $5.00; 17th Prize, $5.00; 18th Prize, $5.00;
19th Prize, $3.00; 20th Prize, $3.00; 21st Prize, $3.00;
22nd Prize, $3.00; 23rd Prize, $3.00; 24th Prize, $3.00;
and 25 Extra Cash Prizes of $1.00 each.

1st PRIZE
1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, or its Price, $750.00 Cash





2nd PRIZE
1918 Ford Touring Car, or its Price, $495.00

Names of Some of the Favorite Players

Charlie Chaplin, Hazel Dawn, Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Francis Ford, Grace Cunard, Marguerite Clark, Clara Kimball Young, Fannie Ward, Max Linder, Dustin Farnum, Alice Brady, Theda Bara, Wilton Lackaye, Douglas Fairbanks, Blanche Sweet, Julia Sanderson, Marie Doro, Pauline Frederick, Robert Warwick, Anita Stewart, Olga Petrova, Norma Talmage, Lou Tellegan, George Beban, Annette Kellerman, Mary Pickford, Lillian Walker, Mabel Normand, Pearl White.

This Great Contest Is Absolutely Free of Expense. Send Your Answers To-Day!

This great contest is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the largest and best known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded with absolute fairness and squareness to you and every other contestant. Frankly it is intended to further introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine. You may enter and win the best of the prizes whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and, moreover, you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny of your money in order to compete.

Here's the Idea:

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so popular everywhere that it now has the vast circulation of over 125,000 copies a month; but our motto is: "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in Every Woman's Home." We want more Canadian magazine readers to become acquainted with this famous publication. Therefore, when we acknowledge your entry to this contest and you know your standing for the prizes, we shall send you **without cost** a copy of the very latest issue and a review of many of the fine features soon to appear Then, in order to qualify your entry to be sent on for the judging and awarding of the grand prizes, you will be asked to assist us in carrying on this big introduction plan by showing your copy to just four friends or neighbours who will appreciate this really worthwhile **All-Canadian** magazine and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time and we will even send copies for each of your friends if you wish.

How to send your Solution.—Use one side of the paper only and put your name and address (stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss) in the upper right-hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers, use a separate sheet of paper.

Three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answer gaining 160 points will take first prize. You will get 10 points for every name solved correctly (No. 10 being excepted as it is practically given); 20 points will be awarded for general neatness, style, spelling, punctuation, etc.; 10 for hand writing, and 40 for fulfilling the condition of the contest. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges. The contest will close at 5 p.m., May 30th, immediately after which the answers will be judged and the prizes awarded. Address your answers to-day to

Movie Contest Editor, Everywoman's World, Continental Publishing Co., Limited, 1 Continental Building, Toronto, Ont.

Lorne Hicks Won the Overland Car Awarded in Our Last Contest

Read his Letter:

Dear Sirs:

The Overland Five-Passenger Touring Car has arrived, and I must say we are all greatly delighted with it. It seems a wonderful prize to win with so little effort. Have had many letters from readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD from different parts of Canada, some congratulating me and others asking if it was really so that I received the Overland Car.

I must say that the Management of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD have been prompt and courteous to me throughout the contest.

(Signed) LORNE E. HICKS.

CLASSIFIED ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange. Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

Agents and Salesmen Wanted

MRS. COPE, MACGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $10 00 in four days. Sold to every home in Macgrath. You can do as well. Nice territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

MANY BIG ADVERTISERS first started with a little ad this size. The cost so small, and the results so big. We will gladly send you full particulars. Drop us a postal to-day. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

Business Opportunities

"HOW I CAN BUILD Business in Canada," is the title of a leaflet, containing letters from a few of our advertisers in this section. It tells of the results received; sent gladly on request. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

WILL BUY PRACTICAL INVENTION. A. H. Co., care Patent News, Washington, D.C.

Drawing and Painting

LEARN DRAWING AND PAINTING at home by mail. Be a Magazine, Newspaper or Commercial Illustrator; a Cartoonist; Paint in Water Colors or Oil. Your name and address brings full particulars and our handsome illustrated Art Magazine by return mail. Fine Arts Institute, Suite 351, Omaha, Neb.

Educational

LEARN BOOKKEEPING, Shorthand, Matriculation, Story Writing, Beginners Course, Engineering, by mail at home. Write Canadian Correspondence College Limited, Dept. E.W., Toronto, Canada.

Family Remedies

SORE EYES—Try Murine Eye Remedy in your own Eyes and in Baby's Eyes when they Need Care. Relieves Redness, Soreness, Granulated Eyelids and Scales on the Lids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Ask your Druggist for Murine.

Help Wanted—Female

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES WANTED to do Plain and Light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Mfg. Co., Dept. A., Montreal.

Home Furnishings

WRITE for our large, photo illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

Nursing

PRIVATE NURSES earn $10 to $25 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, Toronto, Canada.

Patents—Legal Cards

HERBERT J. S. DENNISON, Patent Expert, Canada, United States and Foreign patents, designs and trade marks. 18 King W., Toronto.

PATENTS SECURED or fee returned. Actual search free. Send sketch. 1917 Edition, 90-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 205 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Photoplays—Stories

WRITE MOTION PICTURE plays. $50 each. Experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

WRITERS—STORIES, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E.W., 3 Hannibal, Mo.

SEND US YOUR IDEAS for Photoplays, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form—correct free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Get details now! Writer's Service, Dept. 32 Main, Auburn, N.Y.

$1,200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information of special prize offer. Photo Playwright College, Box 278 K 20, Chicago.

WANTED Stories, poems, etc. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Woman's National Magazine, Desk 110, Washington, D.C.

SEND US YOUR IDEAS for Photoplays, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form—correct free—sell on commission. Big rewards. Get details now! Writer's Service, Dept. 32 Main, Auburn, N.Y.

Plays and Entertainments

PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Entertainments, Make up goods. Large catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 80, Chicago.

Poultry

EGGS FOR HATCHING: — Bronze Turkeys, Embden Geese, Rouen Ducks, Barred and White Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes and Rose Comb Brown Leghorns, write for price list. J. H. Rutherford, Alberton, Ont.

Razor Blades Sharpened

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts. Gillette, 35c. dozen. Ever Ready, 75c. Mail to A. L. Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

Real Estate Farm Lands

IS HE CRAZY?—The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a canning factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Elbank Farms Company, 941 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profits should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his craziness.

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for cash. State cash price, and description. D. I. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

Social

JOIN our merry club. Membership 10c. Tulip Postal Exchange, Box 47, Kincardine, Ontario.

Songs Wanted

WANTED—Song poems on love, war and other subjects. We compose music and guarantee publication. Submit verses to Fairchild Music Co., Suite 10-11, 203 Broadway, New York.

Wearing Apparel—Fancy-Work

BEAUTIFUL SILK Remnants for crazy patchwork. Large, well assorted trial package only 25c.; five lots for $1.00. Embroidery silk, odd lengths, assorted colours, 25c. per ounce. Peoples' Specialties Co., Box 1836, Winnipeg, Man.

Eye Relief

AFTER THE MOVIES—Murine is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Roots Refreshes. Relieves. Murine is a Favourite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. You cannot buy new eyes. Murine sold at drug and optical stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for free book.

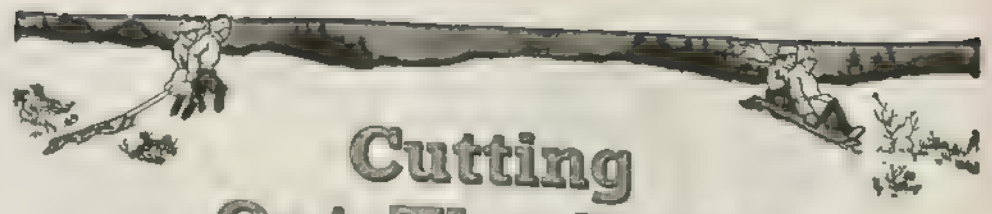
FREE Grand 38-Piece Scholar's Outfit and a Dandy $5.00 Camera

BOYS AND GIRLS—This is the best and most complete Scholars' Outfit you have ever seen. It would cost you a small fortune to go into the store and buy all these useful and necessary articles. **Just read what it contains:** One large size English school bag, boy's or girl's style, three gold finished nibs, 1 gross pencils, printing outfit with three rows of type, type holder, tweezers, and everlasting ink pad, one dozen lead pencils, a fine pen in box with lock and key, a fine rubber eraser, a fine quality pencil sharpener, aluminum covered aluminum pocket drinking cup, a box of fine crayons, a box of paints containing 8 good colors, a twelve inch wooden ruler, a set of six blotters, a dandy hundred page scholar's memo pad, a paper protector for your home pencils fitted with fine eraser, and last, but not least a fine self filling fountain pen with a package of ink tablets, sufficient to make five bottles of finest quality fountain pen ink. **It is a wonderful outfit.**

Send us your name and address to-day, and we will send you postpaid a free sample package of Tantees, our delightful new, whipped cream, candy coated breath mints and just 32 large 10c packages to introduce among your friends. Open your free package and ask your friends to try a "Tantee." They'll like them so much that everyone will want a package or two at once. Just one little "Tantee" will purify the mouth, sweeten and perfume the breath, and they are irresistibly delicious. Everybody loves them. You'll sell them in an hour or two.

Then return our $3.20 and we will at once send you this grand 38 piece scholar's outfit exactly as represented, and the boat fine $5.00 folding film Camera will also be sent to you for just showing your grand scholar's outfit to your friends and getting only 6 of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We pay all delivery charges on your grand outfit right to your door. Write now while you think of it. Be the first in school to win this great outfit.

Address GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO. DEPT. D. 4 TORONTO, ONT. 20B.



Cutting Out The Frills

Famous Designers Say $300 a Year is Enough to Clothe Any Woman!

By GRACE R. DUNNE

WHEN Dame Fashion takes to companioning with her ancient enemy Thrift, we may know things are happening. War is not only "making over" women's clothes, it is making women over.

The Designers' Association in the country to the south of us, is no anti-feminine affair. To the contrary—here's to the women, God bless them!

"In the past," said one of the officials of that organization, "we have catered to their extravagance; in the future our successors will likely do the same, but NOW, in the present year of grace, 1918, with want and war threatening the life of the nation, ours the task of teaching economy; of showing, not how much can be spent on clothes, but how much can be saved on them.

"To go without clothes is an offence against the law of the land, to wear unbecoming clothes is a crime against good taste. Cheap things are wasteful, women should buy good articles, but less of them.

"In the past we have supplied change after change of style, suits and dresses which varied each month in cut and color. The result was that a woman having a perfectly good grey suit in perfectly good style and condition, wanted to discard it for a green one, or a brown. And did it! But we have banded with the Hooverites. The National Thrift Campaign is our own campaign."

Here a New York modiste, whose name is a household word, rose to her feet and begged to be enlightened as to the best method for carrying out this dress reform among a people naturally extravagant.

"There is but one method," was the reply in the authoritative tones of the man who knows, "let them be made to realize that the law is not to be trifled with. If they break it they will be fined so heavily they will have little money left for spending."

Right here was made the statement, which was endorsed by the Association as a body, that in war time any woman could dress for any position in any society on $300 a year.

THE Association is in earnest. With every style book and fashion hint is to be published the following itemized list under the heading:

Sane Dress Statistics

Shoes	$20.00
Hats	25 00
Hosiery	10 00
Corset	5 00
Underclothing	25 00
Hairpins, buttons, ribbons, etc.	5.00
Spring Suit	30 00
Two Summer Dresses	10 00
One Skirt	10 00
Three or four waists	20 00
Winter Suit	35 00
Coat	25 00
Gloves	10 00
One Evening Frock	30 00
Furs	30 00
Miscellaneous	10 00
	$300.00

"It can't possibly be done," cry several society women in distress.

"Three hundred dollars! No woman could squander that much in clothes. Why, we raise big families on less!" cry their sister women, who know little of the luxuries of life, but enough and to spare of its hardship.

If any are mean enough to try and get more furbelows than the law allows, we trust they'll be brought up short. England didn't spare her favorite author, when she offended. Poor Marie Corelli had to pay out her £50 fine just like any common person. Her companion in crime, Lady Something-or-other, had to pay double that for lining her larder better than she should. Surely it is worse to hoard frills and fripperies than it is to hoard food. The housekeeping instinct, unduly developed, and a predisposition towards selfishness, might tempt a woman to annex more of her country's rations than she should, but the grasping at the purple and fine linen is insanity pure and simple.

You will notice that the "Sane Dress Statistics" list does not make any allowance for petticoat. When the omission was pointed out to the author of the list, he merely remarked:

"Petticoats, petticoats—if women couldn't afford them in the piping times of peace they certainly can't afford them now."

Baby's Driving Costume

By ETHEL D. THOMPSON

IS anything lovelier than a comfortably dressed, happy baby, out a-riding on a winter's day? His eyes shine like snowdrops when the sun is on them, and his cheeks are so ruddy, that he seems "mighty like a rose," sent to tell us summer will some time come again.

Yet there are so few babies that do not look pinched and cold when they are out. Most mothers put sufficient clothing on their little ones, often too much, but they cannot understand why they grow so cross and fretful. Babies always have a reason for their peevishness, and just as many a beautiful picture has been a failure because the detail work was careless, so many a baby is cross because its mother does not realize the importance of each of his little articles of clothing in making him a healthy, normal child.

The baby's head and ears should be protected with a warm soft bonnet. It must fit closely around his face and at his neck, for sharp penetrating wind is often more dangerous than the cold. Rough edges and strings have been known to cause eczema, since infection easily sets in where the skin is irritated.

His coat should be loose fitting at arms and chest, and long enough to turn up without hampering his little legs in their constant exercise.

Have the stockings come well over the knees and pin them to the diaper. Tying around the legs greatly impairs the circulation.

Unless old enough to creep, baby should not have shoes. See that these little shoes are the shape of his feet; we grown-ups have surely learned our lesson from the pointed toes.

Now the great question of covering those tiny, unwearying hands! Many mothers do not understand that baby can take cold as easily in his hands as in any other part of his body. One often sees his wee fingers bared to the cold raw winds, and the only explanation given, is that he shakes off his mitts. Here is where the ingenious mother finds a way. One woman made the lining of the coat sleeve longer than the sleeve and this she finished with a draw-string; another had mitts that came up over the cuffs almost to the elbow.

To overcome all difficulties regarding little spots left uncovered on baby's body, there is an all-over garment consisting of hood, coat and "turn-up" which buttons under the chin, and makes baby as snug as a little Eskimo is in his funny one-piece costume.

Then make sure the mattress and pillow are quite warm. A contrivance which seems especially adapted to apartment houses where the carriage is kept away from the living rooms, is a bag consisting of mattress and cover. This means no running back and forth on mother's part for the carriage furnishings, and no dangling in a precarious position on one arm while his bed is arranged with the other. He comes out all dressed, is slipped into the bag, taken out to his carriage, and is off to meet Jack Frost with a gurgle of delight.

Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

They have Hearts—Those Men from Canada

"They Have Hearts, those strong brown men from Canada's hills, valleys and prairies," said Madame Thieffry in an interview during her visit to Toronto. "They sympathise with my poor people. They look back—the Canadians—on their own land as a place of plenty, where there are still women who do not weep, and children who have not forgotten how to be happy and healthy, and thinking of these things, they say: "Poor France!"

Tears came to her eyes and ran down her cheeks as she told of the homeless, helpless ones of France. "To see a grown person sick with hunger is bad, but to see a little one speechless in its anguish of want—Mon Dieu! the soul of one crumples up while watching. Only paper to clothe many of the little bodies. Even among those less destitute there exists bitter want. Soldiers' wives receive only twenty-five cents a day to live upon, and though the women of France have a reputation for economical menus, they cannot do much with prices high and food scarce. To-day," she continued brokenly, "we have 11,000,000 without homes, without clothes, and ah! so oft without food!"

Madame Thieffry gave an address on "The sufferings of France," before several of our church organizations. "Canadians are kind," she said at parting. "It is give, give, give, to help us all."

Match-making not always mere Interference

"I'll Tell You One Thing I have noticed," remarks the Country Cousin, and everyone begins to pay heed. A shrewd observer is she, as we know. "Women aren't match-makers out of pure mischievousness, or love of interfering in other people's affairs, but because they like to consider themselves a sort of feminine Providence," she continues. "They desire to see a man tread the narrow way, and are pretty sure he will be more apt to do it if he has a wife to keep tab on him than if left to his own devices. What's that? Certainly I know a poor life partner is worse than none at all, but a heap more wives are in the good, better, best, list than on the bad, worse, worst one. I've seen an ordinary slip of a woman with a wedding ring out-distancing the law and the gospel in converting a man from the error of his way.

"You don't need to take my word for it, look at the court records—two or three bachelor criminals to every single solitary benedict. It's the same to the south of us. Take New York County; the district attorney's report for last year shows that nearly three thousand foot-free bachelors went wrong—and were found out"—grimly—"as compared with twelve hundred married men. It's the vindication of the matchmaker, so to speak."

"It's enough to scare a woman out of all thought of matrimony," we venture, "to assume such a duty for—"

"My dear," she interrupted, with her whimsical laugh, "it takes a lot to scare a good woman from her duty—especially if said duty has nice eyes, and a taking way with him."

A Girl Bank-President and Her Depositors

What Do You Say to an eighteen year old bank president—and a girl at that?

We have her. She is the kindergarten teacher in a town not a great way from here, and is also the banker for her little pupils. She makes a very proud, very faithful president, and her depositors, thirty-one in number, overwhelm her with affectionate attentions. Up to the day they invested in the Victory Bond, the bank held fifty-three dollars all told. The president says she expects the remaining three dollars to be drawn out for the buying of Christmas presents. "But we will not call ourselves bankrupt at all, even when the treasury is empty," she laughed, "we will wait until the new year comes and begin all over again."

The deposits come in pennies, most of the patrons having, for the nonce, but the proverbial cent to bless themselves with. It teaches the tots to save and inculcates business habits.

Says Courtship is One of 'Man's Conflicts'

Prof. Thos. Nixon Carver, Harvard professor and recognized authority on social complexities, flung a few bombs when speaking before the University of California the other day on "Man's Conflicts." Among said conflicts he places politics, litigation, courtship and classes them "erotic." He has a beautiful voice and a reputation for wisdom far beyond his years, but neither the voice nor reputation convinced the assembly of young, virile Californians when he stated, "All love between men and women is erotic, all courtship is erotic. Courtship means nothing but the seeking for a mate. All emotional impulse between man and woman is based on sex-love, therefore erotic." Emphasizing a point on marital selection, Professor Carver pointed out that blondes are much more in favor with the male of the species than are either brunettes or red-haired women. "Man has become woman's superior," he said in closing, "but there are unmistakeable signs of her restoration to that empire, the emotional nature of man. Masculine supremacy had its birth in economic supremacy. Modern woman, by her economic independence, proceeds to regain ascendancy in emotional affairs." His audience listened with a laugh. The things he esteemed conflicts, they esteemed privileges and blessings. Besides they could not see what economics had to do with the way blondes, brunettes and red-haired girls were "wooed and married and a'."

The Lord Mayor's Wife a Real Canadian

A Young Canadian Officer, home on leave, was telling us of a famous patriotic bazaar, he was privileged to attend in London, and of a happy incident in connection.

"At the lace booth I bought a collar for my mother, having just remembered that her birthday would be along in two weeks time. The girls in the booth were busy, but an older woman stood idle, and noting how kindly she looked at my empty sleeve I made bold to ask if there was anyone whom I could get to make my parcel ready for mailing, as I was anxious it should reach Canada as soon as possible. 'Canada!' she said, and the nice English voice seemed to dwell on the word. 'Here, give it to me. I'll address and mail it for you. No bother in the world, I'm a Canadian too!' I was so homesick I came within an ace of kissing her, but contented myself with nearly shaking her hand off. 'Show me your booth and I'll buy a bushel of things,' I told her, and she said: 'I have no booth, I came to open the bazaar, I am the Lord Mayor's wife.' I was for running away, but she wouldn't let me, said she was proud of her big brown Canucks. We had a beautiful chat—mostly about Oakville, Ontario and Burlington, to which she removed on her marriage to Mr. Hanson, the present Lord Mayor of Old London. Talk of your Dick Whittingtons!

"Her maiden name was Martha Sabina Appelbe, and she still considers Hamilton—our Hamilton—one of the finest cities going. Oh, she's a true blue, the little Lady of Mansion House!" ended up the young Canadian.

Two Leaders and their Pet Mottoes

Two Prominent Canadians, Sir McKenzie Bowell and Dr. Torrington, Dean of musical circles, who passed over to the great majority just before Christmas, had the same outlook upon life, in that service held the place of honor. "Young man," the former was wont to say to the many who sought his counsel, "take time to do things well. Early in life I chose my rule: 'Go slow, haste makes waste,' and any deviation from it has worked me ill. It is not years that make us old, but the way we rush the years. Take time." Coming from a man who lived to be ninety-four, and whose name stands out on the pages of our history as one who did his country and his time splendid service to the very end of the chapter, the advice is significant.

So with Dr. Torrington. Those of us who knew him best were familiar with his tributes to thoroughness. "In the making of a musician, carelessness is a greater bar than even stupidity," he would exclaim. "For, while knowledge cures the latter, it has little effect on the former. It is the pupil who takes time to do his best always who becomes the real artist in the end. The man who wrote that genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains knew whereof he spoke. A mad rush never achieves anything, or gets one anywhere. It pays to take time." And only the other day he played from the old masters as only he could play and with his eighty odd years of usefulness behind ceased his work in ceasing to live.

Home in Ruins was Still Home to Them

Homesickness is a Hard Thing. It draws the tears from us when we are young and the heart from us when we are old. Fortunately it is a transitory ill or life wouldn't be worth living. Among the many pitiful things which came to light in connection with the Halifax disaster, was that of the finding of an old man and a child of four or five in the debris of a ruined one-story cot in a poor street near the harbor. Both were nearly dead from shock and exposure.

"But why haven't you made an effort to get out of here? You are not seriously injured," remonstrated one of the rescuers.

"Leave us alone," snarled the man. "With my daughter dead, Jack here left an orphan, an' the only spot on earth we could call home blown to bits, what's the use? The world's a d—— cold spot," his voice breaking upon the oath, as he tried to draw the child closer, "to one as young and useless as him, or old and useless as me if there ain't a place that's home to 'em. Dyin' is 'bout the easiest way out, eh Jack?"

Not many of the happenings connected with the tragedy ended so happily as this one, for friends were found who built up the old house on the sand, and made it comfortable for the two who loved and prized it.

St. Valentine's Day

The girl is slender, sweet and fair,
With dimpled cheeks and eyes ashine;
The youth is tall, with bashful air—
Heigho! a fond and foolish pair—
The day is yours, St. Valentine.

He cries, "My heart will constant prove
Since every beat of it is thine—
The dearest joy of life is love!"
The birds are mating in the grove—
The day is yours, St. Valentine.

What matters that the winds blow chill,
Through leafless tree and naked vine?
That snow-drifts linger on the hill?
When warm love makes the pulses thrill
The day is yours, St. Valentine.

JEAN BLEWETT.

Dear Everywoman's:

Weren't you a little ashamed of the way the women of various societies went at each other hammer and tongs about election time? Your sex took for its motto years ago, when Canadian women first began to battle for the ballot, "No Politics!" Did women really mean it? Anyway, they have proved their devotion to party by acting (Liberal and Conservative alike) very much like a body of quarrelsome children.

A Mere Man.

Well you see, we have been set a bad example by you men all these years. Just you wait till we find ourselves. Besides a few fights hurt nobody. Isn't it Dooley who says the only perfectly clean house is a dead man's house, or words to that effect? Ed.

Dear Everywoman's:

It takes a lot to frighten the mother of seven children and I possess this number—but there's one thing scares me stiff and it's this: "With every identical article we eat and wear soaring higher and higher in price, and my husband's salary remaining on the same old plane, how can I keep up a decent home, or feed the youngsters wholesome food? Whose fault is it? And is there any help? To me the question of the day is "How can I feed my flock?"

Juanita Hill.

It is the question of the day, a question not only important to the mother but to the nation. We would like to have the opinions of many mothers on this matter. In the meantime the communication from "Joan of the Plow" may help out. Let us hear. Ed.

Joan of the Plow's Call to Arms

Would conscript the city men and women and set them farming.

Dear Everywoman's:

May I put hopefully and prayerfully this query to the many men and women of the city who are not doing all they might.

Land, land, we are rich in land—it is going to waste in every province of the Dominion. Also men and women are going to waste in every city. Government should conscript an army of city people and put them in fields and orchards. Don't tell me the city man can't farm. From the the day Adam was sentenced to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, nature has seen to it that his male descendants possess the farming instincts. Also nobody need tell me that your city women are all busy. I know better. Last June, July, August and September, the busiest months of the year, the verandahs of the summer resorts were full of good strong women, plying embroidery needle, crochet work or knitting hard and fast. Let the old women, the grand old women, tend to the socks in the summer I say, and the young ones learn to farm, raise vegetables, run dairies, chicken ranches, etc. The men at the front have to be fed. More necessary than comfort bags, chocolates, and other fripperies is that common but all important thing, a loaf of bread. Come up and help us!

Joan of the Plough.

February Fete Days

A Valentine Party for the Children and a Patriotic Luncheon for the Grown-Ups

By MARJORIE DALE

INVITATIONS written in red ink on white paper hearts will invite a dozen children to a Valentine Party. Oh! a most inexpensive affair it can be, with just enough of the "make believe" of being "grown up" to delight the hearts of the children.

The Valentine table may have, as a centre-piece, a basket of red roses or any pretty natural or imitation red flower to carry out the color scheme.

Home made paper heart-shaped ramekins covered with red crepe paper, filled with candy and nuts, may decorate each place. Pasted on the back of these so as to stand up, a red cardboard heart, bearing a place card and a menu, will immediately catch the eye. The following descriptive ideas may be carried out as a menu:

TWO MENUS FOR CHILDREN'S PARTY

Mixed Hearts — Bliss Cup
Heart Cream — Kisses
Heart Mints
OR
Two Hearts that Beat as One
Finger Rolls
Cocoa
Frozen Nectar — Small Cakes
Bon Bons.

RECIPES

Mixed Hearts

DO not cut bread too thin. Spread with butter or butter substitute, and then with red currant jelly mixed with nuts; put on top and cut with heart-shaped cutter. Do not throw away edges left over. Keep for pudding for own use.

Cut bread quite thin and spread with butter or butter substitute. Spread with chopped pimentos, put together and cut with heart-shaped cutter.

Bliss Cup

FOUR small cupfuls grape juice, three cupfuls orange juice, six cupfuls water, sugar if necessary, chopped candied cherries, whites of three eggs.

Heat water to boiling point; add grape juice. When thoroughly heated together add orange juice and sugar if necessary. Serve in teacups or small glasses, topping each with egg white which has been stiffly beaten and sprinkle with the chopped cherries.

This may also be served cold and without the egg.

Kisses

TAKE whites of two eggs, beat very stiff, add to them about one cupful confectioners' sugar. Bake in heart-shaped moulds till light brown. Do not grease pan, but put a bit of buttered paper in the bottom. Top with nuts, dates, raisins, etc.

Heart Peppermints

TWO cupfuls white sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful vinegar, ¼ teaspoonful soda, ¼ cupful boiling water.

Place on the stove and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Cook until brittle, remove from stove and flavor with three or four drops of oil of peppermint and beat until creamy. Pour on slab and cut in heart shapes.

Two Hearts that Beat as One

SOME canned beets, cream dressing, lettuce leaves, celery. Cut good sized beets about one-half inch thick and then cut with small heart shaped cutter, slit through each beet, and pierce two heart shapes through with an arrow cut out of cardboard. Place on individual plates on crispy lettuce surrounded with celery that has been finely chopped and standing in the dressing.

Frozen Nectar

ONE quart strawberry juice and fruit, one quart cream, one pound sugar.

Make syrup of the sugar. When cool add cream, put into a freezer with fruit and freeze. This should be served in heart-shaped ramekins.

Small Cakes

THREE eggs, one cupful butter substitute, two cupfuls sugar, one cupful milk, three cupfuls flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, vanilla.

Cream butter, add sugar, then egg yolks, beat briskly together. Sift flour and baking powder; add to mixture with milk and vanilla, fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a large shallow tin. When cold cut with heart cutter and ice with pink colored icing.

A PATRIOTIC LUNCHEON

WERE you ever at a surprise party, and when invited asked to bring such or such a dainty? Then, would it not seem reasonable to be invited to a Patriotic Luncheon and asked to bring along one of the luncheon courses for just so many people, with the recipe for making?

Why You Need the March Issue of "Everywoman's World"!

BECAUSE it will announce the formation of the biggest woman's movement Canada has ever known.

BECAUSE it will be the record fashion number of the year; a presentation of the very newest and most economical designs.

BECAUSE the third of our series of Fairy Tales by Norah M. Holland, conceded to be masterpieces, will be published. This tale, "The Wild Red Steed," with other gripping stories including "The Hidden Hope," by Edith G. Bayne, represents the fiction.

BECAUSE one of the most intensely interesting records of achievement—the story of Olga Petrova's success, will lend inspiration. What is possible in the world of the "movies" is applicable to other channels. Read this and determine how you can succeed!

BECAUSE there will be discussed the latest development in Food Control that you should know for the economic conduct of your home.

BECAUSE such authorities as Jean Blewett, Nellie McClung, Katherine M. Caldwell, Marjorie Dale, Katherine Hale, and others will have vital things to say in political, food, music and art and other departments.

BECAUSE Mr. W. A. Gunton, Inspector of Children for the Schools of Ontario, a man of many years' experience, will have telling points to bring forth on the subject of child training.

BECAUSE it will contain advance information on Gardening: will tell you how you may get best results with least expenditure.

BECAUSE it will be so cram full, from cover to cover, of the very ideas in search of which you strain your energy, you cannot miss it without a real loss in dollars and cents.

P.S.—Because also, you will want to frame its cover—one of the most exquisite productions of the day. Elsie Deane has excelled herself for March Everywoman's World.

I think so. It would be a novelty. Let's plan one!

Cut a heart out of a folded piece of cardboard. If you are at all handy with paints and brush, paint at the top tiny flags of the Allies. Then in red and blue ink, write your invitation on the inside of the heart, what to bring and the recipe.

Instead of the usual red or pink table decorations use the flags of the Allies, and as runners, strips of red, white and blue crepe paper. If desirable, the centerpiece may be a basket of red flowers with flags here and there. The place cards may be made the same as the invitations with the luncheon menu written inside.

Menu for Ten

Ally Cups
Italian Cream of Green Pea Soup.
Celery — Canadian Squares
English Cold Cuts — Ripe Olives
Onions baked in Milk — French Fried Potatoes.
Chocolate Pudding — Belgian Fritters
English Walnuts — War-time Cake
Home-made Bonbons — Coffee.

RECIPES

Ally Cups

ONE half cupful cherry juice, ½ cupful lemon juice, ½ cupful grape juice, two oranges, shredded pineapple, three bananas, ½ pound marshmallows.

Quarter oranges, remove skin, cut into small pieces. Add shredded pineapple. Quarter marshmallows and add to pineapple and orange. Add fruit juices, sugar if necessary, lastly the bananas. Serve in glasses tied with red, white and blue ribbon.

Italian Green Pea Soup

ONE can of green peas, 1½ pints milk, two cloves garlic, four tablespoonfuls butter substitute, one tablespoonful flour or cornstarch, salt, pepper.

Heat peas, put through sieve, leaving only skins. Chop garlic very fine and fry in butter slowly till tender, but not brown. Add to pea puree. Put pea puree on to heat, add milk, salt and pepper to taste and cornstarch or flour dissolved in water. Heat to boiling point.

Canadian Squares

STALE soda crackers. Four tablespoonfuls butter substitute.

Cut crackers into squares. Heat butter substitute. Put in squares, heating through, then browning.

English Cold Cuts

ENGLISH cold cuts consist of cold chicken, beef and ham served on a bed of cress. This can be supplied by the hostess as can also be the French fried potatoes.

Belgian Fritters

ONE small squash, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, about one quart of flour, salt, pepper.

Pare squash, cut into small pieces and boil till tender. Put through colander, add flour, baking powder, salt and pepper to taste. Fry in boiling hot deep fat.

Pimento Salad

LETTUCE leaves, three cupfuls mayonnaise, ½ can chopped pimentoes, three teaspoonfuls tarragon vinegar, one chopped green pepper, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful paprika, 1½ cupfuls chili sauce, 1½ cupfuls olive oil.

Prepare the mayonnaise in your usual way, then to the three cupfuls of dressing beat in gradually an extra one and one-half cupfuls of oil, then the chili sauce, vinegr,a seasoning and finely chopped vegetables. Put crisp lettuce leaves on individual plates with three tablespoonfuls of dressing on each.

Onions Baked in Milk

PEEL and slice thin enough white onions to serve ten people. Put in deep earthen dish and dredge well with flour, a little pepper and dot well with butter substitute. Pour over four cu pfulsof milk Bake in a good oven one-half hour, sprinkle with salt. These are easy to re-heat.

Chocolate Pudding

SIX and one-half cupfuls milk, three squares chocolate, eight level tablespoonfuls cornstarch mixed in milk. five eggs, pinch salt, six tablespoonfuls sugar.

Heat milk and chocolate, stirring constantly until chocolate is dissolved, then add cornstarch. Let boil in a double boiler twenty minutes or till cornstarch is cooked, then add yolks of eggs well beaten with sugar and salt. Beat thoroughly, cook five to ten minutes, add two teaspoonfuls vanilla, turn into mould and serve ice cold with following sauce:

Froth egg whites and whip in 2½ cupfuls boiling milk sweetened to taste, and a few grains of salt, two teaspoonfuls vanilla and a little nutmeg. Set on ice.

War Time Cake

ONE pound raisins, two tablespoonfuls lard, one teaspoonful allspice, three cupfuls brown sugar, one teaspoonful cinnamon, three cupfuls water.

Boil together five minutes, when cold mix with four cupfuls flour, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt. Sift, beat together and bake slowly one hour.

Spinach Soup

COOK BOOK RECIPE.—Four cups white stock, 2 quarts spinach, 3 cups boiling water, 2 cups milk, ¼ cup butter, 1/3 cup flour, salt, pepper.

WAR-TIME RECIPE.—Four cups boiling water, 2 quarts raw spinach or 1 cup cooked spinach, 2 cups skim milk, ¼ cup butter substitute, ¼ cup cornstarch, salt, pepper, ¼ teaspoon powdered sugar, 1/8 teaspoon soda.

Wash, pick over, and cook spinach thirty minutes in boiling water to which has been added powdered sugar and soda; rub through a sieve. Melt butter substitute, add cornstarch and the strained spinach with water in which it was cooked. Stir until it boils, add milk, and season with salt and pepper to taste.

Drawn Butter Sauce

COOK BOOK RECIPE.—One-third cup butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups hot water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon pepper.

WAR-TIME RECIPE.—One-third cup butter substitute, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 1½ cups water in which vegetables or fish has been cooked, ½ teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon pepper.

Melt one-half the butter substitute, add cornstarch with seasonings, and add gradually the hot water. Boil five minutes, and add remaining butter substitute in small pieces. As a sauce for vegetables, use vegetable water or stock; as a sauce for fish, use water in which fish, fish bones or head has been cooked.

Coffee Souffle

COOK BOOK RECIPE.—One and a half cups coffee infusion, ½ cup milk, 2/3 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon gelatine.

WAR TIME RECIPE.—Substitute maple for granulated sugar, use 2 eggs only. Other ingredients unchanged.

Mix coffee infusion, milk, one-half of the maple sugar and gelatine, and heat in double boiler. Add to remaining maple sugar, salt, and yolks of eggs, slightly beaten. Cook until mixture thickens; remove from range, add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and vanilla. Mold, chill, and serve with top milk.

Chocolate Cream

COOK BOOK RECIPE.—Two cups scalded milk, 5 tablespoons cornstarch, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1/3 cup cold milk, 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, 3 tablespoons hot water, whites 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

WAR TIME RECIPE.—Skim milk instead of whole milk, ¼ cup honey instead of sugar, omit eggs or use only 1 or 2. Other ingredients unchanged.

Mix cornstarch, honey, and salt, dilute with cold milk, add to scalded milk, and cook over hot water ten minutes, stirring constantly until thickened; melt chocolate, add hot water, stir until smooth, and add to cooked mixture; add whites of eggs beaten stiff if used, and vanilla. Mold, chill, and serve with top milk or boiled custard.

For Meatless Days

WHEN you want to save Bread, Beef or Bacon—serve Pancakes. When you want to save cooking a big meal—serve Pancakes or Griddle Cakes. When the appetite balks at fish—serve Pancakes, or Griddle Cakes, or Waffles. But at all times, when you seek real nutrition in Pancakes, dainty aroma and flavor, palatable richness and easy digestion—then serve FIVE ROSES Pancakes or Griddle Cakes.

Not only does FIVE ROSES flour bring the wonderful food value so plentifully stored up in Manitoba's finest wheat, but it makes

Delightful and Digestible Pancakes.

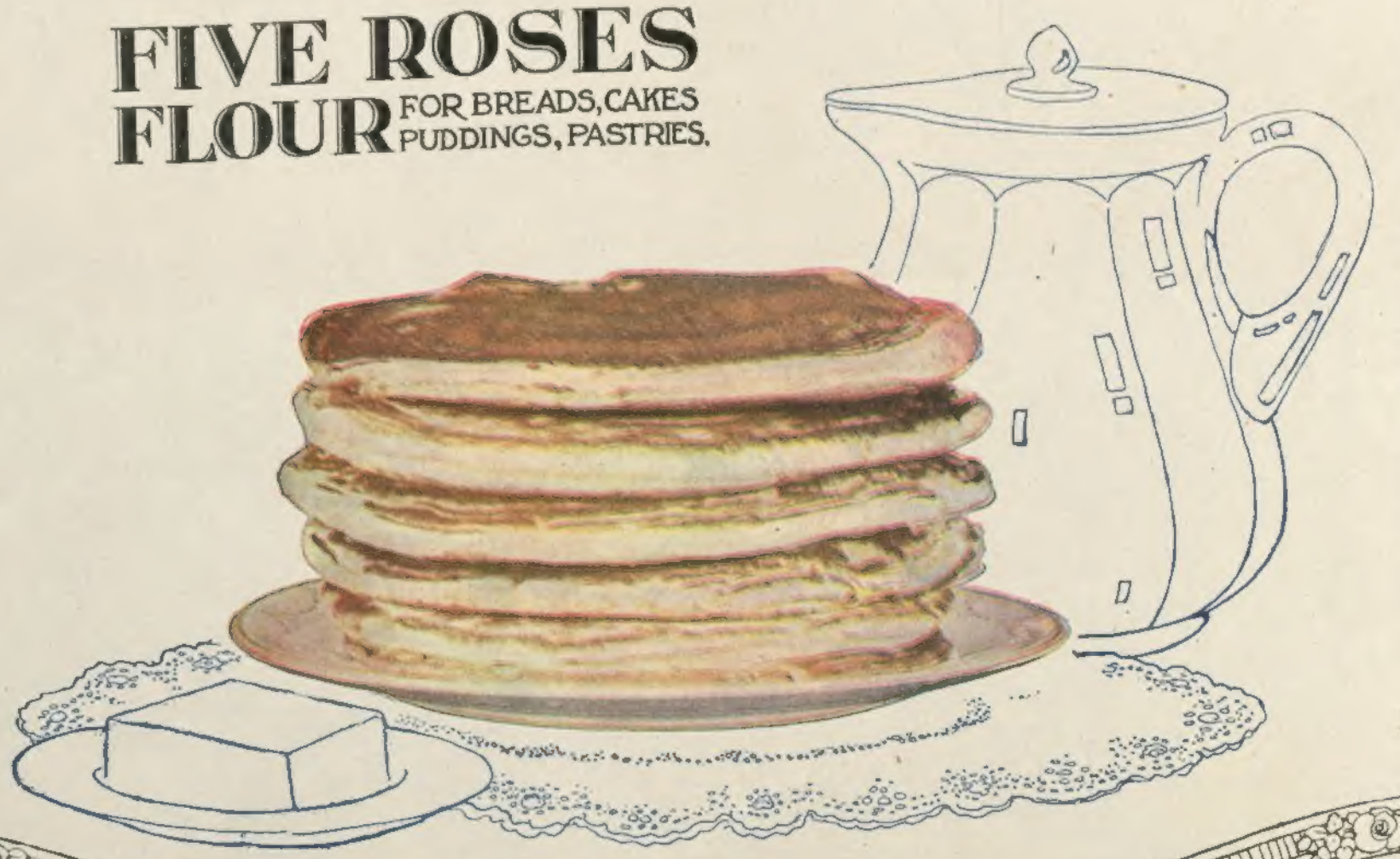
Dried in pan or baked on griddle, no cake can ever disturb the most delicate stomach, if made from a FIVE ROSES batter. Simply because FIVE ROSES is such a sturdy and glutinous flour that it resists the absorption of fat, merely taking enough to brown becomingly with a golden contrast, to crisp with crinkly, curly edges.

Serve this economical dish oftener, since FIVE ROSES makes it so palatable and nutritious. Truly it is no sacrifice to economize with FIVE ROSES.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR FOR BREADS, CAKES PUDDINGS, PASTRIES.

Serve a Variety of Pancakes

Ten tested recipes for pancakes and a full chapter on griddle cakes and waffles in the famous FIVE ROSES Cook Book. Already over 400,000 ambitious housewives are learning to bake without waste through this 144-page manual. Let it help YOU to better bread, puddings, cakes and pastries. Send 30c. for your copy. Address Dept. "K" Lake of the Woods Milling Co. Limited, Montreal and Winnipeg.



WHEN baby laughs and kicks his heels, he is well. No "tummie ache" from colic or constipation.

Mothers keep well and keep nursing babies well by using Nujol. It efficiently relieves constipation in the mother without disturbing the digestive system of either mother or child.

Leading physicians endorse Nujol. Sold only in packages bearing Nujol trademark—never in bulk. At all drug stores.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY, Bayonne, New Jersey
(New Jersey)

Nujol *for constipation*

CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS: CHARLES GYDE & SON, P.O. BOX 875, MONTREAL